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LONDON

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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 113.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1858.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PUBLIC WORKS IN EGYPT	1
THE WAGER BOATS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	20
READINGS IN CURRENT LITERATURE. BY SIR NATHANIEL :	
FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND	34
BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND	162
MERIVALE'S ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE	278
DE SACY: "VARIÉTÉS LITTÉRAIRES"	405
HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA"	45, 206, 329, 470
THE FALL OF THE MONARCHY OF JULY	58
A SAD STORY	73
TRANSLATION OF THE LAST-DISCOVERED RELIC OF GOETHE. BY AN OLD TRAVELLER	79
A MISSIONARY IN TEXAS	80
MEMORIALS OF SHELLEY: MIDDLETON AND TRELAWNY	91
NORTHERN LIGHTS. BY HEBERDEN MILFORD	96, 344, 450
RAILWAY LITERATURE ABROAD	106
SHOTTERY. A POET'S DAY-DREAM. BY W. CHARLES KENT	114
A VISIT TO ICELAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1857. BY J. WILLIAM BUSHBY	118, 185, 344
MEMOIRS OF COUNT MIOT DE MELITO	127
THE EARL'S DILEMMA. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	145
ONE DAY'S LONGINGS. BY MARY C. F. MONCK	159
THOMSON AS A POET OF NATURE	196
THE WILD-FOWL HUNTER	216
POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY	231
THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT	236
ARTISTIC TRAVEL	253
THE STRANGER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	263
THE BANKRUPT. FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL." BY MRS. BUSHBY	289

	PAGE
AFOOT TO MEXICO	300
A DREAM OF NAXOS. BY MARY C. F. MONCK	314
A PEEP AT THE FAR WEST. BY AN ENGLISHER	317, 457
HOGG'S LIFE OF SHELLEY	337
SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL	350
BARANTE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES	358
RENDERINGS IN LATIN. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	363, 488
ADVENTURES OF AN OLD SAILOR	366
MADAME DE MONTMORENCY	379
THE SECOND WIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	391
THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA IN A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW	415
THE MINISTER OF TRIGGANESS. A TALE OF ZETLAND. BY HACO NORSEMAN	426
EVALLA. BY W. BEILBY BATEMAN	438
THE IMPROVVISATRICE. BY MRS. BUSHBY	481
THE STREETS OF PARIS	490

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PUBLIC WORKS IN EGYPT.

Mahmudiyah Canal—Steam Tug-Boat Company on the Nile—Steam Navigation of the Red Sea—The Egyptian Railway—The Suez Canal.*

EGYPT has become in recent times, from its geographical position—the link between the European and Asiatic seas—the centre of great industrial schemes and projects. It is sufficient to mention the Mahmudiyah Canal, the railroad from Alexandria to Suez, the Nile Steam-tug Company, the proposed steam communication (*cabotage à vapeur*) on the Red Sea, and the projected opening of the Isthmus of Suez, to feel the magnitude and importance of the interests involved in these great undertakings.

The Mahmudiyah, or as it is commonly, but incorrectly, written, Mahmoudieh Canal, takes its departure from the Rosetta branch of the Nile, near the village of Atfeh, and directs itself with devious curves upon Alexandria—that is, to the north-west. It differs from other canals in Egypt, inasmuch as it is used for navigation, all other canals in that country being especially for purposes of irrigation. Its waters become brackish in the neighbourhood of Alexandria from a subterranean admixture with those of Lake Mareotis. The renowned viceroy, Muhammad Ali, or more commonly Mehemet Ali Pasha, began the construction of this canal in 1819, and three hundred thousand fellatah were employed in the undertaking. These poor peasants were subjected to the grossest ill-treatment; they were overworked, badly fed, and still worsely cared for. About twelve thousand of their number perished in the space of ten months, and their bones went to consolidate the towing banks, which have recently been converted into an available roadway.

The canal, however, was accomplished, at a cost of some 300,000*l.*, besides such a vast sacrifice of human life; and a new element of prosperity was opened for Egypt. An available communication was established between the Nile and Alexandria. Unfortunately a very brief time elapsed before the canal began to get choked up with the sands and mud brought down by the parent river. Scarcely twenty years had gone by before its bed became sensibly affected, at the same time that various obstacles lay in the way of resuming active operations for cleansing it.

* *L'Egypte Contemporaine*—1840-1857—de Mehemet Ali à Saïd Pacha. Par M. Paul Merruau.

Isthmus of Suez Ship Canal: Report and Plan of the International Scientific Commission; with an Appendix containing the latest documents. John Weale.

The Gates of the East: Ten Chapters on the Isthmus of Suez Canal. By Charles Lamb Kenney, Barrister-at-Law. Ward and Lock.

The chief of these were the spirit of indifference and procrastination which is almost inseparable from the Oriental character—the dislike to begin again what was supposed to have been accomplished; and, above all, the exhaustion entailed during the latter years of the Viceroy's reign by the civil wars in which ambition had involved him. There was also a fearful reminiscence of loss of life which attached itself to the canal, and which had no small weight on the minds of *employés*.

M. Paul Merreau has the honour, however, of discovering additional and phantom causes evoked by national rivalry and a jealous imagination, which few would have conceived and still fewer have believed in. "There exists," he tells us, "in England the representatives of a party who propose to themselves some day to get possession of Egypt. At that epoch the party in question were in preponderance, and were most hostile to Muhammad Ali. They had not pardoned him for having reorganised Egypt, and having placed the country on a footing of order and progress which guaranteed its independence, and constituted the best rampart against foreign aggression. This party was greatly delighted at the natural and slow, but progressive filling-up of the Mahmudiyah Canal. They made an arm of this evil against the Pasha, and contrasted the ambitious projects that were attributed to him, and against which the coalition of 1840 had been instituted, with the impotency which he exhibited of accomplishing a single work of public utility in Egypt itself."

The contrast was perfectly justified by the circumstances, but nothing can be more absurd than the deduction drawn from it. Instead of being desirous that the canal should fill up, English interests were especially concerned in its being kept open; and it was in honest vexation of spirit that a most important public work should be neglected and allowed to go to ruin, while the Viceroy was engaged in invading his master's dominions, that England spoke out and made this contrast so discreditable to the parties concerned.

Certain it is that Muhammad Ali died without attempting to cleanse the Mahmudiyah Canal, and his successor, Abbas Pasha, was too much prostrated by vicious indulgences to attempt to accomplish a work before which his illustrious grandfather had recoiled.

When, however, the present active and intelligent pasha, Muhammad Sayyid, or, as he is more commonly called, Mohammed Saïd, came to power, he resolved to cleanse the canal forthwith. It wanted a month from the harvest; he would have it done before that. Mougel Bey was instructed to ascertain how many men it would require to accomplish the task in that period of time. Sixty-seven thousand men was the answer: an engineer is never at fault, whether he has to do with the silt in a derivative from the Nile or in the Gulf of Pelusium itself. The order was given. Sixty-seven thousand men are more easily raised in a despotic country than 67,000*l*. The number actually levied is said to have amounted to one hundred and fifteen thousand. The cleansing of the canal was accomplished in twenty-two days, and an available highway was constructed out of the silt. This time, thanks to the precautions taken, no epidemic broke out among the labourers, nor was there any sickness worth mentioning: a great point for the advocates of an inter-oceanic canal, who establish thereby that it is possible to employ, as has

always been done from time immemorial in Egypt, hundreds of thousands of workmen upon any great public undertaking—as, for example, in carrying out the projected maritime canal—without engendering disease.

The establishment of a Steam Tug-boat Company on the Nile has been considered as the complement of the cleansing of the Mahmudiyah Canal. Alexandria depended hitherto for its provisioning upon native boats coming down with the current of the Nile from Cairo. These were often a fortnight in accomplishing a transit which might be effected in thirty-six hours. The principle was even put in force by a Prussian before the foundation of the company. The enterprising individual in question despatched two steam-tugs up the Mahmudiyah Canal, and brought back in triumph two flotillas of boats, laden with provisions for Alexandria. Unfortunately, under the excitement of success, he had hoisted the Prussian flag. This was more than enough to wound other national susceptibilities, even had personal interests not been concerned. The *remorqueur*, as the French call a person who employs steam tug-boats, had subjected himself to being seized and proceeded against. His thoughtlessness or vain-gloriousness—whichever it might have been—was represented to the Pasha as a venial sin, and the Prussian was prohibited continuing his enterprise. His consul, the Baron de Pentz, took his countryman's part, but there were, as there still are, influences at work in Egypt which were too powerful for the unaided representative of Prussia. The company obtained a concession of the privilege for steam-tugs on the Mahmudiyah Canal and the Nile for a period of fifteen or twenty years. The list of directors comprised the following names: Alexander G. Cassavetti, Ange Adolphe Levi, Jules Pastré, Alexander Tod, Moïse Valensin. There was, therefore, one Englishman in the directory; the other names, with the purely French exceptions, would seem to have been more appropriate for the management of a projected railway to Jerusalem. The capital was fixed at 5,000,000 fr., in 10,000 shares of 500 fr. each.

In granting this concession of a privilege for employing steam-tugs on the Nile and the Mahmudiyah Canal to a company for a certain number of years, the Pasha showed himself to be by no means blind to his own interests. When the canal was first constructed, the opening to the river had not been made wide enough, and the locks would only allow of a passage of small boats. Then, again, for three or four months of the year, the waters of the Nile are so low that the Mahmudiyah, between diminution of water and increase of deposit, becomes no longer navigable. The surrounding country is also deprived of its means of irrigation, whilst at the same time large tracts of alluvium and silt are left uncovered, exposed to the action of the sun, and producing deleterious and miasmatic diseases.

The Viceroy stipulated, therefore, in his concessional grant, that the Steam Tug-boat Company should replace the existing locks by new gates which will allow of the passage of boats of greater dimensions, and that it will also construct, 'if it is wanted, another lock at the mouth of the Mahmudiyah in the port of Alexandria, so as to effect a direct communication between the canal and the sea. He further stipulated that steam-engines of adequate power should be placed at the issue of the

canal from the river, so as to constantly preserve water in the former sufficient for purposes of navigation, as also for the irrigation of the surrounding country. Further still, that the company shall provide for the cleansing and keeping up of the canal, and for all demands for water on the part of the inhabitants of Alexandria.

The question as to the prospects of success of such a scheme in a financial point of view are more or less connected with the consideration of railway communication, from which, however, as a large portion of the natural produce that supplies the market at Alexandria is brought down from above Cairo, they are also to a great extent independent; but allowing the prospects of financial success to be considerable, it will be felt that these are very serious stipulations upon a company, and that when privileges only—for there is to be no monopoly, at least as far as sailing vessels are concerned—are granted, and those privileges for a very limited space of time, to insist that the company shall provide for a constant supply of water and the perpetual cleansing and keeping of the canal, seems very exorbitant. It would be difficult to determine what amount of concessions would be considered by some persons an adequate set-off for such disagreeable responsibilities.

In addition to this scheme of steam-tugs on the Nile, another project has been started, which is that of steam communication between the ports of the Red Sea, or as the French originators designate it, “*cabotage à vapeur dans la mer Rouge*,” and a company has been established under the presidency of Mustapha Bey and the vice-presidency of Abdallah Bey, with Messrs. de Dumreicher, Hassan Kiamil Bey, Ismail Fevzi Bey, A. A. Levi, Moukhtar Bey, J. Pastré, S. W. Ruysenaers, Saïd Effendi, Hugh Thurburn, and N. Zaccali, to carry out these objects under the title of the “*Compagnie Medjidié*” (Medjid-iyah).

Commercial communication with the ports of the Red Sea, and the regular and quick transmission of the pilgrims to Mecca, are the ostensible objects of the company; but the Sultan’s firman grants a privilege for thirty years for steam-boats plying along the coasts and to the harbours of Yemen and Hedjaz, as also to those of Massawa Sonakim and Kossair, “prolonging itself as far as to the Persian Gulf,” and having at the same time the power of extending the service to the Mediterranean. The statutes of the company, however, designate it as a society established under the denomination of the “*Company Medjidié, for the Navigation of Steam-boats on the Red Sea and the Mediterranean*,” and the same statutes further declare that the company has for objects:

1st. To establish a line of steam-boats on the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

2ndly. To connect that line with a similar steam-boat service for the Mediterranean and the coasts of the Ottoman Empire.

The objects proposed are then in reality very extensive, and if it might be thought that at a moment when the Ottoman government is positively providing for steam communication between Bussora and Bagdad on the Euphrates and Tigris, it might also take in hand the Persian Gulf, it would be deemed still more strange if steam communication in the Turkish Mediterranean (the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria) and

along the coasts of the Ottoman Empire should have to be provided for by a viceroy or vassal pasha rather than by the Sublime Porte itself. Not that we take any exception to such an arrangement: we have no one wish but that of increasing all possible facilities of communication between one part of the world and another, and of extending the benefits of commerce and intercommunication to all alike. We believe them to be the best means of promoting civilisation, and the great bulwarks of peace and amity among all mankind.

The capital demanded is 20,000,000 francs, divided into 40,000 shares of 500 francs; but the company reserves power to itself to commence operations as soon as the fourth of that sum has been paid up.

Whilst other nations have been suggesting the "*remorquage à vapeur sur le Nil*," "*cabotage à vapeur dans la mer Rouge*," and the still more gigantic undertaking of a maritime canal, England, always so eminently practical, advocated the establishment of railway communication in Egypt as far far back as in 1837. Muhammad Ali received the proposal favourably, and would have proceeded with the work at once, only unfortunately, as in the case of the Suez Canal, international jealousies presented obstacles that were long insuperable. If some parties in England view the project of the Suez Canal with distrust, as placing Egypt in the hands of France, so, with probably an equal amount of foresight and with the same jealous susceptibilities, France, we are told by M. Paul Merruau, saw in the projected introduction of railways in Egypt by the English the occupation of that country by perfidious Albion. If there have been foolish jealousies, then, with regard to the progress of public works in Egypt, it behoves the French to speak with moderation on such delicate topics, for they were the first to initiate them. The consequence of the opposition of France was, that not only was the railroad not proceeded with, but Muhammad Ali deprived the English of the superintendence of the overland route, as it was at that time organised.

The revolution of 1848 having tumbled down the power which had put a veto on the construction of a railway in Egypt, the British ambassador at Constantinople obtained a letter from the Sultan to the new ruler, Abbas Pasha, who was too much absorbed in selfish enjoyments to take the initiative in public works, authorising the construction of a railway from Alexandria to Cairo. If we are to believe M. Merruau, the English engineers, although paid at a most extravagant rate, were incapable of surveying the line correctly, and still more incapable of carrying out the works. The consequence was, that the railroad had to be planned and carried out by the Pasha's French engineers. It is curious that the English should have been so incapable of accomplishing in Egypt that which they have done so well in England; or is it that England, following the fashion of some other European nations, only sends to the East adventurers who, presuming upon the ignorance of their patrons, proclaim themselves as doctors, miners, and engineers-in-chief, who in their own country, instead of being at the heads of departments, were at its very lowest points—errand-boys to apothecaries, or chain-bearers to surveyors?*

* The statement is, however, utterly incorrect, the works having been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Stephenson; and the gigantic steam-ferry

On quitting Alexandria the railroad keeps along the banks of Lake Mareotis, once a fresh-water lake full of fish, but spoilt by those Marplots of the world—the English—who, according to M. Merruau, let in the salt water during the war of 1801, but who, according to all the versions that have come under our cognisance, in order to cut off the communication which the French army in the city of Alexandria maintained with the surrounding country, cut across a narrow embankment which separated the bed of the lake from Lake Maadiyah, or Aboukir, on the east, formed by the Canopian branch of the Nile, and thus laid what was then “a dried-up lake” under water. Lake Mareotis undoubtedly presents to the traveller’s eye a gloomy scene of miasmatic marsh on quitting Alexandria, but it is of no use adding to that repulsive aspect by historical perversions. The English did precisely that which, according to M. Merruau, Muhammad Ali projected to do; that is, to let in fresh water that should deposit a fertile silt, before attempting to reclaim these marsh lands to agriculture.

The railway then keeps along the line of the canal as far as to Damanhur, where it turns off to the south-east, towards the Rosetta branch of the Nile, which it touches at Dahari, a little above Chebreket. The locomotives stop at about a hundred paces from the banks, and the carriages are handed over to steady, slow-paced oxen, who drag them on to a raft propelled by steam. A similar proceeding takes place on the other side, and then a locomotive carries the traveller speedily across the flat country that intervenes between the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile. Passing Tantah, where there is a station, the train is taken over the latter river by a bridge constructed immediately below the site of a palace much favoured by Abbas Pasha, and which, indeed, occupies a very picturesque position at an elbow of the stream. It is but a short way thence to Cairo.

The country thus traversed is rather monotonous in appearance, but the extensive cultivation and irrigation, and the industry of the fellatah, is always pleasing to contemplate. In a country supposed to be semi-barbarous, no hedge or railing protects the line of transit, and the stations are free to all comers. There is only one line of rails, yet very few accidents occur, for there is only one departure from each terminus in the day, and the two trains meet at the ferry, where the one is only taken over after the other has been safely landed.

In a financial point of view the Cairo Railway has answered most satisfactorily. It produced 3,750,000 fr. the first year, and 5,400,000 fr. the second. It is most important, in connexion with the projected Euphrates line of railway, to know also that the greater portion of the proceeds are derived from the fellahs, or fellatah. At first, the transit of the English was almost solely looked to, but it has since been found that the peasants, who pay ten francs for their third-class fare, are most profitable to the railway. A scheme for tug-steamers on the Nile and Mahmudiyah Canal could only be profitable so long as merchandise could be conveyed at a lower tariff than by the railway; but it is obviously in

on the Nile, about to be supplanted by a bridge, was considered by all engineers as one of the triumphs of modern science. See “Notes of a Visit to Egypt,” by that distinguished engineer, T. Sopwith. (Printed for private circulation.)

the power of the latter to lower its tariff at any time that competition may induce it to do so.

The Viceroy of Egypt decided upon the prolongation of the railway to Suez, in the spring of 1855. M. Mouchelet, in charge of the survey, was obliged to deviate from the post-road, which was the most direct, first, on account of the cultivated lands, which advance, like a cape in the desert, in that direction; and secondly, on account of the spur of the Mokatlain, which the road crosses at Jebel Awibat. To effect this he had to take first a northerly direction, and then to the eastward, at the north side of the hills, the post-road following the southern. Once the Jebel Awibat passed, which is accomplished at a point much less elevated than where it is crossed by the post-road, the railway turns to the south, and passes the fort of Ajirut, on its way to Suez.

The works were begun in September, 1855, a few hundred men being only employed at the onset. The first rail was not laid till January, 1856, and matters proceeded at the same slow rate till September of the same year, when the Pasha, who was about to proceed to the Soudan, ordered a levy of some twelve thousand men to expedite the works. Since then, they have gone on with a rapidity which has rendered the transit by rail from Alexandria to Suez a thing of our day.

This little port—the ancient Clysma, but whose modern name, Sivas, vulgarly Suez, is a corruption of its Roman appellation, Sebaste—appears destined to be a place of some importance. It is the site selected for the establishments connected with the projected steam navigation of the Red Sea; the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers will probably arrive there weekly in future, and if ever the maritime canal is carried out with its fresh-water feeder from the Nile, while the country intervening between the Nile and the canal will become, as in olden times, populated and cultivated, it is difficult to say what development Suez itself may not assume.

The project of a ship canal across the isthmus from Pelusium to Suez was, according to Mr. Charles L. Kenney, author of "The Gates of the East," conceived by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and has under his care been matured and elaborated, and finally submitted to the public of all countries of Europe. There is no doubt that the project is largely indebted to M. de Lesseps's intimacy with the Pasha, to his persevering advocacy of the cause, and to his indefatigable exertions in maturing and elaborating the scheme for any chances of success that it presents.

But it is absurd to say that the project originated with M. de Lesseps. Although the object to be obtained has varied with the requirements of the age, the question of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez is one whose antiquity dates from the remotest ages. Originally, it was destined to form a connexion between the valley of the Nile and the Red Sea, in order to facilitate the intercourse between Egypt and Arabia. This was, apparently, the only notion which occupied the minds of the Pharaohs and of the kings of Persia. With this object in view, they opened a communication between the Nile and the Arabian Gulf, through an offset from the Pelusiatic branch, the waters of which, in their natural course, poured themselves through the Wadi till they reached Lake Timsah. But as the International Scientific Commission justly remark in their report, while thus supplying, in the simplest manner possible, the sole need as-

serting itself in their time, they were, in fact, opening a navigable channel between the two seas. So long as the largest vessels in use at that time could pass up the Nile, this solution of the problem of the junction of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was the most suitable, since it satisfied at the same time the special trade of Egypt and the slight transit movement then existing.

Under the Cæsars the wants of trade were very nearly the same. But the diminution of the water in the Pelusiatic branch, and the increased draught of vessels, having rendered the navigable channel between Bubastes and the Sea of Erythrea precarious, the Emperor Hadrian added to the depth of the canal, and ensured a proper supply of water by taking it from the head of the Delta, at about the spot where Cairo now stands.

At the time of the Arab invasion, Amru, the lieutenant of Omar, conceived the design of connecting the two seas by a direct canal from Suez to Pelusium. The waters of the Nile, brought from Cairo by the ancient canal of the Cæsars, were to have supplied this canal. But Omar opposed this project, moved by the fear of laying open to Christian vessels a path to Arabia. The fanaticism of the khalifs closed Egypt herself to the trade of Europe. Omar at one time restored the canal of the Cæsars for the supply of provisions to Arabia; one hundred and fifty years after him, Al Mansur caused it to be filled up, in order to starve out Mecca and Medina.

The conquest of Egypt by the French revived the question of the Suez Canal in modern times, and to M. Lepère, the chief engineer of the Ponts et Chaussées, belongs the honour of resuscitating in our own days the idea of a canal from Suez to Pelusium.

Major-General Chesney also advocated the opening of a ship canal from Suez to Tineh as far back as September 30, 1830; a letter of that date appearing in a Report of the Proceedings of the Steam Committee for July, 1834, in which that distinguished officer says: "As to the executive parts, there is but one opinion. There are no serious natural difficulties; not a single mountain intervenes, scarcely what deserves to be called a hillock; and in a country where labour can be had without limit, and at a rate infinitely below that of any other part of the world, the expense would be a moderate one for a single nation, and scarcely worth dividing between the great kingdoms of Europe, who would all be benefited by the undertaking."

A party of English officers also attempted, shortly after the events of 1840, to make a survey of the isthmus with the view to the opening of a maritime canal, and they were the first to determine that the level of the two seas was nearly identical. In 1841, Linant Bey also endeavoured, together with Mr. Anderson, the present chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, to form a company for cutting through the Isthmus of Suez; and, finally, in 1846, a company was actually formed with that object in view, the principal members of which were Messrs. Stephenson, Talabot, and De Negrelli.

M. de Lesseps came, then, late into the field, for it was only in 1854 that that gentleman, having advocated the same scheme with Muhammad Sayyid, that enterprising ruler requested him to draw up a memorial on the subject, and he at the same time issued a firman to the consuls-general of foreign powers, destined to receive the sanction of the Sultan, granting to a company composed of the capitalists of all nations, without

distinction, the right to construct a canal between the two seas. The Viceroy also ordered his two French engineers, Linant Bey and Mougél Bey, to accompany M. de Lesseps on an exploring expedition to the Isthmus of Suez. This expedition was made in December, 1854, and in January, 1855, and the report of the Pasha's engineers was most favourable to the scheme.

The next step of M. de Lesseps was to proceed to Constantinople, where he addressed himself to the Sultan and his ministers, as also to Lord de Redcliffe, to whom he wrote a letter expatiating on the political features of the project, and the interest which England, of all other countries, ought to feel in the creation of a direct ship route to India and Australia. But while the Sultan sympathised with the project, he and his advisers felt that the projected railway from the coast of Syria to the Persian Gulf, by opening the great valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and all the neighbouring countries, comprising Ancient Assyria, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Chaldea, to productiveness and commerce, was of infinitely more importance to Turkish interests than the opening of a maritime canal of some ninety miles, and the sanction of the charter was for a long time withheld. This was decidedly much to be regretted, for there is an opening for both projects, and the interests of the two do not in any way clash in a manner to threaten their mutual existence. As the French opposed the project of an Egyptian railroad during the reign of Louis Philippe from political apprehensions, so it would appear that Lord de Redcliffe entertained an aversion to the Suez Canal project founded on some similar grounds, but in which the position of the viceroys of Egypt, so lately belligerent against the authority of their Sultan, had as much to do as the idea of any preponderating influence of one nation over another in Egypt. Be this as it may, the opposition of an ambassador all-powerful in Turkey, from his well-known and inflexible bias in favour of its true interests, is to be regretted as far as the great purposes of a general civilisation are concerned. An understanding, or an international treaty between the maritime nations of Europe, declaring the canal through the Isthmus of Suez a neutral passage open at all times to the ships of all nations, would secure the country from any preponderance of interests or power, at the same time that it would guarantee the allegiance of the viceroys of Egypt. Whatever tended to render that country more prosperous would strengthen the ties of its hereditary rulers, while their position, guaranteed by the European powers, could not undergo any change without the consent of those powers. The canal would, in fact, be a great political, as well as a physical, obstruction to the march of any Egyptian army, or of any future Ibrahim, into the Turkish provinces in Syria.

In the summer of 1855, M. de Lesseps came to England for the purpose of making his scheme known in this country, and with this view he published the pamphlet entitled "*The Isthmus of Suez Question.*" The next and most important step of all was, however, the appointment, at the request of the Viceroy of Egypt, of a commission composed of eminent engineers from all European countries to examine into the practicability of the project on the spot. The commission proceeded to Egypt in the autumn of 1855. It consisted of Messrs. Rendel and M^cClean for England, M. de Negrelli for Austria, M. Paleocapa for Sardinia, M. Conrad for Holland, M. Leutze for Prussia, Messrs.

Renaud and Lieusson for France, and M. Montesinos for Spain. The department of nautical science was represented by Captain Harris, of the East India Company's service, and by Rear-Admiral de Genouilly and Captain Jaurès, of the Imperial French navy.

The commission arrived in Alexandria on the 18th of November, 1855, and at once proceeded to examine all points connected with the proposed undertaking. Its labours terminated on the 3rd of January, 1856, and their report, signed by F. W. Conrad, president of the international commission, and by Messrs. Lieusson and Charles Manby, as secretaries, is now before the public. It contains all the details and minutiae of information necessary on account of the different tracts proposed, of the levellings of the two seas, of the surface, of the construction of the canal, as also of measurements, sections, prices, expenditure, and estimated cost of maintenance, and it arrives at the unanimous conclusion that the direct canal between Pelusium and Suez is the only solution of the problem, and that there exists no other practical method of joining the Red Sea with the Mediterranean; that the execution of this maritime canal is easy and its success certain; and that the two harbours required to be constructed at Suez and Pelusium present no difficulties but such as are of an ordinary character.

It would seem to verge almost on arrogance to put forth any objections to a plan countenanced by such high authorities. Such, therefore, will not be attempted, but it may still be permitted to mention difficulties; to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and such knowledge often anticipates disappointment at what might otherwise entail unforeseen delays and expenses. The motives which appear to have deterred the majority of engineers who have previously turned their attention to the subject of a maritime canal from entertaining the idea of a direct track, are the influences of tradition. These the international commission pass over as beneath notice. We cannot quite consider them as so utterly unworthy of attention. We have seen that at the most ancient times a canal was drawn off from the Nile, which, following the valley of Tumilat, watered Heroopolis, or Hahiroth, and terminated at Thaubasium on the Crocodile Lakes, and at Serapium, or Baalzephon. At the same early times the Bitter Lake joined the sea and formed part of the bay of Heroopolis, or Pi-Hahiroth, which was named after the city that stood at its head (Isaiah, xi. 15). After that Arsinoë sprang up between the Bitter Lake and the Bay of Heroopolis; and Clysma, now Suez, was founded at the locks where the canal entered the bay. Now we cannot precisely agree with the commission that such a canal was constructed solely to satisfy the interests of commerce at that time. We doubt if those interests were not more interwoven with Syria and Phœnicia than with the Red Sea and Arabia. The Pelusiatic Nile pointed out the natural course of the water-shed to the Mediterranean in its most easterly limit; beyond that, any waters taken or flowing from the Nile found their way by the Bay of Heroopolis to the Red Sea. The plateau of El Guisr, which forms the summit-level of the isthmus (forty-nine feet above the Mediterranean at low water), contains the secret of this, although borings carried to a depth of seventy-six feet and a half exhibited nothing but sand alternating with layers of clay and sulphate of lime, and for the last thirteen feet sand almost of the compactness of stone.

Again, under the Cæsars we observe the same thing. Although the eastern canal was prolonged to the head of the Delta—watering the land of Goshen (Heliopolites); Babylon, opposite Memphis, now Old Cairo; Heliopolis, Rameses, or Abaris, now Matariyah, once a seat of learning; Scenæ, or Succoth; Thoum; Ethan; Pithom, or Patumus; and On, or Onion, where the Jews' temple stood—still the outlet was the same: it curved round to the south to the Erythrean Sea. Lastly, it was the same under the Arabs. They positively contemplated an inter-maritime canal, and yet the flow of waters remained in pretty nearly the same condition—a condition to which there has as yet been no exception.

This may, it is true, be all vague and traditionary; but if the natural fall of the Nile, when forced out of its natural channel to the eastwards, has from all times been to the south, what amount of depth will it not be necessary to maintain to make it flow the other way? and if success is ultimately attained in such a project, what effect may not the opening of the canal have upon the western branches of the river, more especially the Mahmudiyah Canal and the irrigation of extensive districts?

Apart from tradition, in more modern times M. Lepère, instructed by General Bonaparte to investigate the question on the spot, rejected the idea of a direct cutting, because he feared that it would be impossible to excavate and maintain at a sufficient depth the channel from Suez to the deep bottom of the roadstead. In the second place, he could not discover any spot along the coast at Pelusium where a commodious harbour could be formed, such as it was nevertheless indispensable to furnish; and lastly, he was also apprehensive of the silting which the winds from the north-west might produce.

The international commission has met these objections with the ability to be expected from the improved condition of engineering science. But we have heard the first of these difficulties dwelt upon by eminent engineers as of a very serious nature. It is easy to understand how a canal can be maintained in an open country, even where the soil has little solidity, with proportionate care and expense, but it is difficult to understand how a submarine canal is to be maintained with even granted a permanent sandy bed.

The current from the Red Sea will give certain facilities for keeping open such a channel. But the international commission, after giving the history of the long-vexed question as to the difference in the level of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, conclude by stating it as their conviction that the ordinary mean level of the Mediterranean at Tineh is 7 feet 7 inches *above* the datum point taken in front of the hotel on the quay at Suez (Report, page 51); however, at page 97 of the same Report, they say: "The general result of the eight surveys made of the isthmus since 1846 has established the habitual mean level of the waters in the Gulf of Pelusium at 7 feet 7 inches *below* the datum line on the quay at Suez." As the latter is obviously meant, we must set down the first statement as a simple erratum. But, when arguing against M. Talabot's project, the commissioners say the channel would open out upon a hidden bank of quicksands, which, whenever it blows a storm from the north-west or north-east, are driven backward and forward, it would be liable to become obstructed by this sand, and

could only be kept clear by the use of dredging-boats, would not the same objection apply to a channel in the Gulf of Pelusium?

The direct canal, as at present proposed, starts from the eastern portion of the Gulf of Suez. It traverses, taking a direction almost due north, the $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles which separate Suez from the basin of the Bitter Lakes. It traverses, also, these lakes unembanked, and from the northern extremity of the lakes it proceeds, cutting through the plateau of Serapium, towards Lake Timsah. This lake it also traverses, and winding round the plateau of El Guisr, it skirts the eastern border of Lake Menzaleh, and falls into the Mediterranean at that salient portion of the coast which is on a level with the ancient Saïs, and forms the limit of the Bay of Pelusium, properly so called, to the east, and of the Bay of Dibeh to the west.

The nature of the soil which the canal will have to traverse was ascertained by nineteen different borings. It results from these that the soil to be excavated by the dredging machine to form the channel in the roadstead of Suez is for the first 36 feet sandy, and then shells, gravel, and a bed of hard rock for 11 feet 6 inches. The excavation of the latter will require a greater amount of labour than in any other portion of the line.

Two borings, one $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles, the other $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Suez, indicated the nature of the soil to be excavated in the portion of ground separating the Red Sea from the Bitter Lakes. It consists almost entirely of different species of clay, varying in compactness, and capable of resisting the action of currents of sufficient force to destroy embankments of sand.

The Bitter Lakes, extending to a length of not less than 25 miles, have been long since dried up, and present a bottom of yielding sand impregnated with salt. Borings detected sand, shells, sulphate of lime, light brown clay, and a thick bed of sea-salt. The great basin of the Bitter Lakes being left behind, the plateau of Serapium appears; and, commencing from this point, which forms almost the centre of the isthmus, little else than sand occurs as far as the Mediterranean, except at the plateau of El Guisr, where sand almost of the compactness of stone was met with at a considerable depth, as also at a point above Lake Timsah called Sheikh Ennedee, from the tomb of a sheikh of that name, where a bed of calcareous stone 4 feet 10 inches in thickness is met with. Lake Timsah is generally, but not always, supplied with water by the Wadi Tumilat. Its borders appear to be completely fixed throughout their extent. It is probable, say the commissioners, that in former times the Red Sea advanced as far as these regions, for shells similar to those inhabiting that sea, and which do not exist in the Mediterranean, are found beneath the mud. Should the inter-maritime communication ever be effected, the zoological species of the one sea will be introduced to, and commingled with, those of the other.

The plateau of El Guisr, which forms the summit-level of the isthmus, consists, like all the higher portions of the plateau north of Wadi Tumilat, of a vast bed of sand, protected from the action of the wind by the plants and small gravel with which it is covered. Yet is this elevation, insignificant as it is, said to be connected with, or to constitute a spur of, the elevations which stretch towards Syria and the east as far

as the Arabian chain, of which it seems to form a component part. (Report, page 59.) There is every probability, therefore, that there is more than "sand of the compactness of stone" at some depth. Traces of the canal of Nechos, which was intended to connect the Red Sea with the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, are visible here, but there is no historical evidence of such a project having ever been carried out.

From the plateau of El Guisr to Pelusium, a distance of about $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the surface of the soil exhibits a series of undulations with very gentle slopes. In no part is there any considerable alteration of level. The gravel becomes gradually finer, and at last disappears. The sand, which is tolerably firm, is not at all movable along the line of the canal, being bound down by a prolific vegetation. Thus the Suez Ship Canal, it is stated, will have to traverse, through its entire course of 161,827 yards, first, clay, from Suez to the Bitter Lakes; next, firm sand, from the Bitter Lakes to its outlet in the Bay of Pelusium; and there is nothing, neither in the surface of the soil nor the nature of the subsoil, to offer the least impediment to the construction or the maintenance of such canal.

The authors of the project and the international commissioners were further called upon to decide if the canal should be constructed with a summit-level and fed with water from the Nile, or excavated, so as to bring the two seas into direct communication, with or without locks. After a careful consideration of the question, they decided that the latter system was the best, that the direct canal must be fed with sea-water, but interrupted in its course by the vast sheet of water of the Bitter Lakes. It is proposed that the waters of the Red Sea shall be introduced into these lakes with all due precaution; and when once the lakes are filled over—a surface of 394,690,890 square yards—a constant level will, it is supposed, be maintained, which would serve as a regulating power to the action of the waters. Consequently, the rapidity of the current would be increased southward of the lakes in that portion of the canal which is cut through clay, and would be diminished in that portion which is cut through sand. This appears to be a very ingenious speculation; but is the Rhône less rapid at its issue from the Lake of Geneva than at its entrance into that lake? A lake navigation has also been objected to on the ground of possible roughness, opposite winds, and interruption of haulage. It has also been surmised that the velocity of the waters rushing into the lakes would destroy the canal and cause landslips, which would probably fill it up; and finally, the interval between the Red Sea and the Bitter Lakes having to be lined with stone pitching, it is feared the stone will have an injurious effect on the copper sheathing of vessels.

To these objections the commissioners reply, that the passage across in the direction of Suez will be favoured by the continuance of northerly winds, and that towards the port of Saïd by the permanent current running from the south. The interruption of haulage will be provided for by steam-tugs. The waters could be let in gradually, and with respect to the mischief anticipated from the stone pitching, the banks will be so far apart (328 feet) where the pitching will be, that two vessels can pass without being driven against the sides. The velocity of the stream, if continuous, is calculated at 3.31 feet per second, but, inter-

rupted by the Bitter Lakes, the velocity will be 3.80 feet per second in the first part, and 1.14 feet in the second, or Pelusiatic end of the canal. The Bitter Lakes, it is also calculated, will furnish the company with productive fisheries to let out.

The commission have without hesitation adopted a minimum depth for the canal of 26 feet 3 inches. The level at the Bitter Lakes will be maintained at 11 inches above the mean level of the Red Sea, and 16 inches above the mean level of the Mediterranean. There will be two towing chains, one upwards, the other downwards, by which the traffic will be regulated. Passing places are formed by nature. From the Red Sea to the Bitter Lakes the breadth at the water line will be 339 feet, answering to a breadth of 70 feet at bottom, but throughout the remainder of its course the canal will present a uniform breadth of 263 feet. The slopes will be 3.28 feet in height, to a base of 6.54 feet. Each slope will be surmounted by a *banquette* 6.54 feet broad, having a rubble facing which will extend along the whole course of the canal.

The roadstead of Suez is spacious and safe. It is capable of accommodating 500 vessels of the larger size. It has a depth of water varying from 16 to 42 feet, the bottom being soft mud, and affording an excellent hold. It has, therefore, all desirable qualities for forming the entry to the canal joining the two seas. The entrance to the channel will be dyked with stone banks, the two jetties being the one $1968\frac{1}{2}$ yards, the other $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in length. A basin will also be constructed surrounded by quays in front of the present quay at Suez. The materials for these constructions will be derived from the quarries of Attaka, a mountain in the vicinity of Suez, and for certain portions of the work from those of Mount Salem, on the other side of the roadstead in Asia, a short distance to the east.

The *embouchure* of the canal has, we have before noticed, been fixed at that salient point of the coast which is on a level with the ancient Saïs, and forms the limit of the Bay of Pelusium, properly so called, to the east, and of the Bay of Dibeh to the west. It is at this spot that the shore presents the greatest declivity; and it is here, we are told, that there is the least cause for apprehension in regard to the rising of the bottom.

The commissioners add, that they have given the name of Saïd to the proposed port, in memory of the ancient Saïs, and at the same time in honour of the prince who at present reigns over Egypt. The etymology is a curious one, whether regarded in a national, a religious, or a philological sense. The capital of the Saitic nome in the Delta was one of the sacred cities of Egypt; the title assumed or hereditarily enjoyed by the present Pasha of Egypt, is Saïd, or properly Sayyid, significative of being a holy man, or a descendant of the prophet Muhammad, whose name he also bears. There is thus a fusion of two separate national and religious ideas in the name proposed for the new port, to which further absurdity is imparted by a confusion of languages as well as of ideas.

Port Saïd is to be merely an enlargement of the *embouchure* of the canal, and at the point where it is proposed to be opened, a depth of 32 feet 10 inches is not met with till at a distance of 3280 yards, or nearly two miles from the shore. The bottom is sandy till a depth of 26 to 29 feet is attained, after which it is muddy. Although the fresh de-

posits brought down by the Nile augment the land at the *embouchure* to the extent of 10 to 13 feet every year, the commissioners do not consider that there has been any increase in the deposits in the Gulf of Pelusium for ages. Hence not only do they conclude that the existence of any sea-works undertaken in those quarters would not be jeopardised by such increase of deposit, but they also aver that they would not be in any way affected by the shifting of the sand or mud.

The works projected at Port Saïd are two jetties, one of which, on the western side advancing further than the other, would be nearly a league ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) in length, a channel of 438 yards in breadth, and an inner basin of twice its length and breadth leading into the canal, and allowing vessels of the heaviest tonnage to enter and leave in all weathers. It is supposed that the entrance thus carried out to the zone of mud will be safe from invasion by the sand. But while the total mass of works required here are not only considerable but are actually immense, it is impossible not to foresee that difficulties will also arise from the sand, stirred up by the swell and littoral currents, accumulating on the external side of the dykes and gradually advancing till they reach the jetty heads. The commissioners hold that this would be the work of centuries, but experience might perchance attest to the contrary.

The second charter granted by the Viceroy of Egypt to M. de Lesseps stipulates among its conditions, besides the construction of a canal navigable by large vessels between Suez and Pelusium, the construction also of a canal adapted to the river traffic of the Nile, and connecting that river with the Suez Canal; the construction of two further branches for irrigation and supply striking out of the preceding canal in the directions, respectively, of Suez and Pelusium; and, lastly, it stipulates that Lake Timshah shall be converted into an inland harbour, fit for vessels of the highest tonnage.

It is needless to enter into the details given by the commissioners for carrying out these provisions, as the first especially involves a good deal of geographical detail. Suffice it, that they admit that, to carry out the proposed objects, a much greater expense than was at first estimated would have to be incurred.

In return for these stipulated works, the Egyptian government makes the following concessions: 1st, a free grant of all lands not the property of individuals, which may be found necessary for the purpose of the works, and the use and enjoyment of all uncultivated lands which shall have been cultivated at the expense of the canal proprietors; 2ndly, the privilege of drawing from the mines and quarries of the state, free of charge, all necessary materials for the construction of the works and buildings of the undertaking; and 3rdly, free importation of the machinery to be used in the construction of the works, or working the undertaking. Any one acquainted with the nature of the country through which it is proposed to carry the Suez Canal will be able to appreciate the first concession at its true value. The company, however, estimate the average profit per acre at 4*l.*, and supposing only 60,000 acres were irrigated during the first year, the result, they say, would be an income of 240,000*l.* The company also place prominently forward among their sources of revenue the fixing of downs and their conversion into forest-land. The example of France is quoted, where

the annual income derived from the sale of rosin, after twenty years' standing of the trees, is estimated at 44 fr. per acre. But in the first place, as far as we remember, the great Pignadas of the Landes are not on the downs, but on the borders of the lagoons, and on the great plains within the downs. Secondly, has it been shown that the soil and climate, at present only favourable to tamarisk, liquorice, and other plants, that send their roots down to a great depth in pursuit of moisture, is suited for the growth of pine-trees with horizontal roots? The downs and land are also, it is to be observed, to be reclaimed along the banks of a maritime canal, watered, except at Timshah, by saline waters; and the commissioners themselves, when arguing against M. Talabot's scheme of a canal across the Delta, say, in allusion to the infiltration of salt water through the soil, that "the effects of such an infiltration are familiar to all who have lived in Egypt; and it is a well-known fact that, ere long, it would condemn the soil to sterility by covering it with a saline efflorescence."

The profits must then, we opine, be sought for from more direct and legitimate resources than the fishery in the Bitter Lakes, the pine forests of Arabia, or the gardens of Timshah, and these are manifestly the tolls. Now, it is further provided by the charter that the canal shall always remain open as a neutral passage to every merchant ship, that for the right of passage through the canal the maximum toll shall be 10 fr. per ton on ships, and per head on passengers. The partisans of the Suez scheme attach much importance to this arrangement, as contrasted with what would be the expenses of transit on a Euphratic railway. The line from Seleucia to the Persian Gulf, they say, will have a length of eight hundred miles; and supposing that on this line goods could be carried at the rate they are carried on continental railways—that is to say, at 10 centimes per ton and per kilometre—the charge for a ton of goods carried from Seleucia to Bassorah would be not less than 4*l.* 15*s.* Granted this, the toll levied for passing through the Suez Canal is 10 fr. for ninety miles; if that canal was the same length as the Euphrates Railway, or eight hundred miles, the expenses would be, at the same proportion, nearly as much as on the railway, and that for toll only, not including freightage! Whilst the maximum toll for passage is fixed at 10 fr., nothing is said about tug-steamers or towing-chains, for which additional payment may be enforced, or the vessel may be left, in the terms of the charter, to enjoy its right of unmolested passage through the canal, and to get through it as best it can.

It is estimated that the total expense of all the works will amount to 8,000,000*l.* The actual cost of the canal itself is estimated at only 5,720,000*l.* But there is a very serious possibility of error in such calculations—the total quantity of soil to be removed, for example, for the grand maritime canal, is estimated at 3,307,077,985,510 cubic feet. Of this quantity, 1,581,710,000 cubic feet is to be excavated to the level of low water in the Mediterranean, while 1,725,367,985,510 being below that level, must be excavated under water. Now how is it possible, in such a case, to calculate precisely what amount of soil may have to be removed? Any opinion upon such a delicate question coming from an anonymous writer would have no further weight with the public than that of arousing attention to the question. We will, therefore, quote

the opinion of the authors of the project, as given and countenanced by the international commissioners when discussing the availability of the Zagazig Canal, which extends from the ancient Bubastes to the Ras-el-Wadi, or head of the Tumilat valley, as a fresh-water junction and navigation canal, and the bottom of which, in order to ensure its supply at all periods of the year, would require to be 6 feet 6 inches below the line of low water in the Nile.

“It appeared to them impossible to maintain in proper repair a canal, the bottom of which was below the line of low water in the Nile, otherwise than by an enormous expenditure; and even if incurring this cost, it was uncertain whether the desired result would be obtained. In all cases where an attempt has been [made] to dig a canal below the low-water level, and more especially on the outskirts of the desert, in the Ghattat-Bey, for instance, it invariably happens that at about the level of low water a bed of loose sand is met with, as was the case at Masteroud, on the Zafranieh. This constitutes an enormous difficulty, and a source of expense of which it is hardly possible to form any previous estimate. When even it is not sought to obtain any great depth below the level (1 foot $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches), for instance, annual dredgings of a really formidable nature are required. Thus in the Ghattat-Bey, the labour of 30,000 or 40,000 men is required for the space of a month to clean out the feeder at the point of junction; in the Chibin, from 20,000 to 30,000 men are employed; and from 15,000 to 20,000 men for the Chercaouieh (Cherka-Uiyah). In the case of the Moëze, all attempt to dredge it has been given up. To justify the withdrawal of so considerable a number of hands from the ordinary employments of agriculture, nothing short of absolute necessity can be admitted—a great damage to the resources of the country is thus occasioned, and so serious a result should, if possible, be avoided. Indeed, the barrage of the Nile was constructed by Mehemet Ali on the supposition that it would be connected with canals situated at a height of two metres above the low-water level. Generally speaking, and setting aside special cases, the system of low irrigation canals, that is to say, of canals lying below the level of low water, has now been abandoned in Egypt.” (Report, pages 131, 132.)

The question will naturally occur upon reading this, if what applies to digging canals below the low-water level of the Nile, and which is said to more especially apply itself to the outskirts of the desert, would not also apply to a canal proposed to be excavated in great part not only below the low-water level of the Nile, but also below that of the two seas? Thus, then, we have three grand difficulties: the difficulty of maintaining at a sufficient depth the channel from Suez to the deep bottom of the roadstead in the Red Sea; the difficulty of maintaining the channel open across the isthmus below low-water level; and the difficulty of maintaining at a sufficient depth the channel from the Pelusiac coast to the deep bottom of the roadstead in the Mediterranean. But even these difficulties, were they overcome, would be a trifle to what might possibly occur were the junction of the two seas practically carried into operation. The scheme is a gigantic one, and the results may very reasonably be expected to present something equally remarkable. Far be it from us to reject the reports of the authors of the project, and still less so those of the honourable men who compose the international commission. What-

ever modern science could do to render the scheme practicable, and to give it the character of efficiency and certainty, they have done. But there are in nature powers which science itself cannot always control, and if they ever were to be dreaded, it would be when the Red Sea was brought to pour its waters into the Mediterranean across an isthmus of clay and sand. So satisfied are we, however, of the soundness of the data given, that we would not deter our fellow-countrymen from taking shares, if it so pleases them. But we would recommend them to take such a number only as that the loss of the money will be in no way felt should any unforeseen catastrophe occur. The experiment is truly worth trying. The Viceroy himself contributes a very large proportion of the funds, and he is to supply the Egyptian hosts who are to accomplish the labour, which in such a climate cannot be done by European hands. If many individuals throughout Europe would, therefore, contribute their mite towards this great undertaking, we might at least test its practicability without any serious loss being incurred by individuals; while each might comfort himself that, if he got no profits, he had taken a praiseworthy part in promoting one of the most important international undertakings of his time, second only in importance, indeed, to the proposed railway communication to the East by the valley of the Euphrates, and which, while it would serve the same purposes to commerce and transit as the Suez Canal, would at the same time carry civilisation and industry among the prostrate people of the great countries of antiquity. The Suez Canal, when accomplished, would stand alone by itself—a monument of art and science; the Euphrates Railway would roll like an olive-branch athwart the cradle of mankind, and would once more bring the land of our forefathers into daily contact with its long-neglected offspring.

As to the political objections advanced against the Suez Canal, they are not only not worthy of serious consideration, but they are positively derogatory to a great political power. The late ministry denounced the scheme as mischievous, because it would place the fleet at Toulon nearer to India than that at Portsmouth. But how much nearer to India are the armies of Asiatic Russia? How still closer the Persian intriguers at Delhi and Lucknow? If a nation is not prepared to hold their own under all contingencies, it had better give such up at once, for it is holding them only upon sufferance. The existing ministry, while declaring that they would never oppose any public works of ability and importance in any part of her Majesty's dominions, or in any part of the world, which might facilitate the social and commercial intercourse between great nations and mighty countries, said that they did not consider it wise to promote a scheme which they held to be visionary and impracticable.

The position taken was, at all events, much more commendable than that assumed by Lord Palmerston. A government is perfectly warranted in not lending its countenance to a scheme which it may deem to be impracticable, or if practicable to be likely to involve expenses which will preclude all profits and entail serious losses. If a government did countenance such projects, people would invest upon the faith of their supposed superior means of obtaining information, and when failure came they would place it on the shoulders of the authorities. No ministry can, therefore, be expected to take such responsibilities in addition to the sufficiently

onerous ones already imposed on them. But it is one thing not to countenance a project, and another to be politically hostile to it, and to get the credit, whether truly or not we are not prepared to say, of counselling the Sultan not to grant his firman to it. Such interference was alike unwise, inconsiderate, and impolitic. It was unwise, because it was uselessly hurting the feelings of our allies ; it was inconsiderate, because, as the scheme is supported by all the other continental nations, it must, if practical, prevail one day ; and it was impolitic, because, whilst Malta would close the approaches to the canal on one side, and Perim, which never has belonged to Turkey, and Aden on the other, Great Britain derogated from her majesty by viewing any such scheme with the same jealous apprehension which is exhibited by our imperial allies in regard to English projects. The first among European nations for liberality, generosity, and philanthropy, we should always be most anxious not in any way to compromise or sully a character which makes us stand out in such bright relief to most continental countries. We rejoice, therefore, to believe that the existing ministry, which represents in so worthy and so dignified a manner the higher instincts of our nation, has withdrawn all futile and discreditable opposition to the Suez Canal scheme, and that a firman will be issued without let or hindrance for the execution of this great project.

Although political opposition may thus have ceased on our side, it must not be lost sight of that our gallant allies set us the example of this very undignified state of things by their previous open hostility to the scheme of Egyptian railways, and while we are deprecating opposition to schemes of general utility, the Count de Warren is still exhibiting the prejudices of his countrymen by denouncing the proposed Euphrates Valley Railroad as extremely dangerous to Europe if exclusively in the hands of Englishmen. *Sic vos, non vobis.* We have but one opinion, and that is, that the two undertakings would be equally important ; the one ensuring economy, the other rapidity of communication. In the words of the author of "Highways to the East," "Far from being prejudicial to each other in any way, they cannot fail to be mutually advantageous, and the railway will be especially useful to its sister project in all that concerns the traffic of the southern side of Arabia. All those who have any personal knowledge of the East must be aware that the chief want of Turkey is the substitution of roads for the existing bridle-paths ; and it is, therefore, quite clear that the construction of one, or, still better, two or three, highways through the country will increase its productions to an extent which it is at present difficult to estimate. In our opinion, therefore, the opening of another great route at some hundred miles' distance from the valley of the Euphrates, whether it be the Suez Canal line on the one side, or that proposed for construction through the centre of Asia Minor on the other, would do as little injury to the projected Mesopotamian route as the railways of Scotland do those of Liverpool and Manchester. There will, on the contrary, be more than sufficient traffic for both, and their rivalry will simply be that of sending the more bulky goods by water, and conveying the lighter and more valuable products, as well as passengers and mails, by land. Each will find ample employment from the local as well as the transit traffic from India and Central Asia."

THE WAGER BOATS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A LARGE party were assembled in a fine old mansion, the country seat of a British peer: a young peer, an earl, who had recently come into the title. He had given invitations in a lavish spirit, and a relative of his, the Countess Dowager of Kirton, had managed to get an invitation to act as Hartledon's mistress for the time being.

None knew better on which side her bread was buttered than the countess dowager: she liked it buttered on both, and generally contrived to get it, for she was a keen woman of the world, lamentably poor for her station, and somewhat unscrupulous. She had entered Hartledon House with one fixed determination: that she did not quit it till Lady Maude, the only daughter left on her hands, was engaged to its master.

Lady Maude was nothing loth. Young, beautiful, and vain, she yet had a woman's susceptible heart: though surrounded with luxury, dress, pomp, and show, which are said to deaden the feelings, and which in some measure do deaden them, Lady Maude had contrived to fall in love as deeply as did ever an obscure damsel of romance: and, for once in this chequered life, curious to say it, she had fallen in love with the right person—Lord Hartledon. When she first came out, two years before, his lordship—he was only Viscount Elster then—had just returned from a lengthened sojourn abroad; their relationship sanctioned their being much together, and the Lady Maude lost her heart to him.

A wet day in the country, especially in August, is not pleasant. A certain Monday had been fixed upon for a boating race on the river: the gentlemen had bets on their respective wager boats, and the ladies, who were to look on from the banks, had their favourites in it; but the rain persisted in pouring down, so it was put off for that day.

Lord Hartledon stood smoking a cigar and watching the clouds, in the countess dowager's private sitting-room; any cigar, but his, would have been consigned to the other side of the door. The Honourable Percival Elster, who was then lounging on the sofa, had only shown (by mere accident) the tail of his cigar case, and the countess dowager had demanded what he meant by displaying that thing in a lady's room: Lord Hartledon entered, directly after, with a cigar in his mouth, and was allowed to enjoy it in peace.

"It's come on purpose, I know," cried the earl, gloomily. "It has been fine the whole nine days we have been down here, and just because this boating was to come off to-day, the rain peppers down! I was thinking yesterday, as we came out of church—Oh, talking about church, though, I have asked the Ashtons to dinner this evening, ma'am."

"Who?" said Lady Kirton.

"The clergyman and his wife and daughter. They are excellent friends of ours."

"Oh," said the countess dowager. "I was out when they called. Well, there'll be room. It is as well to be civil to these sort of people."

"Don't say 'these sort' when you speak of the Ashtons," returned the young nobleman, with a gesture that told of displeasure. "They are most superior people, and were valued by my father. Dr. Ashton will die a bishop yet; and Anne is the sweetest girl I ever knew."

Lady Maude, who was drawing, looked up suddenly. Her colour had heightened, though it was brilliant at all times. She was very handsome; tall and graceful, with dark eyes and raven hair.

"Are you speaking of my maid?" she said. "Her name is Anne."

"I was speaking of Anne Ashton," replied the earl.

"Allow me to beg Anne Ashton's pardon," returned Lady Maude, her tone savouring of mockery. "Anne is so common a name; and more in use, I think, amongst our servants than ourselves."

"I don't care whether it is common or uncommon," cried the earl. "It is Anne Ashton's, and I have loved the name as much as I have loved Anne. But I think it pretty also; prettier than yours, Maude."

"And pray who is Anne Ashton?" haughtily demanded the countess dowager, whilst Lady Maude bent over her employment, with white lips.

"Dr. Ashton's daughter."

"And who is he?"

"The rector of the parish. He preached to you yesterday. He was our tutor, you know, ma'am, in years gone by, whenever we were staying at Hartledon—more Per's and poor George's than mine, though—and that is how we come to love Anne so well."

"Really—Lord Hartledon—you are given to random speech," fumed the dowager. "A stranger, hearing you, might fancy you had serious intentions of—of—making this Anne something nearer to you than she is. You should choose your words more carefully, sir: it is not fair towards the young woman."

"Quite fair, ma'am: I hope Anne will be nearer to me some time than she is now. Per knows I do. Are you asleep, Per?"

Percival pushed up the sofa cushion with his elbow, and gave a grunt by way of answer.

"Has she red hair, and sky-blue eyes, and a doll's face—and sits in the next pew to the reading-desk with three other dolls?" sarcastically questioned the dowager.

Lord Hartledon shook his head. "Dark brown hair and eyes, and a pale, gentle face. She sat alone yesterday, for Mrs. Ashton was not there, and the rectory pew is the one with green curtains."

"Oh, *that* vulgar-looking girl!" uttered Lady Maude, her unjust words—and she knew they were unjust—trembling on her lips. "The Grand Sultan might exalt her to be his chief wife, but he could never make a lady of her, or get her to look like one."

A pause followed the speech. Percival Elster rose quickly from the sofa, and went away.

"Maude," cried the earl, "I am sorry to tell you that you have put your foot in it."

"Thank you. For giving my opinion of your Anne Ashton?"

"Precisely. You have driven Per from the room in indignation."

"Is Per of the Anne Ashton faction—that the truth should tell upon him as well as upon you?"

"It is upon him that the words will tell—but they are not the truth. I do not care, excepting that I know Anne is everything that is good, and I love her as if she were my sister. Percival's love for her is different, Maude; she is to be his wife."

"Is it true? Is it to Anne Ashton that Percival is engaged? We did hear something about an engagement in the earl's time."

"To Anne Ashton. They have been engaged these three years."

The lovely bloom came again into the cheeks of Lady Maude, the fascinating look to her face. "How could you mystify us so, Edward?" she exclaimed.

"Because Edward delights in mystifying," said the countess dowager, as she sailed away to leave them alone, but her brow was smooth again, and her tone soft as honey.

"Is it not rather—rather beneath an Elster to marry a country clergyman's daughter?" began Lady Maude to his lordship, her feelings bitter still, towards Anne Ashton.

"You would not say so if you knew Anne. And who is Per Elster, the Honourable? An unlucky dog of a spend-all. He must change his fortunes before he can take Anne."

"How did the engagement spring up?"

"I partly told you. Dr. Ashton was their tutor, mine only for a little while. That is, when we were at Hartledon, between terms, the doctor, to oblige the earl, allowed us to read with him, and we were half our time at the rectory. He is not a tutor by profession; you must not think that; he is a proud old doctor of divinity with a famous living. And my mother was fond of Anne, and used to have her here a great deal. Why, in my mother's last illness, Anne was of far more comfort to her than Margaret. That is how it happened."

"Did the earl know of it?"

"Yes; and told Per he was a lucky fellow, for he had won a prize. He set Per up several times; got him a place in the government, sent him over to our embassy at Paris; oh, two or three good turns he did him, all for Anne's sake. But Per manages to drop through all his chances."

"He will drop through more yet," said Lady Maude. "I pity his Miss Ashton if she means waiting for him."

"Means it! She loves him passionately; devotedly: she would wait for him all her life, and be contented only to look at him from a distance, and worship him."

"As we look at a star through a telescope," laughed Lady Maude. "And Per's not worth the devotion."

"Per's not a bad fellow, in the main. The worst is, he is so easily led: one, with a strong will, may sway him any way. He is not a lucky fellow either: look at his nearly blowing off his arm, that time in Scotland. And when my father died, three parts of Per's portion went to pay off debts no one ever knew he had contracted."

"Does Dr. Ashton approve of a suitor for the young lady so slippery as the Honourable Per?"

"There's where the shoe pinches at the rectory, Maude. But they

do so love her. And they know how she loves Percival. If ever I should marry—which I never shall—I should like my wife to be——”

“Why shall you never marry?” quickly interrupted Lady Maude. “What do you mean?”

“Because I shan’t,” logically answered the young nobleman. “At least, not for years and years to come. I have more wild oats to sow than Per has—I have, Maude, though you may not think it—bushels more, and I don’t feel inclined to set about the process yet.”

Lady Maude damaged her landscape. She sketched a tree where a chimney ought to have been, and then laid the fault upon her pencils.

“It has been real sport, Maude, ever since I came home from knocking about abroad, to see and hear the old ladies. All think that Edward Earl of Hartledon is to be caught with a bait; and that bait is each one’s own enchanting daughter. I let them angle: what does it hurt? they are amused, and I am none the worse. I enjoy a good laugh over it, and take care of myself. As I have need to do: for if once I gave but the faintest sign of a nibble, I should inevitably be snapped up and done for; or be the victim of some detestable Breach of Promise affair, and stand damages. No, I am not a marrying man.”

“Why do you tell me this?” asked Lady Maude, with a burning face.

“Do you not like to hear it? You are one of the family, so I may tell you anything. It will be fun for you, Maude, as well as for me, if you choose to look on: there are some staying in the house now, who——”

“Is Hartledon here? I say, Hart, it’s clearing up.”

“By Jove, though, is it? But we must still defer it till to-morrow, for the ladies would be over their shoes, and they’d never forgive us if we had it all to ourselves.”

The earl and another earl, he who had come to interrupt him, left the room; and Lady Maude passionately dashed her pencil on the cardboard, and scored her pretty sketch all over with ugly black lines. Her face looked ugly then. “Why did he say that to me?” she uttered. “Was it with a purpose? Can he have found out that I love him? And that my mother is one of the subtlest of the anglers——”

“Whatever are you at with your drawing, Maude?”

“Oh—I am not in a drawing mood, mamma, and I was grown sick of the piece.”

“And how fierce you were looking,” pursued the countess dowager. “And that was the sketch Hartledon asked you to do for him, from the old painting!”

“He may do it himself, if he wants it done.”

“Where is Hartledon?”

“I don’t know. Gone out somewhere.”

“Has he offended you? or vexed you? Speak out.”

“Well, he did vex me. He has just been assuring me, with the coolest possible air, that he should never marry. He told me to notice what a heap of girls were after him—or their mothers for them—and the sport he had to himself over it; he who was not a marrying man.”

“Is that all? You need not have destroyed your drawing. Lord Hartledon shall be your husband, Maude, before six months are over.

If he is not, reproach me for a false prophetess—and a bungling manager.”

Lady Maude smiled: she had almost childlike confidence in the tact of her mother.

Dr. Ashton and his family arrived to dinner, and the countess dowager was condescending; but they were merged in the large number of guests, and, save that the doctor said grace, were little seen or heard. Lady Maude took possession of Anne after dinner, and entered, with scanty ceremony, into her private affairs. Strange as it may seem, she was jealous of her, although Lord Hartledon had said she was the betrothed of his brother; but Maude dissembled well.

“Hartledon told me how much I should like you,” quoth she, “and I scarcely listened to him: but now I find he was right, for you are the dearest girl I ever met. I shall call you Anne.”

Miss Ashton was at fault for a reply: she was not apt to take violent fancies herself, or to melt into sudden friendships.

“He whispered the secret about you and Percival; but only to us—don’t look alarmed—to mamma and me. Miss Ashton—oh, I am forgetting myself: *Anne*—you must turn Percival from his evil ways. If ever it is to be done, it must be by you.”

Anne answered quickly now, almost resentfully: “Not so much evil as thoughtless, Lady Maude.”

“Quant à moi, je ne vois pas la différence. Do you speak French, Anne?—oh, I beg your pardon; of course you do; what am I thinking of? Should Percival ever get the luck to marry—meaning the income—he will make a docile husband, Anne; he is too easily led to have a will of his own: his wife, you, Anne, will be mistress and master.”

“I think Mr. Elster would not thank us so to speak of him,” coldly observed Anne Ashton.

“You devoted girl! you will not hear him called to pieces. Take care, Anne; too much love is not good for gaining the mastership; and I have heard that you are—shall I say it?—folle de lui.”

“Rumours to that effect have been breathed as to the Lady Maude’s regard for Lord Hartledon,” indignantly spoke up Anne.

“Have they?”

“But *I* will not ask Lady Maude if they have their rise in fact: I should consider myself perfectly unjustified.”

“You throw that at me by way of reproof, but I am armed against your anger. Have I not offered to swear to you eternal friendship?”

Anne Ashton’s lips parted with a curious expression. “I do not swear so lightly, Lady Maude.”

“What if I were to tell you that I do love Lord Hartledon, deeply as, it is known, you love his brother?” she added, dropping her voice. “Would you believe me?”

Anne looked at Lady Maude’s face, but she could read nothing: was she in jest or earnest?

“No, Lady Maude,” she answered, “I should not believe you: for, if you did love him, you could not proclaim it.”

“Exactly. I was jesting. What is Hartledon to me?—save that we are the best of friends, and—distant—cousins. I like Hartledon very well:

I suppose I may say that, and no violation of—of—what is the proper word?—feeling—etiquette. I do like Lord Hartledon.”

“Better than you do his brother,” smiled Miss Ashton: “if I may judge by your look and tone when you spoke but now of Mr. Elster.”

“You are right, Anne,” Lady Maude replied, and for once she spoke earnestly, “I do hate—that is, dislike—Percival Elster, and I always did. I shall never like him: though for your sweet sake I will be civil to him from henceforth.”

“Why do you dislike him—if I may ask it? Have you any reason?”

“None in the world. He is a good-natured, gentlemanly fellow, and I know no ill of him, except his always being out of luck, and his propensity to spend. And if he spent his last guinea, and went in holes to his coat, it would be nothing to me that I should dislike him. But one does take antipathies; all of us do; I dare say you do, Anne Ashton; and I have always entertained this unaccountable antipathy to Per Elster. What a blessing Lord Elster did not die in that fever he caught at Oxford, for then Per would have inherited. What a mercy!”

“That he lived? or that Percival is not the earl?”

“Both,” replied Lady Maude. “But I believe I meant that Per is not the earl.”

The conversation was interrupted by some entrances from the dining-room, and Lady Maude left Miss Ashton. Mr. Elster took her place.

“How have you been amusing yourself, Anne?”

“Lady Maude has been amusing me. Percival, I am sure it is true what you tell me—that she loves your brother.”

“Hart won’t have it so, thinks I am dreaming; as if Maude cares for him! he says; and he had rather she did not, that’s more. She is a handsome girl, Anne.”

“Very. But I do not like her.”

“That’s because you don’t know her sufficiently: I like her very well. She has a rare spirit, only the old dowager keeps it down. Anne,” he resumed, after a pause, “do you know that I and the doctor had—words?”

“Yes,” sighed Miss Ashton. “Mamma told me.”

“He took me to task; like he used to do when I was a boy; said that my course of life was sinful. I rather fired at that—I forgot myself—and dared him to prove anything: but he persisted in his own view of it, and said that an idle, useless, aimless life was a sinful one.”

Miss Ashton made no comment.

“He then said that he would give me till the end of the year, and if at that time I was still pursuing my present frittering course, he should cancel our engagement. Anne, my darling, I see you have heard this.”

“Ah, yes,” she answered, with difficulty suppressing the tears. “And papa is resolute when he believes he is right.”

“I will never give you up, Anne,” he continued, with emotion; “you are more to me than life. And your love is mine. I told him so.”

“But my duty is theirs, Percival: and if it came to a contest, love must give place to it.”

“Why should Fortune be so capricious in her favours?” exclaimed Mr.

Elster, in a tone of resentment. "Here's Hartledon, with an annual income of thirty thousand pounds; and I, his own brother, but a year younger, cannot boast of a fourth part as many hundreds."

"Nay, Percival, all cannot be the eldest son."

"I know that, and am not wishing myself in Edward's place, or he out of it; I heartily wish him health and a long life to wear his honours; it is no fault of his that he should be overdone with riches and I a martyr to poverty: still, one cannot help feeling that there's something unjust in it."

"Your father left you tolerably well off for a younger son, Percival."

"But it went in paying for bygone follies. A young man must fall into such, Anne, dearest, till he has gained experience: and precious dearly have I gained mine."

Lord Hartledon strolled up to them. "What is this, I hear?" whispered he. "That Per and the doctor have had a dispute?"

"It is too true," answered Anne.

"But we patched it up, again," interposed Percival. "I begged his pardon for my heat; and so it will pass off."

"That may," said Lord Hartledon, "but a certain resolution, of his, will not. He has been speaking to me."

"At the end of the year, if I have not changed my career of a gentleman at ease for one of plod plod plodding industry, like any hard-working clerk, I and Anne are to be two for ever, he says. I don't say so; neither shall Anne."

"Per, there's that restless Dowager Kirton beckoning to me. I wish she'd let me alone. Go and represent me, and see what she wants. Do not look distressed, Anne, my dear," added the earl, kindly, "it shall be all right. I'll set Per on his legs again, and he is wiser than he was, and will keep going, when once he is on them. I promise you it shall be done, and I have given my word for it to the doctor: it shall be all right, I say. You will come and see the race to-morrow, Anne."

"I should like it; but mamma fears the damp."

"For herself, not for you; you must come, I will make that all right with her too. It has cleared up beautifully, and we shall have a fine day. You know you dine here again to-morrow."

"Do we?"

"I have made the doctor promise. We must have a jolly evening after the contest. To whom do you wish success, Anne?"

"Oh, to you," she laughed—"certainly to you."

II.

THE scene was sufficiently exciting. The afternoon was lovely, not a trace remained of the previous day's rain, and the river—it was tolerably wide there, as it took the sweeping round of the point—was dotted with the little wager boats. Their lordly rowers, in their white boating costume, were in the highest spirits, and the fair gazers, gathered on the banks, waited eagerly for the result.

A slight accident had occurred to Lord Hartledon previous to embarking. He left home with the rest, after luncheon, but had forgotten something, and turned back. Emerging again from the house, he was

posting at full speed down the slope, when his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. Two or three of the advanced party saw the accident, and returned. His lordship was gathering himself up, but very slowly.

"No damage," called out he; "only a wrench to the foot. Give me your arm, O'Moore. This confounded ground must be slippery from the rain of yesterday."

Mr. O'Moore—"The O'Moore" he liked to be styled, a tall, fine man, thoroughly Irish—held out his arm, and Lord Hartledon took it.

"The ground's not slippery, Hart: it's as dry as a bone."

"Then what could have thrown me down? Let us get along: it will make no difference to me, once in the skiff."

"There's something amiss with Lord Hartledon," exclaimed Miss Ashton, who had joined the rest of the ladies. "He is leaning heavily on Mr. O'Moore, and walks as if he were hurt."

"And creeping along at a snail's pace," added Lady Kirton, who, like all, had turned, at the remark. "What has he been at, with himself?"

"It is nothing," cried his lordship, in answer to inquiries. "I was so clumsy as to stumble, and it has twisted my ankle a little."

"You look pale," whispered Lady Maude, approaching him. "It is paining you."

"It will soon pass off, Maude. Before I have won or lost the race. Do you bet upon me still?"

"Do not enter into the contest now, Lord Hartledon," advised Miss Ashton. "Stay on shore, and let your foot rest."

"Not I, Anne. It will have enough rest in the boat."

Two false starts, and then the competitors were fairly off. Those who were not competing followed along the banks to watch the sport, and the ladies remained stationary, waiting for the return, and conversing.

"I wonder how he did it!" abruptly exclaimed the Dowager Countess of Kirton to Miss Ashton.

"Did what?" asked Anne.

"How he was so stupid as to fall. He says it will be nothing, and he is the best judge of his own sensations: but it has spoiled the pleasure of one of us."

"Of whom?" inquired Anne. "Do you mean his own?"

"No, no; I spoke of my daughter. Look at her."

Anne turned round. At a distance from all her companions, though they were by no means grouped together, but standing about indiscriminately, was the Lady Maude. She had seated herself on the edge of the bank, and her countenance wore a look of abstraction and melancholy, as she gazed in the direction the boats had taken.

"She appears thoughtful," observed Miss Ashton.

"And sad," said the countess dowager. "It is no wonder," she continued, in Anne's ear: "what affects him, must affect her. She is to be his wife."

"Is it really so?" uttered Anne. "Percival thought the future might bring it about, but not yet."

"What concern is it of Percival Elster's?" haughtily returned the countess dowager. "What right has he to 'think'?"

"The right of being Lord Hartledon's brother, I conclude," answered Anne, gently.

"It is a right he need not presume upon," scornfully rejoined Lady Kirton. "Brothers are brothers, as children, and it is all very right they should be; but the tie grows wide and loose when they become young men, and branch out into their different spheres. The one is the Earl of Hartledon, a peer of the realm, rich and powerful; the other, plain, obscure, and poor Mr. Elster. And when Lady Maude is the countess, she will take care that——"

"I must offer you my congratulations for the Lady Maude," said Miss Ashton, in the pause, for the dowager had not chosen to conclude her sentence. "But in speaking with her last night, I understood her to deny that there was anything between her and Lord Hartledon."

"Was she likely to acknowledge it to a stranger?" retorted the countess dowager. "Besides—a night and a morning have elapsed since then, and a night and a morning may bring many things to pass."

"True," was the rejoinder of Miss Ashton, and it never occurred to her to doubt the information. But was it really correct? Had Lord Hartledon been wiled round, by some summary process, to propose to Lady Maude, or was the countess dowager but indulging in a rash and vain boast?

The afternoon sped on, and the boats were discerned, coming in. A staff, from which fluttered a gay little burgee, had been driven into the ground, to denote the winning point, and the spectators gathered round it, watching the excited rowers, whose faces were in a white heat. Captain Dawkes was first, and was exerting himself to keep so; but when only a boat's length from victory, another shot past, and gained it. It is no matter who; no matter to us; save that it was not Lord Hartledon. His lordship was the last, and did not come up till some minutes after all were in.

"Hartledon has hurt his right arm as well as his foot," called out Mr. O'Moore, "and that's why he was distanced."

"No, it is not," dissented his lordship, looking up from his skiff at the crowd of fair faces bent down to him. "My arm's all right: it only gave me some twinges when I first began to row. My oar fouled in turning, and I could not get right again. There's where I lost ground."

"You are like a child, Hartledon, denying that your arm's damaged," exclaimed Captain Dawkes. "I know it is: I could see it, by the way you have struck your oar all along."

Whether his lordship did, like a child, deny he was hurt when he was, he maintained his own assertion, and protested that his arm was as sound as the best arm present. "I could go over the work again with pleasure," cried he.

"Nonsense, Hart! you could not."

"And I *will* go over it," he added, warming with the opposition. "There's time before dinner. Who'll try his strength with me?"

"I will," eagerly spoke up young Carteret, who had been one of the stayers on shore, and was wild to be handling the oars. "If Dawkes will let me have his skiff, I'll bet you ten to one you are distanced, Hart."

"Dawkes will let you have it," said Lord Hartledon.

"And willingly," assented Captain Dawkes; "I have had enough of it for one day."

"Anybody but you, Lord Hartledon, would be glad to come out of that tilting thing, and enjoy a rest, and get your face cool," cried the countess dowager.

"I dare say they might, ma'am. I'm afraid I am given to obstinacy; always was. Be quick, Carteret."

"And you'll come home with your arm and your ankle the hue of your colours, crimson and purple; and be laid up; and go on, perhaps, to lock-jaw; and then you'll expect me to nurse you."

"Not at all, ma'am, I pledge you my word: I'll nurse myself. Now for it, Carteret."

They rowed away, Lord Hartledon and Mr. Carteret. Lord Hartledon took the lead; he was evidently spurring his exertions to the utmost: but before they were out of sight, Mr. Carteret easily passed him. And the party returned to the house in groups, Mr. Elster first of all escorting Miss Ashton to her home.

The only guests at dinner, save those staying at Hartledon, were Dr. Ashton and his daughter; Mrs. Ashton, who did not enjoy very good health, not accompanying them. They arrived a little beyond the dinner-hour, for the doctor had been detained, and they found all the party assembled in the drawing-room, except Lord Hartledon and Mr. Carteret.

"They have not made their appearance yet," announced the countess dowager, in one of her fiercest tones, for she was remarkably fond of her dinner, and disliked to wait for it; "and when they do come they'll keep us another half-hour while they dress."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," interposed Captain Dawkes, "they are come. Carteret was going into his room as I came out of mine."

"Time they were," grumbled the dowager. "They were not, five minutes ago, for I met Hartledon's valet, and asked him."

"Who won the race?" inquired Lady Maude of Captain Dawkes.

"I don't think Carteret did," he replied, laughing. "He seemed as sulky as a bear, and growled out that there had been no race, for his lordship had served him a trick."

"I hope he upset him," cried the dowager. "That boy Carteret is too saucy by half."

When "the boy"—and indeed he was little more—entered, he was assailed with a shower of questions: he seemed sulky still.

"Hartledon never came," said he, in a curt tone. "I rowed on and on, thinking how nicely I was distancing him and his boasting; and got to the turning-point, and waited. And might have waited there till now, for he did not come at all."

"Then his arm must have failed him: we thought it would."

"Well, he might have hallooed out to me, when he found it failing, and not have suffered me to go all that way for nothing," was the retort of young Carteret. "Not a trace could I see of him either, as I came back; he had hastened to shut himself up in his room, I expect, with his damaged arm and foot."

"Is his arm very bad?" inquired somebody.

"No doubt of that," assumed the countess dowager; "I told him it would be. And that keeps him so long dressing; I'm sure the dinner's spoiling."

"And your ladyship famishing," laughed Percival Elster. "I'll go up and see what is keeping Hart."

Mr. Elster went; and came back again. "We are all under a mistake," was his greeting. "Hartledon has not returned: his servant is in his room, waiting for him."

"Then what do you mean by telling stories?" asked the countess dowager, turning sharply on Mr. Carteret, in her angry hunger.

"Good Heavens, ma'am! you need not begin upon me," retorted young Carteret. "I have told no stories. I said Hart let me go on, and never came himself: if that's a story, I'll swallow Dawkes's skiff and both the oars."

"You said he was in his room: you know you did."

"I said I expected so. It is usual for a man to go there, I believe, to make himself decent for dinner," answered young Carteret, who had as great a dislike to the dowager as she had to him, and the result was an occasional wordy war.

"Nothing can have happened to Lord Hartledon, I trust," interrupted Dr. Ashton. "Where did you part company with him, Mr. Carteret? how far did he go?"

"That's more than I can say, sir. You must have seen me get ahead of him, within view of the starting-point, and soon after I lost sight of him. The river winds, you know, and of course I thought he was coming on, behind me."

"Do you think he passed the mill?"

"The mill?"

"That place where the river forms—one may almost say an arm, a miniature harbour. A mill is built there: but you may have gone straight on, without observing it."

"I remember now, I did see it: but I think I had lost sight of Lord Hartledon previously."

"The current is extremely rapid there," resumed Dr. Ashton.

"Ay," interrupted Percival Elster; "perhaps Hart found it too much so, if his arm grew stiff, and struck down there and landed."

"Oh, no doubt, that's what he did," was the general decision.

"But why does he stop there—does he expect his dinner to be sent to him?" rejoined the countess dowager. "He has had time enough to come home."

"His ankle permitting him," interposed Lady Maude. "But that may be worse, as well as his arm."

"To be sure," cried Mr. Elster, with animation, "there is the secret of his non-appearance. I'll start off the pony carriage at once. Poor Hart! he will think we are all neglecting him."

The countess dowager pulled Mr. Elster by the sleeve. "Is it right to keep all these people without their dinner?" whispered she, with a watery mouth. "Had I not better order it up? Lord Hartledon won't care; he never stands on ceremony, you know."

"Oh, you must do as you think right about that," replied Mr. Elster. "Hart will be here in twenty minutes."

As good talk of twenty hours, as twenty minutes, to one, furiously hungry, and her ladyship took upon herself to order the dinner served. "I suppose we must put that presuming Per in his brother's chair for once," said she, aside to Lady Maude. "It will only be for twenty minutes, though."

However, when the party reached the dining-room, Mr. Elster was not forthcoming. He had driven, himself, attended by one servant, to fetch his brother.

"Then who will?"—the countess dowager looked round at the gentlemen—"will you, Dr. Ashton, oblige me by filling Lord Hartledon's place, until his arrival?"

Dr. Ashton stepped before the chair, said grace, and the dinner proceeded. Somewhat languidly, as is apt to be the case, when others are being waited for. The twenty minutes went by, and some ten minutes beyond it, and then they heard the rattle of the pony carriage underneath the windows.

"Here he is at last!" was the cry. "What a thing for him to have disabled himself!" But it was Percival Elster only who entered the room. He walked straight up to the table, and stood by it, his face wearing a disappointed, perplexed look. There was a momentary silence of expectation, and then the tongues were loosed.

"Where is your brother?" "Where is Lord Hartledon?" "Is he not come?"

"I don't know where he is," answered Mr. Elster. "I was in hopes he had reached home before me, but I find he has not. I fear he started from the mill to walk, and has been forced to halt by the way. I drove slowly back, looking out on both sides, but saw nothing of him."

"Did he land at the mill?"

"Yes, he must have done that, for the skiff is moored there, all right. The miller was away this afternoon, he says, and his place locked up, so Hart had nothing for it but to start off home with his lameness, or sit down on the banks."

"And better have sat there and waited till he was fetched, than have come on and be sitting nobody knows where," cried the dowager. "Where are you turning off to, now, Mr. Percival?"

"To look for Edward, of course. I shall take some of the men and explore the footway to the mill: we shall find him perched somewhere, like patience on a monument, unable to put foot to ground."

Some of the gentlemen offered to accompany Mr. Elster, but he begged them to continue their dinner in peace: he would take sufficient assistance, even though they had to carry Lord Hartledon.

So Mr. Elster went and again returned: unsuccessful. They had gone along the footway, as far as where it joined the road (and that Mr. Elster had already traversed in the pony carriage), had shown their lanterns, and called and shouted. All in vain.

"Where in the world can he have got to?" angrily exclaimed the countess dowager, from her seat at the head of the table. "Has he taken himself to the surgeon's?"

"Hardly," mused Percival Elster. "He must pass his own home to get there, and he would naturally come in and send for him. I do not know what to do: I don't much like the appearance of affairs."

"Why! you don't think there's any real fear?" cried young Carteret, rising from his chair, with a blank face. "He is safe to turn up, isn't he?"

"Oh, he will turn up somewhere; he is sure to be all right, only I dislike uncertainty," answered Mr. Elster.

Dr. Ashton motioned Percival to come nearer. "Are you fearing an accident?" he whispered. "*I am.* That current is so fearfully strong, and if your brother lost the use of his arm—and the boat upset——"

"How could it upset, sir?" interrupted Percival. "The skiff is as safe as this floor. I don't fear that, in the least; I only fear poor Edward is in some out-of-the-way nook, suffering pain and unable to move; and that we may not find him till daylight."

"I don't know," said Dr. Ashton, shaking his head, "if the one oar was useless, and the other——accidents do happen so unexpectedly. I very much dislike boating."

"I remember that," smiled Percival.

"Elster, what are you going to do?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"Go to the mill again, I think. And find out if anybody saw Hartledon leave the skiff, and which way he took."

"But you'll snatch a mouthful of dinner first," cried the countess dowager.

"I have no time, ma'am; we must think of him; he may be waiting somewhere for his."

The gentlemen immediately proposed to accompany Mr. Elster, but before the words were well spoken, a strange, wild sound arose, from without. Half howl, half wail; an unearthly noise that came from several voices, and seemed to proceed from the carriage-way to the mill. The ladies were all startled and thunderstruck, but Mrs. O'Moore threw down her knife and fork, and rose up with a shriek.

"There's nothing to be alarmed at," said the countess dowager to her. "It is those Irish harvest labourers; I know their horrid voices, and I dare say they are riotously drunk, and Lord Hartledon shall put them in prison for it."

The sounds died away into silence. Mrs. O'Moore pressed her hands upon her eyes. "You do not know what it is," she shuddered; "it is the Irish death-howl."

It arose again, louder than before, for those from whom it came were nearing the house: a frightful, howling, wailing noise, ringing out clear in the silence of the night. Mrs. O'Moore cowered down on her chair again in terror, and hid the whole of her face. She was not Irish born, and had never heard that sound but once, and that was when her child died.

"Hark!" cried her husband, The O'Moore, "it is for a chieftain; they mourn the loss of one, high in the land. And—they are coming here. Oh, Mr. Elster! can DEATH have overtaken Lord Hartledon?"

All rose simultaneously, and stood for a single instant round the table, their faces a mixture of surprise, credulity, and dread: then, with one accord, the gentlemen rushed out, and the women stole trembling after them, with blanched lips.

"If ever I saw such behaviour in all my existence!" irascibly uttered the countess dowager, who was left alone in her glory, and deep in a

delicious serving of grouse. "I'll get those drunken Irishmen transported if I can."

They had flown down the hall steps to meet the Irish labourers, who were not drunk, but—as it seemed—were bearing something in procession. Dr. Ashton flew back again, astonishingly quick for a staid doctor of divinity. He extended his arms on either side him, before the frightened women.

"Ladies, I pray you go back," he urged, in agitation; "you must not come further and meet—these—these Irishmen. Go back to the dining-room, I entreat you, and remain there."

Did a woman, bent upon satisfying her own curiosity, ever obey when told she should not gratify it? Dr. Ashton's words were as naught, and they were springing aside to elude his preventing arms, shrieking in concert with that weird-like shrieking below, when Percival Elster dashed up the steps, with a white face.

"Back, all of you," he panted; "you must not stay here; this is no place or sight for you. Anne," he added, seizing Anne Ashton's hand in peremptory entreaty, "you at least know how to be calm: get them indoors with you, and keep them from the hall."

"Tell me the worst," she implored; "I will indeed strive to be calm: what is it those men are bringing here?"

"My dear brother: my dead brother. Madam," he continued, catching hold of the countess dowager, who had now come out, her turban all awry with annoyance, "you must not come here; you must all go back to the dining-room."

"Not come here! don't take quite so much upon yourself, Percival Elster. This is Lord Hartledon's house, and I am a free agent in it, I hope. Where is Lord Hartledon? Has he returned?"

"He has returned: but you must not see him."

The countess dowager unceremoniously lifted her satin gown and sat herself obstinately down on the steps. "Then here I stop in spite of you, Percival Elster; and I will see him. I suppose his ankle is swollen as big as that pillar: I shan't faint at the sight."

Lady Maude, in her agony of suspense, forced her way below, and saw what the labourers were bearing. A low, sobbing shriek, prolonged, and telling of heartfelt agony, was breaking from her as young Carteret brought her back again, and she sank down beside the countess dowager. "Oh, mother! he is dead."

"Who is dead? what is this mystery?" cried the indignant lady, rising up again, her head nodding—perhaps with apprehension—as if she had the palsy. "If you want us to go away, you must tell us first."

"Let us tell them," exclaimed young Carteret, "and then perhaps they will go. Lord Hartledon's drowned—Heaven knows how it can have happened—and these men have brought home the body."

"It is too true," said Dr. Ashton. "And you must not see it: it is no sight for you."

Oh no, it was no sight for them. Lord Hartledon had died by drowning, and his body was also much disfigured by contact with the mill.

How was it done? how could it have happened? It was never certainly known. One of the miller's men had seen the little wager boat by the mill, loose, and had secured it to the side. Later, after the

departure of Mr. Elster and the servant, the Irish labourers, in passing, had detected the body in the water.

The countess dowager's grief was turbulent. It was a blow to her ambition for the Lady Maude—not to speak of the shock, in itself. "Here to-day, and gone to-morrow," she sobbed to those who could listen to her.

"Nay. Here to-day, and gone *now*. Poor fellow! it is awful."

"And the house left without a master, and I to have all the arrangements thrown on my hands!" she bemoaned, improvising fresh and minor griefs.

"How can it be without a master?" cried young Carteret. "Percival Elster is its master now, and can make the arrangements, I dare say, without troubling you. He is the Earl of Hartledon."

The countess dowager started; as though she had positively forgotten the fact. "Percival Elster!" she ejaculated; "well, so he is. Percival Elster the Earl of Hartledon! and I was about to recommend his being shipped off to Canada for life! I wish he had been in that wager boat instead of his brother. What scandalous ups and downs there are in the world!"

READINGS IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE present volumes of Mr. Anthony Froude's History—a work of research, vigour, and originality as real as it is rare—bring to a close the reign of Henry VIII. Of that monarch the historian retains his good opinion, every whit, every jot and tittle of it—continues his majesty's devoted servant to the last—and only turns aside from his remains with a sigh, due to his unappreciated greatness, and the loss England was too soon and too sensibly to feel. The years which followed—the concluding summary reminds us—witnessed the alternate supremacy of factions, where selfishness walked hand in hand with fanaticism, where petty passions disguised themselves under sacred names; and the just discontent of the nation with the Reformers was allayed only at last when reaction had brought with it a bitter recompense of persecution, and the spirit of the dead king at length revived in Elizabeth. The true commentary on the government of Henry VIII., Mr. Froude avers, is to be looked for in the reigns of his immediate successors. "I know not whether I need add any other. To draw conclusions is the business of the reader. It has been mine to search for the facts among statutes and state papers misinterpreted through natural prejudice and imperfect knowledge, and among neglected manuscripts fast perishing of decay.

* History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III., IV. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

“But, as it would be affectation to seem to be unconscious that the character of the king, as presented in these volumes, is something different from that which modern tradition has ascribed to him, so for my own sake I desire to say that I have not advanced any novel paradox or conjectures of my own. The history of the reign of Henry VIII. is a palimpsest in which the original writing can still be read; and I have endeavoured only to reinstate the judgment upon his motives and his actions—which was entertained by all moderate Englishmen in his own and the succeeding generation—which was displaced only by the calumnies of Catholic or antinomian fanatics, when the true records were out of sight; and when, in the establishment of a new order of things, the hesitating movements, the inconsistencies and difficulties inevitable in a period of transition could no longer be understood without an effort.”

It is easy, Mr. Froude suggests, to understand how the “extravagant conception which floats in the modern belief,” concerning Henry’s character, was generated, and eventually taken for granted. Protestants and Catholics, he remarks, united to condemn a government under which both had suffered, and a point on which bitter enemies were agreed was assumed to be proved. And the historian straitly avows, that when he commenced the examination of the records, he brought with him the inherited impression from which he had neither any thought nor any expectation of being disabused. But he found that it melted between his hands, and with it disappeared—he adds—that other fact so difficult to credit, yet as it had appeared so impossible to deny, that English parliaments, English judges, English clergy, statesmen whose beneficent legislature survives among the most valued of our institutions, prelates who were the founders and martyrs of the English Church, were the cowardly accomplices of abominable atrocities, and had disgraced themselves with a sycophancy which the Roman senate imperfectly approached when it fawned on Nero.

That Henry had many faults, his apologist not only allows in general, but, in the progress of the narrative, shows by particulars. But the king’s position, it is contended, was one of unexampled difficulty; and by the work which he accomplished, and the conditions, internal and external, under which his task was allotted to him, he, like every other man, ought to be judged. “He was inconsistent; he can bear the reproach of it. He ended by accepting and approving what he had commenced with persecuting; yet it was with the honest inconsistency which distinguishes the conduct of most men of practical ability in times of change, and even by virtue of which they obtain their success. If at the commencement of the movement he had regarded the eucharist as a ‘remembrance,’ he must either have concealed his convictions or he would have forfeited his throne; if he had been a stationary bigot, the Reformation might have waited for a century, and would have been conquered only by an internecine war.

“But as the nation moved the king moved, leading it, but not outrunning it; checking those who went too fast, dragging forward those who lagged behind. The conservatives, all that was good and sound among them, trusted him because he so long continued to share their conservatism; and when he threw it aside he was not reproached with breach of confidence, because his own advance had accompanied theirs.

"Protestants have exclaimed against the Six Articles Bill; Romanists against the Act of Supremacy. Philosophers complain that the prejudices of the people were needlessly violated, that opinions should have been allowed to be free, and the reform of religion have been left to be accomplished by reason. The Six Articles Bill was cruel; yet the governing classes even among the laity were unanimous in its favour. The king was not converted by a sudden miracle; he believed the traditions in which he had been trained; his eyes, like the eyes of others, opened but slowly; and unquestionably, had he conquered for himself in their fulness the modern principles of toleration, he could not have governed by them a nation which was itself intolerant." Mr. Froude even thinks it likely that, of all living Englishmen who shared Henry's faith, there was not one so little desirous in himself of enforcing it by violence; adding, that his personal exertions were ever to mitigate the action of the law, while its letter was sustained; and that England at its worst was a harbour of refuge to the Protestants compared to the Netherlands, to France, to Spain, or even to Scotland.

Most true it is, that toleration, in those days, was neither understood nor desired—that, to both parties, religion was a thing to die for, or it was nothing. Both parties, nevertheless, agreed in the doctrine, necessarily fatal (if carried out) to one of the twain, that it was the duty of the State to maintain truth and uproot error. It was right, said Protestantism, to persecute the Romanists, because Romanism was not the truth, but against the truth. It was right, said Romanism, to persecute the Protestants, because Protestantism was error, and a deadly one. *Væ victis*, therefore, and that was all. Hence Mr. Froude accounts it to have been fortunate, most fortunate, for the peace of England, that it possessed in the king a person whose mind, to a certain extent, sympathised with both parties; to whom both, so long as they were moderate, appeared to be right; to whom the extravagances of both were wrong and to be repressed. Protestant and Anglican alike might look to him with confidence—alike were obliged to fear him; neither could take him for their enemy, neither for their partisan. He possessed the peculiarity which has always distinguished practically effective men, of being advanced, as it is called, only slightly beyond his contemporaries. The giddy or imaginative genius soars on its own wings, it may be to cleave its course into the sunlight, and be the wonder of after times, but more often to fall like Icarus. The man of working ability tempers his judgment by the opinions of others. He leads his age—he bears the brunt of the battle—he wins the victory; but the motive force which bears him forward is not in himself, but in the great tidal wave of human progress. He is the guide of a great movement, not the creator of it; and he represents in his own person the highest average wisdom, combined necessarily in some measure with the mistakes and prejudices of the period to which he belongs.*

In his fourteenth chapter Mr. Froude gives some illustrative sketches of the religious ferment of the times—showing how the same questions were discussed, the same passions agitated, in palace and cottage, in

* "Luther, by far the greatest man of the sixteenth century, was as rigid a believer in the real presence as Aquinas or St. Bernard." (Froude, iii. 67.)

village church and metropolitan cathedral, at the board of the Privy Council and in the roadside alehouse—how on both sides the same obstinate English nature was stirred into energetic hate. “So went the world in England, rushing forward, rocking and reeling in its course. What hand could guide it! Alone, perhaps, of living men, the king still believed that unity was possible—that these headstrong spirits were as horses broken loose, which could be caught again and harnessed for the road. For a thousand years there had been one faith in Western Christendom. From the Isles of Arran to the Danube thirty generations had followed each other to the grave who had held all to the same convictions, who had prayed all in the same words. What was this that had gone out among men that they were so changed? Why, when he had but sought to cleanse the dirt from off the temple, and restore its original beauty, should the temple itself crumble into ruins?” But as easily could Henry bind the winds, and bid them blow at his pleasure, as force the mind of England thenceforward into any single mould. Under conditions, and within limits which he did not imagine, some measure of the agreement which he desired would be at last accomplished when the time and season would permit.

This refers to the state of things in 1537. Meanwhile, though his task was an impossible one, it was better to try and fail, than to sit by and let the storm rage. “Nor was Henry a man to submit patiently to failure. He would try and try again; when milder methods were unsuccessful he would try with bills of six articles, and pains and penalties. He was wrestling against destiny; yet then, now, and ever it was, and remains true, that in this great matter of religion, in which to be right is the first condition of being right in anything—not variety of opinion, but unity—not the equal license of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief, but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind.” If Henry erred, Mr. Froude finds excuse for his errors in the multitude of business which, at this crisis, was crowded upon him. “Insurrection and controversy, foreign leagues, and Papal censures, did not exhaust the number of his difficulties. All evil things in nature seemed to have combined to thwart him.” The creed of the king himself is described: He insisted on the sacraments, yet abhorred the magical aspect of them; he differed from the Anglican in his zeal for the dissemination of the Bible, in his detestation of the frauds, impostures, profligacies, idlenesses, ignorances, which had disgraced equally the secular and regular clergy, and in his fixed English resolution never more to tolerate the authority of the Pope (1539); while he differed from the Lutherans in his dislike of theoretic novelties, in an inability to clear himself from attaching a special character to the priesthood, in an adherence generally to the historical faith, and an anxiety to save himself and the country from the reproach of apostasy.*

Of Henry's exercise of the royal prerogative, Mr. Froude observes, that justice was the ruling principle of his conduct, but it was justice without mercy. “Ever ready to welcome evidence of innocence, he forgave guilt only among the poor and the uneducated; and for state

offences there was but one punishment. A disposition naturally severe had been stiffened [1541] by the trials of the last years into harsher rigidity; and familiarity with executions, as with deaths in action, diminishes alike the pain of witnessing and of inflicting them. Loyalty was honoured and rewarded; the traitor, though his crime was consecrated with the most devoted sense of duty, was dismissed without a pang of compunction to lay his appeal before another tribunal.* But the historian has a crow to pluck with the "respectable authorities"† who inform us that 72,000 criminals were executed in England in this reign. Now, there is no statement, we are rightly warned, to be received with so much caution, by any who examine history critically, as those which relate to numbers: witness the number of heretics said to have been executed under Charles V. in the Netherlands—of the victims destroyed by Alva, &c. "Laxity of assertion in matters of number is so habitual as to have lost the character of falsehood. Men not remarkably inaccurate will speak of thousands, and, when cross-examined, will rapidly reduce them to hundreds, while a single cipher inserted by a printer's mistake becomes at once a tenfold exaggeration." As to the threescore and twelve thousand sufferers, assigned to the reign of terror of our Henriade, Mr. Froude remarks, that popular impressions of the character of the reign have prevented inquiry into any statement which reflects discredit upon it; the enormity of an accusation passing for an evidence of its truth. He points to the fact that, until the few last years of the king's life, no felon who could read was within the grasp of the law; and to the fact that the sanctuaries ceased finally to protect murderers six years only before his death, and that felons of a lighter cast might use their shelter to the last. Strange he reckons it that even these considerable facts have created no misgiving, and that learned and ignorant historians alike have repeated the story of the 72,000 with equal confidence. Mr. Froude proceeds to quote at length the single evidence on which it rests—to wit, a passage in the "Commentaries" of Jerome Cardan, calculating the horoscope of Edward VI., and containing, of course, the marvellous legend of his birth—which passage has been cited by Harrison, the author of the "Description of Britain" prefixed to Hollinshed's "Chronicle." No other authority, it seems, respectable or otherwise, can "authorise" this high figure, or highly figurative expression. So that the words of some unknown foreign ecclesiastic, yclept the Bishop of Lexovia—whoever *he* may be—referred to by Cardan the Commentator, and "imbedded in the midst of this abominable nonsense," as Mr. Froude calls Jerome's astrological reckonings, "and transmitted through a brain capable of conceiving and throwing it into form, have been considered authority sufficient to cast a stigma over one of the most remarkable periods in English history, while the contemporary English Records, the actual reports of the judges on assize, which would have disposed effectually of Cardan and his bishop, have been left unstudied in their dust." Thanks to our historian, the dust has been disturbed, the Bishop of Lexovia is snubbed, Cardan rejected as *non compos*, and every care taken that, after three centuries of misapprehension and misrepresentation,

The king shall enjoy his own again,

* IV. 116-7.

† See note at pp. 407 sqq. of vol. iii.

even the good report and admiring respect accorded to bluff King Hal in Tudor times.

We do not pause to inquire into the degree of success Mr. Froude may have attained in his *Henriade*. Our present concern is, simply, to report progress, and stimulate the reader's interest in a most interesting as well as instructive book. A French critic of some reputation has recently declared that, whatever else English histories may be, they are not apt to be interesting. Discussing my Lord Macaulay's *magnum opus*, M. Taine* observes: "Le dernier trait, *le plus singulier, le moins anglais* de cette histoire, c'est qu'elle est intéressante." Mr. Froude's volumes, *pace* Monsieur Taine, are eminently marked by this very singular and most un-English quality.

One natural result of the writer's disposition, if we may so call it, to "write up" Henry, is, a tendency—a logical sequence, perhaps, or concurrent—to write down those with whom Henry came into collision. Accordingly, when he has to record the fate of the Countess of Salisbury, Cardinal Pole's mother, "a noble lady whose treatment weighs heavily on the reputation of the king," he lays stress on her secret correspondence with her son, as conducted in a far different tone from that used in the letter of disapprobation she sent him, under the direction of the government—and on her having darkened the suspicions against her by a denial of all knowledge of the conspiracies of Lord Montague and Sir Geoffrey Pole, where her complicity had been proved. And at any rate, he contends, as the "manlike" Margaret Plantagenet would have disclaimed and disdained indulgence on the plea of her sex, so the treason of women in the sixteenth century was no more to be considered to be entitled to immunity than their participation in grosser crimes is held so entitled in the nineteenth. Cardinal Pole himself makes a very sorry figure indeed in these pages. The Earl of Surrey, again, is, what his old-fashioned admirers might term, rudely entreated. Mr. Froude joins issue with preceding historians, who have unanimously described the noble poet's trial and execution as a gratuitous murder. Whether the extremity of suspicion was justified, he says, is of little importance. Enough had been proved to bring Surrey under the letter of the treason law, and to make him far more guilty under the spirit of it.†

But how about Henry and his wives? the unconvinced reader, mindful of Bluebeard traditions, will perhaps demand. How about Katherine, *plus* Anne Boleyn, *plus* Jane Seymour, *plus* Anne of Cleves, *plus* Catherine Howard, *plus* Catherine Parr? How about one Anne *minus* her head, and another Anne *minus* her lawful bed? How about the maltreatment of Kate the first, and the sharp practice put upon Kate the second—though a better destiny was in store for Kate the third?—Our readers will remember how Mr. Froude dealt with Anne Boleyn's life and death, at which latter event the first instalment of his history came to an end; and perhaps in no question, out of many vexed questions, has he been more successful than in his estimate of that unhappy queen. The match with Jane Seymour being abruptly terminated by her death—than which "a worse misfortune could scarcely have befallen the king"—the Privy Council once again made bold to urge his High-

* *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*. Hachette. 1858.

† See vol. iv. pp. 508-20.

ness to undertake a fourth marriage. Was the Privy Council, then, as established opinion has it, the obsequious echo, merely, of his Highness's own impatient will? And when Henry consented, was it reluctantly? Persons who are acquainted with the true history of Henry's later marriages, while not surprised, Mr. Froude says, "at their unfortunate consequences, yet smile at the interpretation which popular tradition has assigned to his conduct. Popular tradition is a less safe guide through difficult passages in history than the word of statesmen who were actors upon the stage, and were concerned principally in the conduct of the events which they describe." Our author prefers, therefore, State Papers of that age to popular impressions of this; and elects to abide by the testimony of a Thomas Cromwell, rather than the modern inferences and shrewd conclusions of a Smythe or a Southey, a Lingard or a Mackintosh, a Hallam or a Macaulay.

He requires those who insist that Henry was a licentious person, to explain how it was that, neither in the three years which elapsed since the death of Jane Seymour, nor during the more trying period which followed, do we hear a word of mistresses, intrigues, or questionable connexions of any kind. "The mistresses of princes are usually visible when they exist; the mistresses, for instance, of Francis I., of Charles V., of James of Scotland. There is a difficulty in this which should be admitted, if it cannot be explained." That Henry was most unfortunate in his matrimonial relations, Mr. Froude is the last to deny. He sees, what he believes Henry not only to have clearly seen but to have acutely felt, that some dreadful spirit pursued his married life, tainting it with infamy. When Catherine Howard's disgrace was made known, in the November of 1541, men reflected with a shudder that within nine years two queens of England had been divorced, two more had been unfaithful.

Connected with this subject there exists, in our author's conviction, one of the "largest historical misconceptions" ever formed. After a laborious perusal of a large mass of evidence, the conclusion he draws is counter to the prevalent belief. It is not easy, he remarks, to put forth in detail the evidence on which we form our opinion of character. "We judge living men not from single facts, but from a thousand trifles; and sound estimates of historical persons are pieced together from a general study of their actions, their writings, the description of friends and enemies, from those occasional allusions which we find scattered over contemporary correspondence, from materials which, in the instance of Henry VIII., consist of many thousand documents." These Mr. Froude has handled, pored over, compared, collated, concatenated. And the impression left on his mind is—the conviction, and nothing less, at which he has arrived, is—that the king's disposition was naturally cold. "The indolence and gaiety of early years gave way, when the complications of his life commenced, to the sternness of a statesman engaged in incessant and arduous labours. He had no leisure, perhaps he had little inclination, to attend to the trifles out of which the cords of happy marriages are woven. A queen was part of the state furniture, existing to be the mother of his children; and children he rather desired officially, than from any wish for them in themselves.

"Except in the single instance of Anne Boleyn, whom he evidently loved, he entered marriage as a duty, and a duty it soon became, even towards her. While, again, he combined with much refinement and

cultivation an absence of reserve on certain subjects, which is startling even in the midst of the plain speech of the sixteenth century. It was not that he was loose or careless in act or word; but there was a business-like habit of proceeding about him which penetrated through all his words and actions, and may have made him as a husband one of the most intolerable that ever vexed and fretted the soul of woman."* Such is Mr. Froude's conjectural explanation of the king's repeated misfortunes in wedlock. A widow happily closed the chapter of accidents, and was privileged to be the survivor.

To return, however, to the less dubious aspects of Henry's character and career. Beyond and besides the Reformation, our author observes, in his concluding summary, the constitution of these islands now rests in large measure on foundations laid in this reign. We are reminded that it was Henry who brought Ireland within the reach of English civilisation; who absorbed Wales and the Palatinate into the general English system; and who raised the House of Commons from the narrow duty of voting supplies, and of passing without discussion the measures of the Privy Council, and converted them into the first power in the state under the crown. "Something, too, ought to be said of his individual exertions in the details of state administration. In his earlier life, though active and assiduous, he found leisure for elegant accomplishments, for splendid amusements, for relaxations careless, extravagant, sometimes questionable. As his life drew onwards his lighter tastes disappeared, and the whole energy of his intellect was pressed into the business of the commonwealth. Those who have examined the printed *State Papers* may form some impression of his industry from the documents which are his own composition, and the letters which he wrote and received: but only persons who have seen the original manuscripts, who have observed the traces of his pen in side-notes and corrections, and the handwritings of his secretaries in diplomatic commissions, in drafts of acts of parliament, in expositions and formularies, in articles of faith, in proclamations, in the countless multitude of documents of all sorts, secular or ecclesiastical, which contain the real history of this extraordinary reign, only they can realise the extent of labour to which he sacrificed himself, and which brought his life to a premature close. His personal faults were great, and he shared, besides them, in the errors of his age; but far deeper blemishes would be but as scars upon the features of a sovereign who in trying times sustained nobly the honour of the English name, and carried the commonwealth securely through the hardest crisis in its history."

Whatever we may think of Mr. Froude's judgment of Henry—whether he carries us along with him or not—entirely, partially, or not at all—and whatever, again, we may think of his estimate of other note-worthies, brought before us in the course of this reign,—of Cromwell, for instance, whose character will ever remain a problem,—of Reginald Pole, here stigmatised as a pestilent traitor,—of Pope Paul III., here represented as concentrating the whole energies of his nature into a blind and furious hatred of Henry VIII.; alarmed at the progress of Solymán, yet counting him a spirit of light, compared with a rival "head of the church;" disapproving the Koran, yet fearing less injury to the soul from the

* Vol. iv. pp. 131 sqq. Cf. iii. 264-6, 461 (note); iv. 106 sqq., 125 sqq., 142-3.

rhapsodies of Mahomet than from Tyndal's Bible and the "Institution of a Christian Man;"—of James V. of Scotland, a noble-natured man, brought to a bad end by the blessing of Paul III., and the cap, and the sword, and the midnight mass,—or of John Knox, "perhaps in that extraordinary age its most extraordinary man,"—whatever the degree of our assent to, or dissent from, the accuracy of these and other portraitures, we must all admire the author's breadth of view, his gift of insight, and the endeavour he earnestly makes to fix his stand-point at a central site, and adapt his mode of observation to the existing conditions of time and place, with scrupulous allowance for defective testimony, and limited range of sympathy, and the impossibility of seeing otherwise than through a glass darkly. It is his own profession, that whoever has attended but a little to the phenomena of human nature, must have discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition. "Every one is a perplexity to himself and a perplexity to his neighbour; and men who are born in the same generation, who are exposed to the same influences, trained by the same teachers, and live from childhood to age in constant and familiar intercourse, are often little more than shadows to each other, intelligible in superficial form and outline, but divided inwardly by impassable and mysterious barriers.

"And if from those whom we daily meet, whose features are before our eyes, and whose minds we can probe with questions, we are nevertheless thus divided, how are the difficulties of the undertaking increased when we are looking back from another age, with no better assistance than books, upon men who played their parts upon the earth under other outward circumstances, with other beliefs, other habits, other modes of thought, other principles of judgment! We see beings like ourselves, and yet different from ourselves. Here they are acting upon motives which we comprehend; there, though we try as we will, no feeling will answer in unison. The same actions which at one time are an evidence of inhumanity may arise in another out of mercy and benevolence. Laws which, in the simpler stages of society, are rational and useful, become mischievous when the problem which they were meant to solve has been complicated by new elements. And as the old man forgets his childhood—as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other—as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions—so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy, alike in those who read and those who write."

If a half solution only be the maximum attained by the present historian, assuredly such a limitation is not owing to a want, on his part, of the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy. Such an effort of sympathy, for example, he makes, and such an effort, the strongest that can be made, he claims from his readers, when the narrative leads him to treat of Scotland and Ireland, of Scotch and Irish character. We see the result of this self-discipline, this catholic training, this vigilant repression of partisan theory, in Mr. Froude's appraisal of men like Patrick Hamilton and Wishart on the one hand, like the aged Lord Darcy and Robert Aske on the other.

The story of the Great Insurrection, in which the two latter bore so

prominent a part, is told with admirable clearness, spirit, and graphic power. Equally so is that of the troubles in Scotland, including the Gathering of Lochmaben, and the disaster at Solway Moss. Nothing can be better than the account of Lord Hertford's invasion of Scotland in 1544. Looking through the eyes of Knox, let us, with the historian, imagine ourselves at Edinburgh on the morning of Saturday, the 3rd of May, in that year. The regent (Arran) and Beton are at Holyrood, in enjoyment of the confidence of the townspeople, and the heroes of Scottish independence. In spite of rumour and expectation, they are incredulous of danger. The preparations of the English may be known, but are supposed to be intended for France. An invasion in their own waters is about the last peril they seem to anticipate—for hitherto the Channel has been free to their cruisers—they have ravaged the English coasts, and robbed English traders, from Berwick to the Land's End.

Accordingly, the strength of the hatred Southron on salt water is something which, never having experienced, they cannot believe, have had no reasons to believe. But so it happened, that on the May morning in question, very soon after daybreak, strange ships were reported inside the Bass Rock. "As the sun rose the numbers appeared more considerable, the white sails passing in from seaward, and coming up the Forth in a stream, of which the end was still invisible. The good citizens went out upon the Castle Hill and Arthur's Seat, and 'to crags and places eminent,' to gaze on the unintelligible spectacle—the silent vessels, countless as a flight of sea-birds, appearing from behind the horizon, and covering the blue level of the water. What were they? What did they mean? Mid-day came; they drew nearer in the light air; and keen eyes saw on the leading ship the flutter of St. George's Cross. But 'still sate the cardinal [Beton] at his dinner, showing as though there had been no danger appearing.' The English were come, was the cry. The English were come to destroy them. 'The cardinal skrippit and said, it is but the Iceland fleet; they are come to make us a show, and to put us in fears.' It would soon be known what they were. The first line as they came off Leith rounded up into the wind, dropped their anchors, and lay motionless. One by one, as the rest followed in, they took their places in the floating forest. While the sun was still in the sky the anxious watchers counted two hundred sail.

"No message came on shore. There was neither signal nor offer to communicate; only in the twilight boats were seen stealing out from under the shadow of the hulls, taking soundings, as it seemed, under Grantoun Crags, and round the eastern edges of the harbour.

"The brief May night closed in. By the dawning of Sunday the whole sea was alive with light. The galleys and lighter transports were moving in towards the land. Soldiers were swarming on the decks of the ship or passing down over the sides into the barges. It was the English army come indeed in its might and terror. The port was open, and the undefended town could attempt no resistance. The inhabitants fled up into Edinburgh, entering at one gate as, at another, Arran and the cardinal were dashing out at the best speed of their swiftest horses. Before noon ten thousand men had disembarked in the leisure of overwhelming strength. The owners of the desolate houses had saved nothing. The merchants' stock was in their warehouses, and everything which was found was tranquilly appropriated. The joints of meat which had been

provided for the Sunday dinners were cooked and consumed by the English men-at-arms. In the afternoon, Blackness Castle was broken open, and the state prisoners, Sir George Douglas and Lord Angus among them, were dismissed to liberty."

While the court deserted Edinburgh, the citizens made preparations for defence. All, however, was confusion. Volunteers there were, and plenty of them, but no competent leaders. The English were quiet till the following morning, when they came up from the sea in three divisions. Hertford would make no conditions—the Scots must yield at discretion, or take the consequences. "He gave them a day to consider their answer; and in the afternoon, to assist their decision, ominous clouds of smoke were seen darkening the sky towards Haddington and Lammermuir. Lord Evers, with his four thousand horse, came in from Berwick, having marked his advance by a broad track of desolation, where abbey and grange, castle and hamlet, were buried in a common ruin.

"The odds were now terrible; but the Scots were not to be frightened in cold blood while there was a hope of resistance. They shut their gates, and told Hertford he might do his worst. Unfortunately for their courage it had little opportunity to show itself. A heavy train of artillery had been landed from the fleet, to which there was no gun in Edinburgh better than Mons Meg to make an effective reply. The gates were blown in; the people who attempted to defend the streets were mown down by the fire; and the English troops followed the cannon, setting the houses in a blaze as they advanced. The intention of leaving garrisons had been for the present relinquished. Lord Hertford's orders were merely to teach a lesson of English power in the language which would be most easily understood. The miserable citizens broke, scattered, and fled into the open country, and for two days the metropolis of Scotland was sacked and wasted without resistance, while Evers and his northern troopers burnt the farms and villages for seven miles round. Holyrood was pillaged; Craigmillar and Seaton were destroyed, and every castle or fortified house in the neighbourhood except Dalkeith, which was spared, as belonging to the Douglasses, and the Castle at Edinburgh, which could not be taken without loss and delay. There was no injury to life except where there was armed opposition; but the havoc of property was as complete as the skill and hate of the rough riders of the Border could make it; and the invaders, as it appeared to Knox, were thus 'executing the judgments of God' on breach of treaty and broken promises."

A week's work sufficed for Edinburgh. The invaders then sacked and destroyed Leith—tearing up its wooden pier, and using the timber as fuel to assist the destruction of the houses. The ships in the harbour were freighted with spoil—including, says Hollinshed, eighty thousand cannon-balls; and the army, dividing, returned to England by different routes, their entire loss during the invasion not exceeding forty men. We have cited Mr. Froude's description of this affair, merely as an illustration of others, of a similar kind, with which his volumes abound—all characterised, more or less, by that command of chaste and forcible diction, mother-English sound and strong, picturesque touches and suggestive accessories, which must needs be the admiration of every intelligent reader, and of more than one "historian" the envy and the despair.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.

LONG AGO.

DEARLY do I love Weimar, our German Athens! For there I was born. In that light green-coloured house, with high peaked slanting roof, situated near the Stadtkirche, and only a few doors from the house in which Herder used to live, an infant was ushered into the world on the 7th of November, 1775, and its arrival caused, perhaps, greater expectations in the narrow family circle than did that of the great Goethe, who this same day entered Weimar on the invitation of our prince, Karl August. Many times have I seen my mother turn to me with hope and pride, as she said to some neighbour, "My boy Hans was born under very lucky auspices, for he first saw the light on the day that the poet Goethe arrived in Weimar."

Even now, when I look back to those early days, something of the awe with which I always regarded this circumstance of my birth creeps over me, and I recal, with a smile, the dreams of future greatness with which I used to flatter my vanity as a boy. Neither I nor my parents ever for a moment considered how many other children must have been born on this same 7th of November, and that it was very improbable it should bring luck to all. We did not look beyond our own circle; it was our world, and in it, I, Hans Ernst Mitterkamp, was the only child favoured by so marked a birthday. I say marked, because with Goethe came the brightest star of all those that clustered round the little court of Saxe Weimar, and the lustre of his genius will never cease to reflect credit on his patron, the grand duke.

My father had a small independence, on which we lived. He was a man of studious and contented mind, with no ambition to rise from the grade of society in which he had been born. He did not like children, and all my early recollections of him are connected with fear. It was my father who punished me, who bid me take a book and read; if I made too much noise, it was he who often turned me out of the room, or told me to hold my tongue. He taught me my lessons, would never excuse a fault, and was rigid in his discipline. No wonder, then, that I should look upon him as a task-master, one to be feared, and that I should place all the affection of which my young heart was capable on my indulgent, loving mother. I can remember a kind face, with large, anxious eyes looking at me as she laid me to sleep at night; I can see her slight form sitting by the window in the dusk of evening, and I fancy I hear her sweet voice

singing to soothe me; for I was a very excitable, nervous child, and I would not go to sleep at night without some one near me; even then I was subject to alarms and strange visions.

One of these last is firmly graven on my mind, and as it stands out vividly from the unconnected mass of early recollections, I will here narrate it.

I was five years old. My mother had left me asleep, but she had scarcely quitted the room when I was roused by loud voices talking in the street below my window; I called out to my mother, but she was not with me, and, perceiving I was quite alone, fear took entire possession of me, and I trembled all over. The noises in the street had ceased, the room was silent, and so dark, that, though I strained my eyes, I could not distinguish anything. Suddenly a stream of white light shone in from the window. I sat up and gazed at it fixedly; it grew larger and larger, till it seemed to fill the room. I saw faces peering at me out of the dark corners, and the whole lesson of poetry I had learnt the day before was written in flaming letters on the wall; a strange hissing voice seemed to say in my ear, "Learn it again." I tried to read the words, but could not, and I fancied I saw my father looking at me, and threatening to punish me if I did not; then a loud hoarse laugh rang through the room. It was a real laugh, and in a paroxysm of fear I jumped from the bed and rushed to my mother's side, who was sitting with my father in the room below. I wept myself quiet in her sheltering arms, but, in spite of her caresses and endearments, I heard my father say,

"Nonsense, nonsense! Pity the child was not born a foolish girl. He'll never make a man."

"Hans is so young yet, Robert," my mother pleaded. "These alarms will wear off in time."

Her words came true in the end, but I suffered from them for a long while, and dreaded night as my greatest enemy. In February of this year my sister Veronica was born; I regarded her appearance as an intrusion, and was far from being content to share my mother's affection; but what cannot be helped must be endured, and I first got used to the screaming baby, and then began to grow attached to it. The serving-girl, who acted as nurse, often insisted that Master Hans was a spiteful boy, and that she dared not leave the baby a moment for fear he should pinch it. I hope this was a libel on my character, but I have no doubt I was very disagreeable.

They told me I had once another little sister before Veronica was born, but I was very young, and did not remember her, though when I was reminded, I could just recollect my mother carrying me into her bedroom, and pointing out a little white head on the pillow, and saying something about "Poor little sister." I leaned curiously forward and asked if she were asleep. "Yes, asleep with the angels," my mother said. And this was the first time I ever witnessed death, the sight of which was afterwards to become so familiar to me.

My only companion as a child was Ida Hannemann, a little girl who lived near us, and as our acquaintance began in a somewhat peculiar manner, I must not omit it. Regularly every Sunday I accompanied my mother to church, and I used to make her stand at the entrance till service began, that I might see the chains hung across the streets to prevent

disturbance to the worshippers within. I do not know why I took pleasure in seeing this done; perhaps it was the clanking sound the chain made; but my mother was always ready to indulge my fancy.

On the bench before us Ida sat with her father and mother, and as the service was long, we children often grew very tired and fidgety, striving to amuse ourselves in any way we could. One day I had been yawning very frequently, and this attracted Ida's attention. She looked round wistfully at me; I made faces, and frowned in return; nothing daunted, she smiled; this I thought very encouraging, and I began to make greater advances by kicking her feet gently, and then, when our parents were not watching us, a whispered conversation began, which was carried on Sunday after Sunday. Ida and I met in our walks; our nurses were friends. We used to walk hand in hand, and a deep attachment grew up between us, which was destined to ripen into a more lasting affection in after years. Our parents became acquainted with each other, and Ida and I were almost constant companions, till Veronica grew older and carried her away from me.

A very memorable day at this early period of my life comes before me, and one that I long remembered; for it was the first and only time I spoke with the poet Goethe. My mother was out walking with me and my little sister; the air was cold; for it was a frosty morning in spring, and I ran forward to keep myself warm. We were outside the town, and the clear road lay before me, so away I scampered, glad to find myself free to do as I liked. Well do I remember the delight of hearing the noise of my own feet echoed back from the bank which rose abruptly beside the road. I stamped and capered to make a variation in the cadence, and was so engrossed with my occupation that I did not perceive a gentleman was approaching me.

I ran against him, for children were never yet known to guide themselves with propriety. Half shy, half frightened by the sudden stop put to my movements, I uttered a soft "Pardon, sir," and glanced timidly into his face. I shall never forget the kind smile which greeted me, and the large brown eyes that seemed to speak as he fixed them on my upturned face. "Take better care of yourself, my young friend," said he, and patted my head encouragingly. I blushed crimson, and my heart beat fast with fear, yet I felt that I could love that tall, handsome stranger; he passed on, however, and though I gazed after him, and have always remembered this little incident, he did not turn to look at me again, and forgot the little child directly. When my mother joined me (which she soon did, for I did not run on any farther), she said, "Hans, my fine boy, you have been highly honoured; that gentleman who spoke to you is the Herr Geheimrath Goethe."

Every morning, before my father came down stairs, my mother used to read some part of the Bible aloud to me, and when I was old enough and could read myself, she used, as a treat, to let me have the holy book in my own hand, that I might read out of it whilst she was busy with her household duties. My favourite chapter was the twenty-second of the first of Kings, and I would read Micaiah's speeches over and over again; indeed, it was his character alone which made me fond of that particular chapter.

When I was older, Ecclesiastes was my favourite part of the Old Testament.

ment; there was something veiled and mysterious in the language which struck me, and the opening words, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," touched some morbid feeling in my heart, and made me ponder on life in a very different way to what children generally do. The world was not a sugar-candy world to me; it was a sad reality, not a dream of sunshine.

Our drawing-room, which looked into the street, was sacred from my invasion; I was on my best feast-day behaviour when admitted, and this only occurred when some distinguished visitor asked to see Hans. One day my aunt, the Countess von P——, who had but just arrived in Weimar, came to see us. We had been expecting her for many days, and as she was considered the grand lady of the family (for her husband had an appointment at court), my mother was anxious to receive her in the best style possible for my father's credit. I had never seen my aunt, and I well remember the long operation of putting on my best coat, and the brushing and polishing of my hair, which I very reluctantly had to undergo. Then I and my sister were led down stairs into the drawing-room. I was very shy, and although Veronica trotted fearlessly up to my aunt, I, a boy of seven, crept behind my mother's chair, and peeped at what was going forward. Wine and delicious cakes, which made my mouth water, were presented to the visitor; I wondered at her refusing them and drinking the wine. How I started when, in setting the glass down, she upset a little china figure on the middle table—that precious table which I never dared approach, it was so covered with delicate ornaments. I looked aghast into my mother's face when I heard the crash of the falling figure, but, to my astonishment, she only smiled, and said it was of no consequence, bidding me, at the same time, pick up the maimed shepherd.

"So this is little Hans," my aunt said, on seeing me emerge from my hiding-place. "Come here and speak to your aunt. I see a great likeness to the Mitterkamps; he has his grandfather's eye."

Greatly amazed at being thus noticed, I hung my head and blushed; but she spoke so kindly to me that she gave me confidence, and, before long, I forgot my aunt was a strange lady.

"What is Hans famous for?" asked she, addressing my mother.

"I fear he is not famous for anything," was the reply.

"I am sure he must be; all the Mitterkamps were clever. What do you like best, my child?"

"Music," I replied, without a moment's thought; and I gazed straight into her handsome face.

"That is right. And can you play the piano?" asked she, looking at the one standing against the wall.

"Very little."

"Go and play me a tune on it, will you?"

I turned to my mother for an excuse, but she seconded the proposal, and I was forced to play all the little tunes I could remember. When I left off, my aunt kissed me, and said I had a decided talent, and might make quite a second youthful Mozart.

"And now," continued she, "I have a request to make: will you let Hans come and spend a few days with me?"

My mother hesitated.

"Nay," continued my aunt, "I will not take a refusal. I have a treat

in store for him. Goethe's operetta, 'Die Fischerin,' is to be performed at Tiefert, and I promise to take Hans with me."

My father's permission was asked and obtained, to my great delight; and my kind aunt, who had now won my heart, carried me off to her house in the Frauenplan. She had no children, and her husband, Count von P——, was rich. My aunt wore a gold watch with a massive chain, and my uncle had a gold snuff-box, which he almost always carried in his hand. After dinner, coffee was brought in on a shining tray, and my aunt told me it was real silver; I had never seen anything so beautiful before, and touched it with the points of my fingers to see what it felt like.

Seckendorf visited my uncle. He was reckoned a great musician, and I looked up to him with awe. I remember, too, seeing a strange-looking gentleman one day walk down the street with a cup of coffee in his hand. My aunt laughed when I asked who it was, and said, "Oh, that is Musæus, a lover of flowers."

Now came the grand event of my childhood, the drama at Tiefert. It was a fine summer evening, and the piece was to be performed in the park. I did not close my eyes the night before, so great was my excitement, and the reality surpassed all I had anticipated. The Count von P——, my uncle, took me on the bridge that arches over the river, that I might see better. The crowd of spectators was very great, and they pressed me so much that my uncle took me up on his shoulder.

The river Ilm was illumined with countless lamps and flaring torches, and I thought their reflexions were real lamps under the water. On the bank, beneath the trees, were huts, boats, nets, and fishing-tackle. There was a fire, too, burning, and my uncle told me it was supposed to be Dortchen's, and that Corona Schröter, a very clever person, acted that character. I did not know what acting meant, and thought it was all real. Presently the fishermen put off in their boats to look for the maiden who had been lost, and the flicker of lights upon the river and the rippling water was very beautiful. I clapped my hands with delight, but oh! more people came crowding to the wooden bridge. I heard a crack; some one called out that the bridge was falling; a rush was made to get away, but in vain. Crash, crash, followed by a loud scream, in which I felt my voice mingle; then the water rippled round me; I put out my arms to save myself; some one caught hold of me, and I was borne to the bank.

My aunt was dreadfully frightened; I was wet and cold. They took every care, but, in spite of the warm summer air, I caught cold, and was sent home to be nursed by my mother. As may well be imagined, I had a great deal to recount, and this, my first visit from home, was the origin of much amusement. I tried to act "Die Fischerin," Veronica was the lost maiden, and I hid her under one of the green-baize chairs, whilst I went about seeking everywhere for her. My sister was a bright, happy child, with large, roguish eyes peering out from a mass of glossy curls, which hung all round her neck. Ida loved her, and would even now creep away from me to play with her. I watched them, and sometimes wished I had been born a girl.

Thus the happy years of childhood glided by, and I linger over them with a fond remembrance. How strange that I could have enjoyed such and such things; but so it was, and so it will never be again.

The bright mystic veil that fascinated the child, making the commonest objects new and curious, disappears. I grew older, different thoughts, different pleasures, a different world opens, and yet it is not the world I live in now ; I had to pass through several stages of existence ere I reached my present age. This is very strange and incomprehensible to us, yet it is the common course of that mysterious thing called life !

II.

HOME DISCIPLINE.

"I AM twelve years old," thus I wrote in my journal. "I shall soon be a man and go to college ; my father teaches me now, but then I shall do what I like. They tell me I am to be a doctor. Time will show. But I do not like the idea ; I would rather be a preacher. If my father says a thing, he means it ; so I suppose I had better learn to like the profession." It was my habit to put down my thoughts on every birthday, and I found the above in an old desk amongst my other journals. My father took great interest in scientific matters, and I remember hearing him speak of Semler's imaginary discovery of gold that grew in a certain atmospheric salt when kept moist and warm. I did not understand exactly what it meant, but I remember ever after looking with eager curiosity into the salt I eat at dinner, in hopes by some lucky chance I might find gold in it. "Science has much to teach us ; a great deal has been found out, but the undiscovered is a boundless ocean," my father said ; and I thought, if I could only find out something new and lessen the wide ocean of the unknown, I should be as happy as a king.

Several clever men frequented our house ; among them was Wieland. I remember very little of him, as my mother always took me away when he came to see my father. She had a great antipathy both to his works and to his person.

Herder used to visit us very often, and was a welcome guest of my father's. He was then court preacher to the duke, and, though an old friend of Goethe's, somewhat bitter against him. He generally called whilst I was at my lessons with my father, and I enjoyed listening to this clever man, although he frightened me. Herder was very sarcastic, and had, in consequence, few friends ; but I never knew him quarrel with my father. They seemed to agree on most points, especially about the poet Goethe.

We had musical parties every now and then, to which all our friends were invited. My mother did everything in her power to increase my love for the art, and I had the best master Weimar could afford. It was in the summer of 1788 that we gave our largest and best concert. Ida Hannemann had returned from Frankfort, where she had been at school for the last year, and it was arranged she should play a duet with me. I was delighted at the thought, but she only pouted her pretty lip when I tried to make her say she was glad, and ran away to Veronica. One day we had had a rehearsal of our part, and having persuaded Ida to practise a difficult passage after the music-master had left us, we found ourselves alone. Ida was in a wilful mood, and would not put down the right notes. I looked up beseechingly into her face, saying,

"Oh, do please try, for my sake."

She stopped playing, and confronted me with mock solemnity.

"For your sake?" she repeated. "If I do try, it will certainly not be to please you."

I suppose I looked distressed, for she turned away, and though she played a careless flourish with her left hand, I saw the colour mount to her smooth cheek.

"Why are you so cruel to me now, Ida?" I asked. "You were not before you went to Frankfort."

"I am older and wiser now, I suppose," she replied.

"That ought not to make any difference," I said, reproachfully.

"Of course it must."

"What, when you know how much I love you?"

She jumped up, and, before I had time to stop her, she was out of the room. From that moment no persuasions, either on my part or on that of any one else, would induce her to play the duet with me, and we were forced each to have a solo allotted to us instead.

The night of the concert arrived. It had been a sultry day, and the windows were wide open when the company came. Ida was amongst the last arrivals. She gave me a slight nod of recognition, but avoided saying a word to me the whole night.

Seckendorf, the musician, came with my aunt and took an active part in the amusement of the evening. I had performed my task, and it was now Ida's turn. She rose from the chair on which she had sat as if riveted since her arrival, and I am ashamed to confess I felt somewhat pleased when I saw her tremble and hesitate to go alone to the instrument. My mother went up to her, took her by the hand, and said a few encouraging words. Ida smiled faintly, and sat down with evident reluctance, and a pang shot to my heart. I listened breathless. For a few moments the sound went on, then it lingered, each note sounding uneven, and at last it ceased.

I heard a sob, and, turning round, I saw Ida with her head buried in her hands, crying bitterly. Some one near me said, "Poor child, she is too young to play all alone;" and, without waiting an instant, I sprang forward to Ida, but she slid past me, and flew like a frightened fawn out of the room. Veronica had gone to bed, so my mother made a sign to me to follow her, which I gladly did, and after a brief search I found the little runaway seated on the bottom step of the staircase. I went gently up to her, and said,

"Why will you not let me speak to you, Ida?"

"It is all your own fault," replied she, rather pettishly.

"What is?" I asked, without attempting to console her, as she had so repulsed me before.

"You should not ask—you know very well what I mean."

"No, I do not. We certainly might have played a duet together."

"And it was all your fault we did not."

"My fault?" I repeated.

"Yes, because you were so foolish."

"And said, I loved you. Was that it, Ida?"

She looked up at me through her tears, and perceiving something ludicrous in my expression, she burst out laughing, and, catching the infection, I joined in her merriment, and we were friends such as we had

always been. For some time we sat chattering on the stairs, and Ida forgot her troubles till a soft strain of music floated up to where we were.

"How foolish I was," said she. "People will think I am quite a baby; to be sure, I am only twelve."

"Never mind now, but let us go back. That is Seckendorf playing, I am certain."

And putting my arm round her waist, we approached the room where the company were assembled. Ida would not go in, so we stood by the door and listened. It was one of Mozart's sonatas that Seckendorf was performing, and the glorious composition sent a longing through my brain—a longing to excel, to be something above the mass who die and are forgotten. I thought of the marvellous childhood of that great man, and how from his seventh year he had gained a celebrity, which many might yearn after but never hope to attain. Then the music ceased, and the applause which greeted the performer banished my day-dream. I heard some one ask if Seckendorf could play any of the airs from the opera "*Don Giovanni*," which came out the year before. He said he knew many of them by heart; and again I was enraptured by tones which genius had imagined and art brought forth in their most enticing forms. "Wonderful!" "Bravo!" were the exclamations uttered on all sides.

"What a marvellous mind Mozart must have," said one.

"Yes, indeed; no worldly honours could be too great for him. I suppose you know he has just been appointed chapel master to the Emperor Joseph," remarked another; and then a harsh voice joined in,

"Some men easily mount the ladder of fame, and get more than their deserts. Look at Goethe, for instance."

I felt very angry at this speech, and peeped into the room to see who could thus dare to talk slightly of so great a man; but I did not distinguish the speaker; he must have moved away to another part of the room. I had just read "*Werther*," and may almost say that I adored the writer, so great was the impression the book made upon me at thirteen years of age.

A monotonous life of study, without companions, now comes before me. Veronica was constantly with my aunt, and Ida returned to Frankfurt. I was forbidden to mix with boys of my own age, or, indeed, to quit the house without giving good reasons for my doing so. Two hours of recreation were allotted to me, one of which I spent in walking with my father, who generally lectured me on some scientific subject during the time, that my thoughts might not be left in idleness. He forgot that it was possible for boys to have thoughts of their own, apart from mischief and play; and he forgot, too, that when the mind is habitually accustomed to be directed, it loses its self-dependence, and imagination is lost. Nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the daily routine of my life; from the moment I left the nursery my father superintended everything I did. Fond of following those studies which my inclination pointed out, I should have found this yoke intolerable had I not discovered a means of escape, for a few hours at least, from my father's surveillance. At eight o'clock in the evening I wished my parents "Good night," and retired to my room to prepare the numerous lessons I had been set for the next day. At nine o'clock my father passed my room, and inquired if I had finished all I had to do. My answer to this was simply "Yes," and he was content, troubling me no more till morn-

ing. This last visit was always greeted by me with pleasure, for I knew it was the last, and considered myself free from that moment.

Now, at my music-master's house I had formed an acquaintance with a young man of the name of Burkhardt. He had a great deal of talent, although, unfortunately for him, it showed itself in no particular form. He could grasp everything, did everything well up to a certain point, but further he had not the patience to attempt to go. For two years he was a student at Jena, where he had led a wild life and learnt little. After this, he came to Weimar to study music under his uncle, my master, and it was then he took a fancy to me. My vanity was flattered by the friendship of one so much older than myself; and although I do not think I ever cared much for him, I was led, for want of better companions, into a close intimacy with this wild young man.

My bedroom window was situated immediately above a wall which enclosed a small court at the back of our house. No sooner had my father paid me his last visit than I let myself down upon this, and, running round it, dropped into the narrow, deserted little street below. Here Burkhardt met me, and we directed our steps either to his lodging, where he taught me the use of the sword, and we practised music together, drank beer and smoked, or (but this was not often) he led me to some night revelry, for which I never had a taste. I was not naturally wild, nor did I exercise this deceit on my parents for love of adventure; I wanted recreation and liberty, and this was my only means of obtaining it. I never looked upon the part I was acting as wrong; and if it did by chance occur to me, I smoothed over my conscience by saying, that the hours of dark were at my own disposal, and if I did not choose to spend them in sleep I was at liberty to go where I liked. Little did my discipline-loving father know where his son was, and if he had, he would never have blamed himself for being the cause of this want of trust in me. Burkhardt was confessedly an Atheist; and though his views and opinions had little weight with me, he was the first to show me disbelief was possible, and the simple, unquestioning faith with which my mother had striven to inspire me from my birth, received a shock whilst I listened to his wild, unreasoning theories, from which it was destined never to recover.

It happened sometimes that Burkhardt was unable to keep his appointment. I would then stroll out of the town to the banks of the little river Ilm; it was my delight to see the water sparkle in the moonlight, to hear the night breeze murmur in the tall trees, to feel the repose of nature, and to banish Greek and Latin from my head. Often have I stood by the floating bridge concealed in the deep shade of some spreading branch, and there have been the invisible watcher of Goethe's midnight bathing.

This part of the river had the reputation of being haunted by water sprites, and the peasants would not pass that way after dark. I cannot say I had any adventure of this kind, and the eccentric poet is the only living thing I have ever seen disporting itself in the shining water at that hour.

Monotonous years are flitting by without any peculiar circumstance to form a landmark in the passing time. Each day is alike; my studies are advancing, my midnight rambles the same. I am a slim youth of sixteen, rather grave for my age, and having all the ways and manners of a young

man. My aunt often laughed at me for my peculiar dress. She called me a bookworm, and, strange to say, by some unusual power of persuasion, she made my father think I wanted change, and needed the society of young men of my own age to make me like the rest of the world. It was settled I should become a member of the university at Jena in the following year, there to pursue my medical studies, and, till then, I was to mix more in society and be my own master during the day. This sudden liberation was hard to understand; but it had one bad effect, and that was, I never opened a book from the moment of my freedom being granted to the day I quitted Weimar to become a student.

"You are a lazy fellow, Hans," said my father, sharply; "I thought better of you; my lessons have been entirely thrown away. You will never do any good."

"Pardon me, father," was my rejoinder. "When I am at college I shall be numbered amongst the hard workers."

He looked incredulous, and was vexed with me, but my mother understood all that was passing in my mind, and smiled approvingly, though she warned me, at the same time, not to let my holiday extend too far.

Now that I was at liberty to choose my own companions, I openly avowed my acquaintance with Burkhardt. For some weeks my father took no notice of our intimacy, but one morning I was about to leave the breakfast-table, pleading, as my excuse, an appointment I had made with him.

"I tell you what, young man," said my father, in his sharpest tone, "if you make such friendships your ruin is not far off."

I felt very angry, but perceiving a look of deep distress on my mother's face, I forbore to open my lips, and left the room, telling myself that I was unjustly treated, and had always been so. There is nothing that galls a youth's pride more than to be told, when he is just verging into manhood, that he does not know how to take care of himself. Burkhardt encouraged me in these rebellious feelings against my father. He laughed at the idea of my being led about in leading-strings all my life, and jeered me for having endured it so long. At first, I thought him in the right; but he carried his joke too far, and it became an insult to myself which I resented hotly; he turned upon me again, and each grew warm. My eyes opened to his real character, and from that time the friendship which had existed for so many years was dissolved. I no longer sought his society as a privilege, but, on the contrary, avoided him as much as possible, and if by chance we met, it was but to exchange a few words and pass on.

In the month of August of this year, Count von P—— treated me to a *redoute*. It was the first I had ever seen, and my astonishment was great. The Duchess Amalia was dressed *en reine grecque*, and displayed jewels of what to me appeared fabulous value; she danced with any mask who had courage sufficient to ask her, and staked dollars and half-louis at the faro-table. The ball was very successful; every one seemed happy; but as I had never learned to dance, and felt very uncomfortable in my Savoyard dress and mask, I did not altogether enjoy myself. Some students from Jena were there; they seemed much at their ease, and wholly independent in their manners. The costumes were dazzling:

masks as fire, love, and zephyr passed me, and men dressed as women with their hair curled.

We stayed till the last, although I was tired out long before Count von P—— proposed returning home. The cool air was refreshing after the close, heated atmosphere of the ball-room. I felt like a bird escaped from its cage, and rejoiced in my accustomed clothes. I never thought my blue coat half so comfortable as I did the day after my first dissipation.

Ida now lived at home, her education was completed, she had grown up even more fascinating in outward appearance than she promised to be as a child. All the force of my childish affection returned when I met her again, not as a child now, but as a woman full of grace and beauty. Whenever I could invent an excuse sufficient to pay the Hannemanns a visit, I was sure to be found with Ida. She treated me with the cordiality of an old friend, but preserved her maidenly dignity, which I then misconstrued into coldness, so little do men know of the shades of feeling within a woman's heart. Everything is open with us; we are not bound to conceal our passion, whilst a woman must guard her every look and movement lest inadvertently she should betray what is passing in her breast.

Ida loved me, and this I learned to my inexpressible joy on the morning of the 10th of November, 1792. I was to quit Weimar on the following day, and went to bid her good-by; she was seated by the window arranging some wild autumnal flowers in a little vase, there was no one else in the room, and I stole unperceived to her side.

"Like their mistress," said I, alluding to the flowers, "they are modest and beautiful."

Ida started up. "Oh, Hans, how you frightened me!"

"Did I?" I said, stooping to pick up the blossoms she had let fall in her alarm.

"Yes, you should have knocked at the door."

"I will go and do it now. They say it is never too late to mend."

Ida put out her hand to take the flowers, laughed, and called me a foolish fellow.

"Let me keep these flowers," I said. "I am going to Jena to-morrow."

"Going! Are you really?" asked she; and a shade of melancholy passed over her face.

"Yes, I want a keepsake from you. I may keep them, may I not?"

"Certainly, but they will fade;" and she blushed as soon as she had given her permission. Gaining assurance from her manner, I approached nearer, and said with a beating heart:

"There is one keepsake I aspire to which would never fade."

"Indeed!" rejoined Ida, putting the last flower into water, and averting her face from me. "I cannot think what that can be."

"Your heart." I saw her hand tremble, but she was silent, and I continued: "You know how very deeply I loved you long ago when we were quite children; well, that love has grown up and strengthened in me, it is a passion now, Ida, a strong, manly passion. Tell me from your heart if you could ever love me? Bid me hope, and I shall go to college

happy and fight my way in the world with the joyful assurance that one day, when I have earned the right, I may look forward to the inexpressible blessing of your love. Do not turn away, Ida; you make me tremble for fear that I have been mistaken."

At first she made a movement as if to run from me, then checking herself, she turned suddenly round and gazed at me timidly, as she said, "I do love you, Hans; but I am so very young, I am only just sixteen."

"We are both young, but as we were not too young to love each other at six years old, we cannot be too young now. I could not leave Weimar without the assurance of your attachment."

"I am afraid you will forget me, Hans," said she, sorrowfully. "You have seen but little of the world, you will meet those who will please you far more than I, and then you will regret having said all this to me."

I took both her hands in mine, and looked full into her face. "Can you not trust me?"

"Oh yes, if I thought you knew the full meaning of what you say."

"You believe in my love; what doubt, then, can possibly remain?"

"A great one, Hans; we cannot marry for many years to come. Is it right to enter into such a long engagement? Will our parents permit us to do so?"

Ida was far more thoughtful and experienced than I; I could think of nothing but love, and it galled me to have truths set before me—truths which I could not set aside except by vehemence, not argument.

"Your father would not hear of your taking so imprudent a step," said she, with provoking composure.

"Ida, you will drive me wild; you cannot love me if you persist in putting forth doubts where none exist."

"It is because I love you that I raise these doubts."

"Why should we ask his consent or any one's? It will be time enough when we can marry."

"And must we live in deceit for so many years? Oh, Hans, that would be dreadful."

"Why? I do not understand your scruples."

"I feel sure they are just, because it pains me to make them."

"And is the right always painful?" asked I, mockingly, for I was vexed with her.

"Do not be angry, Hans," she said, looking up at me with her bewitching eyes. "Let us ask our parents now; if they refuse to permit our engagement, we can still love each other."

"And be parted, or else use deceit? No, Ida, you are in the wrong now; better never speak of our engagement than go contrary to their wishes after asking their consent."

"But perhaps I was wrong when I thought there would be any objection made," mused Ida, irresolutely, and turning from me.

I caught at that doubt, and said, reproachfully, "It is you who shrink from a long engagement; you do not love me sufficiently to bear the tedium of it."

I had gone too far; she burst into tears, and said she had not deserved this of me. My conscience was pricked, I tried to soothe her, said I would do anything she wished if only she would smile.

"I do not wish to lead you, Hans, I wish you to follow your own judgment; only think before you decide."

"I have thought, and it is the result of that which brings me here to-day. I could not leave home without telling you all, for I wanted strength to enable me to leave you. You have given me this, by the assurance of your love; our engagement is now inevitable. You surely will not torture both yourself and me by refusing to become my promised wife?"

"No," said Ida; "I do but wish our parents told."

"My father will refuse his consent now; we must wait, and when I return from college with my doctor's diploma, we will ask for it, and all will go well."

Ida smiled when I mentioned the diploma, but the smile had faded in a moment from her lips, and she said gravely, "You ask me to hear of your success in life without a proud smile. You ask me to appear outwardly to regard you with no more interest than if I had no right to share in your joy, whilst inwardly I feel the greatest right of all—that of being your promised wife."

"What do you mean, Ida? You puzzle me," I said; but she continued without appearing to have heard me:

"Yes, and when I hear of your being in sorrow, I must weep alone, and feel that I have no right to make known my grief when I did not suffer any one to share my joy. Wherever I go, the secret of my heart will make me lonely. I may want consolation, support, and sympathy, but I shall have no one to fly to—no one, and yet so many."

"Why not fly to me?"

"How? You will be away; we shall meet very seldom."

"And cannot you bear all this for my sake?" I asked, mournfully. "I ought not to ask you to do it, but still I did hope——"

"Hope everything," said Ida, hurriedly. "I would bear it all, and a thousand times more, if it be really necessary."

"It is," I said slowly, and I felt I spoke the truth, though it cost me a pang as the thought of my selfishness came before me, more especially when I held my little promised bride in my arms, and she whispered,

"I am yours, Hans."

Was I destined always to lead her astray? No, no, the great fault of our lives was committed then, and it was I who led her wrong, and many a bitter, lonely hour she must have spent, whilst I, buoyed up with hope, stormed out into the world of manhood, and, save for a few brief moments of self-reproach, our engagement was joy to me, and never cost me an instant's perplexity or pain, till the unforeseen consequences of my hasty step burst upon me, bringing distress and sorrow on the head of him who most deserved to suffer. That head was mine.

THE FALL OF THE MONARCHY OF JULY.*

ENGLISH historians are not in the practice of writing contemporary history. They consider it necessary not only that all the actors in the scene they are to describe shall have passed from this world of envy and partiality, but that their immediate successors shall have also ceased from their earthly labours. In France it is different; formal histories appear every day in which a judicial appreciation is taken of events hardly yet consummated, and of the characters of public men still in the full vigour of political existence.

This diversity arises from a fundamental difference between the national characters of the English and the French. Englishmen are reserved, do not proclaim their motives of action, and not seldom take pains to conceal them. Frenchmen, on the contrary, are loquacious, fond of approbation, and determined that full justice shall be done to them in their own day and by their own contemporaries. *Circumstances, moreover, have recently combined to increase this difference. English history has jogged on slowly, keeping the beaten track of ordinary events; whereas French history has proceeded of late as we might conceive a locomotive to do, if, after being endowed with life, it took into its head to ride a steeple-chase. Old Time in France has exchanged his allegorical sand-glass for a section of the electric cable. Besides, in our own country—sober, steady-going England—the common-place work which has been done has mostly been done by the aristocracy—the governing ten thousand who, in exchange for a monopoly of the loaves and fishes, leave the rest of the nation undisturbed leisure to make their private fortunes. Hence a “man of the people” with us has about as much chance of doing anything which will be mentioned in history as he has of adding a cubit to his stature. No doubt, in every century, there are some twenty or thirty Englishmen who have raised themselves from the middle classes into the serene circles of the aristocracy, and who are therefore held up by optimists as proofs of that most untrue of all general propositions, that the career of advancement is open in England to all. But in France the “*carrière ouverte aux talents*” is an institution, if it is not also a craze. The “man of the people” may there be the hero of the barricades or the editor of a newspaper, and from either of these positions, to be a member of a provisional government, directing the destinies of the France of Henri IV. or Napoleon I., is but a step in the ordinary course of events. Therefore, while an Englishman—unless he belong to the fraternity of tailors—cares little about what posterity may think of him, being pretty well convinced he will never do anything which will attract her attention, a Frenchman, however humble, thinks—and not unreasonably—that he may yet be an historical personage, and that it is a duty he owes to himself and to the future to conduct himself accordingly.

* Histoire de la Chûte du Roi Louis-Philippe, de la République de 1848 et du Rétablissement de l'Empire (1847—1855). Par M. A. Granier de Cassagnac, Député au Corps Législatif, Membre du Conseil Général du Gers. Two Vols. Paris: Henry Plon. 1857.

But this national difference not only accounts for the fact that French literature abounds in contemporary history, and that such history is rare with us, it also shows that, apart altogether from considerations of delicacy to the feelings of individuals, and of sensitiveness on the part of individuals—considerations which certainly have more force with us than with our neighbours—the task of writing a reliable history of French contemporary events must be incomparably easier than a contemporary history of England. Thanks to the national garrulousness, there is no want of materials in the first case. All Frenchmen “pronounce themselves,” and avowedly try to explain the connexion between their actions and their motives; and although we must expect that all will be *couleur de rose*, and that each hero will make himself immaculate, still in the infinite number of conflicting accounts, in the revelations of men *still* in opposition to one another, there are ample opportunities of correcting the exaggerations of egotism, and some sort of guarantee that nothing absolutely false will be said. A living Contradictor is a more serious restraint than posthumous criticism.

Recently, a Frenchman of more than ordinary ability has availed himself of the garrulousness of his countrymen to give us a very readable summary of what we may term the philosophy of the history of France since the revolution of 1830. Granier de Cassagnac, though in some respect a political character himself, rather professes summarily to appreciate the political conduct of others than to explain his own. His political creed is indeed a very simple one. He looks upon Socialism, and Communism, and the demagoguery of Paris as the imminent dangers of French society; and he therefore logically regards the authority which, whatever its principles, puts itself most prominently in antagonism to these influences, as the best entitled to allegiance. A strong executive is his king *jure divino*. Hence, during all the political changes of his time, he has ever stuck to the party of order. Deprecating the revolution of 1830, he gave in his cordial adhesion to it whenever Louis Philippe had proved himself strong enough to suppress the mobs of Paris and Lyons. From the first he opposed the Republic of 1848, despising and hating it in the hands of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin, and seeing no guarantee for the security of society in the dictatorship of Cavaignac, whose slaughter of two or three thousand Socialists did not atone for his connexion with that Republican party which first sapped the Conservative monarchy of Louis Philippe; but when Louis Napoleon came on the field, Cassagnac at once recognised in the uncompromising denouncer of the “troublers of society” the fittest ruler of France, and from the beginning of his candidature as president to the present time, the able pen of Cassagnac has been not the least potent of his allies.

The simplicity, or rather the negation, of such a political creed as we have described has its advantages. Professing no dogmas of its own, it enables its adherents to judge with some degree of impartiality the rival systems of government which in turn asserted their right to guide the destiny of France. Believing doctrinaires of every school to be mistaken, and looking upon ideologues with as much distrust as Napoleon I., he is not the less qualified to judge with a kind of contemptuous impartiality between rival systems. If, then, our readers will keep in view this bias of the author, they will, we are convinced, derive considerable

information if they follow us in the analysis of the causes which conduced to the fall of the Orleans dynasty. We think it best in the mean time to confine our attention to this, the first of the three epochs which Cassagnac describes, as it will require our limits to do it justice. Moreover, it has a completeness of its own, as the history of the failure of the monarchy of the middle classes.

The Orleans régime was a compromise. The Republican party had not yet recovered from the odium of the Reign of Terror, and it was clear that France shrank from the repetition of such an ordeal. On the other hand the Legitimists were vanquished, and, however strong might be their hopes in the future, Charles X. was in exile, and the military power had passed from his hands. The parliamentary régime seemed therefore a sort of truce, which, while it adjourned the actual conflict, seemed to both parties to prepare the way for the ultimate triumph of their peculiar opinions. It inaugurated Republican ideas, but it retained the kingly office, and professed to take as its model the stable constitution of England. But how was it accepted by the "people," who are supposed to contain not only all shades of politicians but that large majority of the nation who are no politicians at all.

There is no word the ambiguity of which has occasioned greater disasters in France than the word "people." In France there are two peoples, or rather there is a veritable people and one which assumes the name, and this last, unhappily, has generally managed to deceive society into the belief that it really was what it pretended to be. The true people, as distinguished from the upper and middle classes, is in France, as elsewhere, the labouring classes generally, whether residing in towns or in the country. The pseudo-people of France, which until lately has been the only people of France in history, is the mob of Paris. No two bodies can be more distinct in their interests and their sympathies, but with respect to the government of Louis Philippe, they both at first, though for totally different reasons, gave it their adhesion. It was the mob which had rendered the accession of the Orleanist family possible, and if after all they had been cajoled by a few able men, who dreaded a Red Republic, into inaugurating a monarchy little differing in essentials from that which they overthrew, they did not at first see their mistake. The real people, on the other hand, welcomed Orleanism as the only apparent means of securing quiet so necessary to their industry. The government of Charles X. had excited their distrust from its leanings to the nobility, and a vague fear of the reimposition of feudal customs seemed not altogether unjustifiable, but they regarded as a more dreaded peril the anarchy of a revolutionary epoch, the sure effect of which in decimating and impoverishing them had not yet been effaced from their memories. The Orleans dynasty seemed to secure them against both dangers; but still it was only in this negative point of view, as an intermediate security against imminent dangers, that it was accepted; no feeling approaching to loyalty was at the bottom of their obedience.

One decisive proof of the lukewarmness of their allegiance may be found in the attitude of the clergy, who always reflect and generally originate whatever is moral in the complex elements which make up the allegiance of the working classes. The clergy regarded with no friendly eye the monarchy of July, nor is it difficult to discover the principle

of repulsion. The Catholic Church has always attached itself to antiquity, and this new revolution was another break to the tradition which connected the existing Church with the Church of Saint Louis and Charlemagne; nor was their instinct at fault, for the government of Louis Philippe associated itself with the new Philosophies in preference to the old Christianity, and even the most bitter Protestant must admit that the Roman Catholic religion was better than the philosophical creeds of 1830, which, says Cassagnac, according to the most authoritative interpreters, teaches to the adept the idea of a God only after having taught psychology, æsthetics, and morals—"trois choses d'elles-mêmes très difficiles."

If the clergy may be said to reflect whatever is moral in the allegiance of the people, the army, recruited from the people, may be said to concentrate, as if in a focus, whatever of chivalry this allegiance may contain. That the government increases the national glory compensates in the eyes of Frenchmen in general for grave defects in internal administration, and goes far to make even despotism popular; but to the army such a quality is, next to military honour, the principal ground of allegiance. Now the government of Louis Philippe presented at first no great attractions to the lovers of national glory. It was utterly deficient in military prestige. The fleurs-de-lis recalled the glories of the Valois and the Bourbons, both warlike races, and the eagles recalled the recent triumphs of the Empire; but the Orleans family was a political dynasty, and its banner only recalled the victories of the parliament or the barricades—the triumphs of Doctrinaires or Republicans. The attitude, therefore, of the military at the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign was sullen and indifferent, and although subsequently the Algerine campaigns induced more cordiality, there never was any enthusiasm in the allegiance of the army to the Orleans dynasty.

If so little cordiality existed between the Orleans dynasty on the one hand, the people, the Church, and the army on the other, foreign powers regarded the Revolutionary government with undisguised distrust. France appeared to them the focus of revolution, and the terrors of the propaganda of 1790 seemed about to be revived. It was therefore the first object of Louis Philippe to prove that such apprehensions were unfounded. Unfortunately, to convince foreign diplomacy of this, it was essential to adopt an external policy of almost timid moderation, and such a policy tended to alienate the army and to give a handle to the Opposition in the Chambers, of which they knew well how to avail themselves. It was said that the government of the barricades was intended as a protest against the government it had superseded, which had been installed by the invasion, and that it was necessary, if not by actual war, at least by maintaining a dignified bearing towards Europe, to show that the ignominy of that invasion was at once felt and for ever repudiated by the regenerated nation. Unfortunately ministers themselves, when in opposition to Charles X., had indulged in similar declamation, and regard to personal consistency in a manner prevented them from successfully replying to the taunts of their opponents. Thus the government was in a dilemma. If they adopted a warlike tone in their foreign policy, they isolated themselves from the continental powers; if they maintained the studied moderation of their diplomacy, they alienated the French army, and sup-

plied capital to the enemies of society in the Chambers. The consequence was a policy of compromise, which, as usually happens, not only failed to effect its object, but led to the most inconsistent results. The absolute monarchs were conciliated by Russia being allowed, without interference, to crush the heroic revolt of the Poles, but all that was generous in the sentiment of glory in the French nation was thereby outraged; and although the baser elements of the national passion were conciliated when the Netherlands, in defiance of treaty, were forcibly separated from the dominions of the King of Holland, Russia and Austria were offended.

On the whole, however, the position of Louis Philippe in the beginning of 1848 contained sufficient elements of security, for the army and the true people were both ready to give him a support, perhaps the steadier because void of enthusiasm; and the jealousies of the despotic powers, the distrust of the clergy, and the hatred of the mob could not have sufficed to a successful revolution had the government been true to itself. The Legitimists M. de Cassagnac altogether excludes from the calculation of political forces, and holds that they are essentially effete, and without a future in France. We believe that as a description of the present phases of France he is so far right, but as to the question whether the elder branch will never again rule in France, history has too many lessons of the tenacity of dynasties, and the Napoleonic régime itself is too conspicuous an instance of the resuscitation of what verily seemed the dry bones of a dynasty to permit of any dogmatism on the subject.

But though externally the dynasty of Louis Philippe appeared never more secure than in the beginning of 1848, there were inherent causes which secretly sapped its strength. The dynasty was a revolutionary one, and the forces which ultimately overthrew it had their roots in its principles and antecedents. Born of a system of opposition to the principle of government, it had no logical defence when the same system was directed against itself. In particular as it was to the clubs it owed its origin, so it was by their subtle, bold, and as we will see impudent action (for no better term can be given to their audacity), that it was overthrown.

According to our author, the true Republicans in Paris in 1830 did not exceed five thousand. Out of this number the clubs were recruited. First in time was the "*Société des Amis du Peuple*," the most conspicuous members of which were Marrast, Flocon, Cavaignac, Raspail, and Blanqui. All of these were adventurers in the modern sense of the word, namely, men who had to push their fortunes through political intrigue, and Cassagnac asserts that most of them could have been secured by government had government considered them worth enlisting. The *Tribune* was the organ of this society, and it was supported in the chambers by Lafayette and Dupont de l'Eure. It was under the auspices of this club that the *émeute* at General Lamarque's funeral, in 1832, took place, and with its suppression ended the career of the "*Club des Amis du Peuple*."

It was transmuted into the "*Rights of Men*," amongst whose initiated the names of Marrast and Cavaignac again appear, joined to the more sinister names of Barbès and Sobrier. Like its predecessor, it recalled the ideas of the first Republic, and did all in its power to prepare the way of a new Reign of Terror. It also broke prematurely into revolt; the simultaneous *émeutes* of Paris and Lyons in 1834 were due to its exertions—*émeutes* suppressed not without difficulty and bloodshed. This society

was further illustrated by Fieschi, who attempted to give a practical reality to their theories, and, in this respect, deserves honourable mention as compared with the leaders, who, although the inciters of revolt and assassination, kept away from the barricades.

For some time after 1834 the secret societies were in abeyance. Some of their leaders were banished, and others had discreetly withdrawn into obscurity. But in 1837, the government granted an amnesty, and the conspirators availed themselves of it to reorganise their forces, and to prepare the overthrow of society. In 1838, revolt again broke out in the streets of Paris, but the pear was not yet ripe, and the only result was the usual one of bloodshed.

This defeat taught the enemies of order the necessity of adopting other tactics. Aware for the present of the hopelessness of a collision with government they tried to sap the foundations of its strength by disseminating among the people the anti-social maxims which have acquired such celebrity under the names of Communism and Socialism.

Let us leave them, in the mean time, to the propagation of this gospel of revolution in order that we may sum up, along with our author, the other tendencies in society which were fast hastening the catastrophe.

“Without pretending in an absolute manner,” says Cassagnac, “that Parliamentaryism is impossible in France, experience authorises us to say that its establishment encounters more difficulty there than elsewhere; tried three times since 1789, it has always by its own action led to a revolution.” When an author writes in this way it is pretty clear what his opinion is, nor does Cassagnac leave us in doubt. He says that in all times the royal power has taken the initiative in progress, and that it is from this source that all the great institutions of France spring. These propositions he proceeds to prove historically; nor need we be surprised that he should make out a tolerably good case, for there is no political opinion in support of which historical precedents cannot be cited.

Still, by his own confession, Parliamentaryism was all but successful under Louis Philippe; the experiment then promised much better than ever before, and on the eve of the revolution there were not a few of the most far-sighted statesmen who thought the problem had been solved. Indeed, the very Opposition had got into a quasi-constitutional action. The demagogism of the clubs was no longer heard, but a cry was raised of the corruption of government, which reminds the English reader not a little of the Opposition tactics in the times of Walpole. It was said now, as then, that the strength of the government was owing to the wholesale corruption to which it had recourse, and that the maintenance of the ministry was only compatible with the progressive degradation of the nation.

The time has now come when these allegations on the part of the French patriots may be calmly considered, and Cassagnac certainly places the matter in a totally different point of view from that in which Englishmen regarded it at the time.

The charge of corruption against government was the *mot d'ordre* adopted by all shades of the Opposition, as the only one under which unity could be given to their political action. There was only one object they had in common, namely, to overthrow the ministry; and to this worthy object intestine differences were in the mean time to be adjourned. This

tactique was formally recommended by the most respectable of their leaders. In a circular, to which the names of M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot are appended, it is proclaimed that "toutes les factions de l'opposition doivent comprendre enfin qu'au-dessus de leurs dissidences intestines il y a un grand but à atteindre. Ce but principal que poursuit l'opposition c'est empêcher le succès du candidat ministériel. Avant tout il faut renverser le ministre." "Thus," says Cassagnac, "to possess power, to replace the ministry in preference to everything else—in preference to common sense, to justice, to the interest of order, to the preservation of the monarchy—such was the language which the frenzy of parliamentary rivalries inspired in the breasts of the most considerable chiefs of party.

Such was the political creed of those who now launched the cry of ministerial corruption. It was something tangible and definite, independent of political theories, level to the understanding of all classes in the nation. That government should support itself in power by bribing the majority of the electoral body was a *modus operandi* rather natural than otherwise to French statesmen demoralised by so many revolutions, and it was easily credited by all those who, being not recipients of the good things at the disposal of government, could indemnify themselves by moral indignation.

The secret spring of this high-toned political morality was not difficult even then to discover. The modern Catos were divided into two classes; the leaders expressed, in their lofty declamations, the vulgar desire to be themselves the dispensers of patronage, while the rank and file who joined in the jeremiad were really more indignant at the fact that government did not corrupt them than that government was corrupt. One of the most indignantly virtuous of the Opposition, our author tells us, had solicited thirty-five places, another three hundred and four, and a third had been successful in obtaining thirty-five. What had been the number of this last individual's solicitations is left to the imagination, but the worldly wisdom which, after he had obtained all he could from the powers that were, induced him to assist in evoking the powers that might be, cannot be sufficiently admired. But though these, and numerous other instances cited by Cassagnac, proved the hypocrisy of the Opposition, his is at best a *tu quoque* argument, which implies the truth of the allegation. The pot is not less black because the kettle says so. The truth was, the government of Louis Philippe rested mainly on patronage, which is merely a disguised bribery. The perfect centralisation of the French system left to ministers the gift of the innumerable employments by which the government of a great nation is carried on, and the French youth, excited and restless by the souvenirs of revolution, and little addicted to the steady pursuits of commerce, eagerly sought after employment which, without compromising social position, secured a maintenance pending the time when they would become great men. In England, government patronage has also its evil effects, but commerce holds out higher inducements than officialism to our youth, who, not dreaming of being historical personages, are actuated by the more practical desire of making a fortune.

Our author thinks that on the eve of the revolution the dynasty had almost overcome the difficulties in its way :

The most difficult, the slowest, the most ungrateful, but yet the most necessary task of the monarchy of 1830 was to create, by the formation of an intelligent and solid majority, an instrument of government. That fundamental work, ten times interrupted, or destroyed by parliamentary rivalries, was nearly completed towards the last year of the reign; we had just at last begun to govern when the whole of this edifice, so laboriously constructed, disappeared in the abyss dug by blind and sterile ambitions!

We have now to mention a chief agent in bringing about the catastrophe—the National Guard.

“Although formed of honest men, interested by their property or their business in the maintenance of security, the National Guard,” says our author, “has not the less been in France, for the last half-century, the scourge of public order.” The essential vice in its constitution is, he says, its revolutionary origin. In 1789, as in 1830, the National Guard was born of insurrections, and, summing up his accusation, he says:

On peut dire, sans sortir de la plus rigoureuse exactitude, que l'histoire des grandes et fatales journées de la Révolution française est à peu près la même chose que l'histoire de la garde nationale de Paris, abusée ou dominée par des factieux. L'intervention active de cette fatale milice est le symptôme habituel des grandes crises sociales.

Fatal enough, certainly, was their intervention to Louis Philippe, since it is nearly certain that had they not placed themselves in February, 1848, between the troops and the mob, the *émeute* would have been suppressed, as *émeutes* had been often suppressed before under the same régime, at the expense of the slaughter of a thousand or two of the pseudo-people, the *canaille* of France, who certainly would not have been missed in *this* world. Why the National Guard should be so fatal to the cause of order, which they profess to defend, is not very easily explained. We are accustomed to rely on our national guard—the militia—not only to maintain order but also as the nursery of the regular army, and, certainly, the militia are not recruited from so respectable a class as the French National Guard. There are three differences betwixt these two quasi-military bodies which throw some light on the solution. The militia is an institution coeval with the state, and in existence long before a regular army existed in England. It is recruited from the rural as well as the urban population, and the officers are nominated from without, not elected from within. The national guard differs essentially in each of these three particulars. Its pedigree dates back no further than 1789; it is recruited mainly from the populations of Paris and Lyons, and the privates elect their officers. Still, it might be thought that all this would be compensated by the fact that the national guard are drawn, not from the lowest classes of the population, but from the shopkeeping class, whose clear patrimonial interest it is to keep down, *coûte que coûte*, the insurgent population. “Chose étrange, inconcevable, et qui caractérise d'ailleurs l'imprévoyance, la fatalité et le vertige de cette bourgeoisie, ces diverses révolutions qu'elle a faites, elle les a invariablement entreprises et accomplies sans le savoir et sans le vouloir.”

One general reason which accounts, in a considerable degree, for the fatality and vertigo of the bourgeoisie, and indeed of the French in general, is, that ambition is the great motive power in their political life. True patriotism they do not appear to possess, for we are not to mistake

for that sentiment the worship of La Gloire, which is merely the aggregate sentiment of individual egotisms. "With parties serious and convinced, whatever may be their theories, we have always some guarantee," says our author; "they have an end in view, and they know it. If we are sure they will try to attain this, we also know they will not go beyond it, for to go beyond the end in view is to fail. With the ambitious we are sure of nothing. What they desire is to play a distinguished personal rôle in the drama of life, and they will support whichever régime promises the speediest gratification of their wishes." Hence, although we may calculate on their concurrence in any measure of change, we can never know how far they may go; vanity, envy, or spite, may in a moment change their course of action. Royalists may finish in being demagogues and agitators to-day, and to-morrow be faithful subjects.

The extreme to which political atheism was carried in France is illustrated by our author by several piquant sketches of the chiefs of all parties during the period he describes. Into these studies we do not propose to follow him, contenting ourselves with remarking that, if we are to believe our author, with the exception of Guizot none of the French statesmen of Louis Philippe's time, and during the transition epoch which intervened until Napoleon III. securely grasped the reins of power, showed even common honesty; that the members of the Provisional Government, with the exception of Lamartine, were pretentious incapables; and as to Lamartine himself, this is our author's opinion: "Tout ce qui constitue M. de Lamartine, son éclat, sa carrière, ses livres, sa politique, son pouvoir, sa popularité, sa chute, sont autant d'énigmes ayant le même mot: chimère."

Guizot is the only political personage of whom Cassagnac speaks favourably:

M. Guizot apportait à la tribune une manière de combattre pleine de calme, de vigueur et de dignité. Il ne faisait jamais de la polémique; il laissait l'homme à l'écart et marchait droit à l'idée. M. Guizot enveloppait son adversaire dans quelque belle et large question. Quand la question était résolue l'adversaire était oublié.

He thus distinguishes between Guizot and his rival, Thiers: "M. Thiers se mettait à la suite des idées; M. Guizot se mettait à leur tête."

But it is time to give some account of the incidents which immediately preceded the insurrection. It is well known that the prelude to it was an organised political agitation at "public banquets." These banquets were inaugurated by moderate Oppositionists and Red Republicans, as the most effective way of carrying out the compact which, as we have already mentioned, they had made. There was no want of frankness in the alliance. "We do not abandon," said the extreme party, "any of our principles; we only make a truce as to certain questions which it would be at present inexpedient to press. Our alliance will cease with victory."

We are not unaccustomed to these provisional alliances of parties. They generally attain their end at the cost of the political conscience of both the allies, while the more moderate makes the additional discovery that while fondly thinking they were making a catpaw of the Revolutionists, the latter are in reality the gainers. Speaking of the French banquets, Cassagnac says: "Les démocrates ne faisaient aucun sacrifice;

ils aidaient à courber la monarchie en se réservant hautement de la briser." We do not go so fast as our lively neighbours, but our Whigs, with a new Reform Bill staring them in the face, with its vote by ballot and lowering of the franchise, may regret the day when, through an alliance with the Radicals, they threw down the breakwaters which the old constitution afforded against the revolutionary deluge. M. Thiers and Odilon Barrot discovered, just when they had achieved their triumph, that the allies with whom for a moment they had combined, had interests different from them, which of course they wished to make to triumph; and just as the proletarians of Paris attempted to subsidise themselves and to have an easy subsistence secured, so will the five-pound voters try to carry into effect those theories against indirect taxation, the practical result of which is to throw all the burdens of the state on the richer classes.

But to return to the French. The honourable alliance of Reformers, moderate Republicans, and Socialists got on but slowly. The banquets did not take. The numbers present at all the banquets over all France did not exceed seventeen thousand men, but the committee who managed the agitation made up by arrogance and falsehood what was wanting in numbers; the seventeen thousand were spoken of as if they were an innumerable multitude. If they were not the actual majority of the nation, they were at least the majority of its intelligence—they were public opinion. The ruse, however, was becoming stale, so, like agitators all over the world, they were driven, in order to attract attention, to promulgate doctrines more and more subversive of society, and in their heterogeneous ranks they could provide something suited to all revolutionary palates. "At the banquet at Orleans, M. Marie drew the programme of a model republic; at Limoges, the doctrines of Socialism were advocated; at Dijon, the drapeau rouge was unfurled; at Lille, Ledru-Rollin prophesied the inundation of the Nile, which, in its impetuous course, would sweep away all impurities, and leave on the banks the germs of fecundity and new life."

The agitation was at its height when the Chambers met on the 28th of December, 1847; but it was merely agitation, and a little energy on the part of the government seemed certain to suppress any attempt at revolt. It is impossible to doubt this; for, formidable as Parisian mobs are, the artillery and bayonets of a regular army, if vigorously applied, are arguments which none but a regular army can withstand. This—the superiority of the instrument at the disposal of government—settles for ever the question, and it is only when the government shrinks from the *scientific* use of the instrument, or when the instrument itself is out of gear, that an *émeute* has the smallest chance of success. "S'il y a," says Cassagnac, "une chose en effet à laquelle l'expérience ait donné une force de démonstration, c'est l'impuissance d'une émeute contre un gouvernement sérieux."

Cassagnac has some sensible remarks on the incompatibility of monster meetings, whether called banquets or by any other name, with civil government. Every other way of expressing opinion is liable to checks and subject to guarantees; but at a banquet, "les premiers venus, des vauriens réunis autour d'un couvert dans une grange, auraient pu délibérer à perpétuité, nuit et jour, contre la société, contre la constitution, contre la morale, contre Dieu." This is a different question in

France and in England. In France, undoubtedly, Cassagnac is right, for there agitators are subverters of social institutions, but in England agitators are reformers, holding views more or less radical, but the most extreme consistent with the existence of society; and the question comes to be, whether greater harm would be done by the prevention of public meetings (for it is impossible to draw a legal line as to the numbers of which a meeting ought to consist, or to prescribe, *à priori*, the opinions which are to be allowed to be discussed), or by the dissemination of doctrines inimical to the existing constitution, and thereby having a tendency to disturb the public peace. Probably the course which is adopted in this country—namely, as a general rule, not to act till a breach of the peace be committed, and in rare and exceptional cases to prevent the meeting—is the best way of dealing with the question.

The government of Louis Philippe came at last to be of Cassagnac's opinion; they determined to prevent the banquet set down for the 22nd of February. The question was now fairly put, and most people thought there could be no doubt of the result. That a revolution might ultimately be successful, was a point on which most Frenchmen were agreed; but that it would not take place at present, was also a point on which there was as little difference of opinion.

Indeed, the serious opposition to the determination of government seemed at first to be restricted in the Chambers to M. Odilon Barrot, and out of doors to the two newspapers, the *Réforme* and the *National*. Odilon Barrot at this time, and for the last time in his political life, acted without hesitation in pushing matters to an extremity. His faith was great; he firmly believed that he could at any time control the movement, and that it rested with him to conduct the agitation he had created to those ends of comparatively moderate reform he had in view, the most prominent of which was his own accession to the ministry. No parties are more confident in themselves than the beginners of revolutions. The Girondists almost to the last believed they could stop the march of the revolution, and probably were only fully undeceived at the scaffold; and so it was again destined to be—moderate revolutionists were to be pushed aside by the more violent until anarchy was attained. It is not difficult to account for this cycle in revolutions. Those who begin them act from vanity; those who succeed, from passion; those who begin are actuated by personal ambition, and profess to wish to ameliorate the lot of others; those who succeed are also ambitious, but the lot to be ameliorated or guaranteed in advantages so recently acquired is their own lot, and self-interest is more steady and more strenuous in its action than philanthropy.

That there was more effrontery than conviction, more ambition than patriotism in the conduct of Odilon Barrot and his party, is now admitted. Let us hear Cassagnac on these points:

France and England have been completely deceived in 1848 as to the origin and character of the revolution of February. The reader would not recognise in the real drama the imaginary and *bouffe* drama imposed on public credulity.

We have said, and we have made France and Europe believe, that the revolution of February had been accomplished by the people of Paris at the price of three days' conflict and of thousands of dead bodies.

This is the *bouffe* drama, and Cassagnac proves that these were the facts it tried to palm on the public: 1st, the revolution was a popular

movement; 2nd, there were three days' conflict; and 3rd, there were thousands of dead bodies; and certainly, when we recollect the accounts at the time, such was the narrative which Europe accepted, and which is believed in by many until now.

We were hoaxed in every particular: 1st., the revolution was the work of a mere section of the populace, of which the dregs formed the majority, including no small proportion of a class in Paris analogous to our ticket-of-leave men; 2ndly, there was hardly any conflict at all: the treachery of the National Guard and the hesitation of government were sufficient to decide the contest; and 3rdly, the deaths did not much exceed thirty.

It had also been said, and Europe had believed, that the provisional government, with a rare devotion, had accepted of power forced on them by popular acclamation. Nothing could be more false. The provisional government nominated themselves.

In effect (says our author) the people of Paris did not name by its acclamations any provisional government. In place of one, four were formed at different times and in different places, and these four governments named themselves with a cynicism without example in the history of the ambitious.

It is unnecessary to go into the detail of the incidents which followed one another in rapid succession after the *émeute* had begun. We will only notice, on the authority of our author—an authority as yet uncontradicted—a few points on which there still exists some misconception in this country.

The National Guard—the evil genius of France—being convoked for the maintenance of order, a meeting of its officers took place, when a petition to the king in the following terms was concerted:

“We belong all to the militia of Paris, and are protectors of public order. We are ready to go wherever we may be directed to hinder or stop the effusion of blood; but at the same time, protectors of liberty, we declare that our assembling is by no means to be construed as an approval of the ministerial policy whether within or without, neither as giving any support to a ministry which, on the contrary, we blame with all the energy of good citizens.”

A military force which deliberates, rebels; Louis Philippe ought therefore immediately to have ordered the National Guard to lay down their arms, and if they refused, the artillery of Bugeaud should have been unsparingly used to compel obedience. Such a procedure indeed soon became necessary as the only condition of saving the monarchy, for these protectors of public order now proceeded, legion by legion, to range themselves between the troops and the insurgents.

Nor was Louis Philippe himself unprepared to take whatever measures might be necessary. If left to himself he would have given *carte blanche* to Bugeaud, but his family did not participate in his resolution. The queen proposed that Guizot should resign. The Duc de Montpensier supported her opinion. The king left the question to the minister. M. Guizot's reply was, “When the king puts such a question it is resolved; the cabinet might triumph in the streets, but it cannot conquer at the same time the royal family and the crowd.”

Thus the resignation of the cabinet was conceded to violence, and by the natural operation of cause and effect the party who had used or threatened violence increased in audacity, because the concession had increased their strength in the same proportion as it had discouraged the

supporters of the monarchy. But the triumph of the insurgents was hastened, and all moderation banished from their counsels by an act of imbecility on the part of the National Guard. No sooner had Guizot's resignation been announced than they declared their mission at an end. They had attained their wishes, and the protectors of order now retired to their homes.

Paris remained in the hands of the insurrection. The leaders now proceeded to vigorous action.

In the first Revolution, when Lafayette fired on the mob, their leaders collected the dead, placed them in a cart, and proceeded to the Palais Royal, crying "Vengeance! on assassine le peuple!" The precedent was a good one to follow.

About ten in the evening, a band of nearly three hundred persons, marching twenty or thirty in front, descended the Boulevards by way of the Quartiers St. Denis and St. Martin. It was preceded by about twenty children carrying lighted torches. This band, with hoarse shouts, proceeded towards the Madeleine. On their way, they turned up the Rue Lepelletier, and grouped themselves before a house which served as the bureaux of the *National*.

There they were addressed by M. Marrast, in one of those speeches which, recommending moderation, have an opposite tendency. After being thus instructed, they proceeded to the public offices. "The leader brought to the butchery the troop of unfortunates and imbeciles, and the cart which followed was destined to carry their bodies."

The office of the minister of foreign affairs was defended by a few troops of the line, who refused to allow the mob to pass. The chief of the rioters fired his pistol, and the guard fired in return, covering the street with dead and wounded.

It was evidently for this bloody result that they had attacked the Foreign Office. The miserable victims of this horrid machination had hardly fallen than their dead bodies were heaped on the cart. They placed them in a dramatic manner, the bleeding wounds carefully displayed, and the mass surmounted by the dead body of a woman, half naked. When this hideous heap was artistically disposed, they placed torches before the cart, and exclaimed, "*Au National!*"

From the office of the *National* the cart traversed the Quartier Montmartre, towards the office of the *Réforme*, where they arrived towards midnight, having scattered horror and terror on their journey. All night the cart continued its rounds, paralysing with fear those whom it did not exasperate. An immense crowd collected in the morning, but the question of policy had disappeared, and the revolution itself was face to face with the cause of order and the monarchy.

Now at last there ought to have been no hesitation; the military were firm, and Bugeaud, if allowed to act, answered for the suppression of the rebellion. The king also was prepared, and the new ministry was willing to sanction the intervention of the army, but the cowardice of the royal family again interposed, and a new ministerial combination was tried. It was thought to appease the bandits and robbers, who now constituted the army of the Republicans, by nominating Thiers and Odilon Barrot as ministers. They were accordingly inaugurated into office, and the first step they took to withdraw the army was not dictated by treachery, but was the offspring of ludicrous self-conceit.

Instead of fighting, M. Barrot, accompanied by some friends, went through the principal streets of Paris, stopping now and then to make a speech to the rioters. Pity it was that some of them had not stopped the babbler—the true betrayer of the monarchy—by a bullet in his teeth, but

the mob inflicted even a severer punishment on one who held himself in such estimation—they paid no attention to his harangues. Their cold reception did not, however, undeceive him. Almost at the very hour that Louis Philippe signed his abdication, M. Barrot announced by telegraph to the departments that the troubles were finished and that he presided in the cabinet.

It was mid-day when the agony of the monarchy of July commenced. The king was in his cabinet, the queen, the Duchesses of Orleans and Montpensier, the Duke of Montpensier, Marshals Soult and Gérard, and most of the ministers, were there, besides several aides-de-camp. They were all under a delusion. "They mistook bandits for politicians, they elevated robbers to the dignity of factious."

To this cabinet of illusions enters one of the stormy petrels of France, Emile de Girardin.

With *esprit* always prompt and just, he had conceived and formulated in that concise style which is proper to him the solution of the formidable problem. He now laid it before the king :

"Abdication of the king.

"Regency of the Duchess of Orleans.

"Dissolution of the Chambers.

"General amnesty."

This was not treason, for a part of the royal family supported M. de Girardin, but it was clearly a folly.

The king abdicated, and shortly afterwards left the Tuileries.

The Duchess of Orleans remained, but she had not participated in the illusions of the rest ; and without hope, but full of devotion to the cause of her son, and concentrating in herself the courage of the royal family, she proceeded to the Chamber of Deputies. The condition in which she arrived there is thus described :

Voilà tout ce qui reste d'une monarchie si forte il y a trois jours : une femme à pied dans la boue, menant deux enfants par la main, se réfugiant dans une enceinte ouverte à la multitude et dans laquelle l'ambition et la peur feront taire le devoir et glaceront le dévouement.

M. Thiers, prime minister, did not appear. M. Barrot made a nerveless speech. Ledru-Rollin spoke against time, and demanded a provisional government. The tumult, however, was too great, and he was obliged to give way to M. Dupont (de l'Eure). It was the third attempt which succeeded.

M. Dupont, tenant un papier, lit une troisième combinaison.

"Lamartine."—"Oui, oui !"

"Ledru-Rollin."—"Oui, oui !"

"Arago."—"Oui, oui !"

"Dupont (de l'Eure)."—"Oui, oui !"

"Marie."—"Oui, oui, oui !"

Thus, in the midst of an indescribable tumult, was the nomination of the provisional government accomplished.

The *comédie*, however, had yet two other acts. Dupin and Lamartine, and some of the other self-constituted sovereigns, had gone to the Hôtel de Ville. Ledru-Rollin remained, and the following is the *procès-verbal* of what took place :

"Citoyens," said M. Ledru-Rollin, "vous comprenez que vous faites ici un acte grave en nommant un gouvernement provisoire. Ce que tous les citoyens doivent faire, c'est d'accorder silence et de prêter attention aux hommes qui

veulent se constituer leurs représentans; en conséquence, écoutez-moi. Nous allons faire quelque chose de grave. Il y a eu des réclamations tout-à-l'heure. Un gouvernement ne peut pas se nommer d'une façon légère. Permettez-moi de vous dire les noms qui semblent proclamés par la majorité. A mesure que je les lirai, suivant qu'ils vous conviendront ou qu'ils ne vous conviendront pas, vous crierez Oui ou Non."—"Très bien!"—"Écoutez! Et pour faire quelque chose d'officiel, je prie MM les sténographes du *Moniteur* de prendre note des noms à mesure que je les prononcerai, parce que nous ne pouvons pas présenter à la France des noms qui n'auraient pas été approuvés par vous :

"Dupont (de l'Eure)."—"Oui, oui!"

"Arago."—"Oui, oui!"

"Lamartine."—"Oui, oui!"

"Ledru-Rollin."—"Oui, oui!"

"Garnier-Pagès."—"Oui, oui!—Non!"

"Marie."—"Oui!—non!"

"Crémieux."—"Oui!"

"Messieurs," continued M. Ledru-Rollin, "le gouvernement provisoire qui vient d'être nommé a de grands, d'immenses devoirs à remplir. On va être obligé de lever la séance pour se rendre au siège du gouvernement et prendre toutes les mesures pour que les droits du peuple soient consacrés."

There was not much difference between the lists, but the two newspapers must also make their government. A meeting took place at the office of the *Réforme*, where the list prepared by the *National* was adopted, with the exception that Odilon Barrot was excluded, and Louis Blanc and M. Albert added at the instance of the *Réforme*. Albert was an "ouvrier," and nominated specially to represent the working classes. He turned out one of the most sensible among them.

All the nominees marched to the Hôtel de Ville. M. Crémieux thus narrates the meeting :

"When we went to the Hôtel de Ville for our installation, we found Messieurs Marrast, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert. We asked, 'Who are you?' They replied, 'We have been named members of the Provisional Government.'—'By whom?' I believe they answered, 'By the Social Democracy.' If they had asked us by whom we were named we might have said, 'At the Chamber,' but not 'by the Chamber.'"

In these circumstances, all the kings having an equally good title, it showed great patriotism to coalesce.

"Thus," says Granier de Cassagnac, "everything is consummated ; the king has set out for exile, the dictators go the Hôtel de Ville, the bourgeoisie of Paris escalading the barricades, return to their hearths. However different their destinies, every honourable and lofty mind would prefer that of the king. He departed, leaving after him to defend his memory Algeria conquered, railways popularised, credit established, Versailles embellished, the statue of the Emperor upon the Column and his remains at the Invalides, France accustomed to labour and order, that is to say, weaned from revolutions."

A SAD STORY.

THERE is always something pleasant on a winter's night in sitting cozily by the fire, and the pleasure seems to be enhanced if the weather outside be at all boisterous ; perhaps on the Lucretian *suave mari magno* principle, we feel a sort of contemptuous compassion for those poor fellows out on such a night, and poke up the fire into a brighter blaze, as we gloat over the notion we are not as they. Pleasanter than all, perhaps, is it to have two or three trusty friends with you, who make the time fly by telling you story on story, each serving as an excuse for a fresh glass of toddy. Just such a night did I spend last month in that horrid snow-storm, with my friend Dr. T. and young B., and I will tell you now a story as it was told to me, and which sent me supperless to bed. It was really too bad of the doctor, for Sweeting had sent me in a magnificent barrel of oysters, which I had intended to regale on, despite the doctor's repeated hints as to their indigestibility.

We had been talking about the humanitarians, and the doctor had been venting his spleen as usual, for he was a tremendous Tory, and predicted that no good would come to the country by our mawkish sentimentalism, as he was fond of terming it. Among other strong remarks he made, he said that at the present day humanity was based on regulated murder.

"Do you mean the punishment of death?" I remarked, somewhat sarcastically.

"No; but children are born at present only to die. You know that I have been attached to a lying-in institution for the last five years, and I have seen the working of the system sufficiently. Thousands of wretched beings here await their heavy hour, in which they are to give birth to another poverty-stricken babe. Most of the mothers take service as wet-nurses in the houses of the richer class ; they put out their own child to nurse with some old woman, and pay a few pence weekly. Many of the mothers are heartless, hardened creatures, who wish their children to die soon ; for out of ten of such children one half die in the first month."

"Can that be true?" said B.

"I have, perhaps, understated the case. The nurses, generally old, hard-hearted women, have five, six, or more of such children to take care of. At first they pay some little attention to them, and give them delicacies, but after a short time they must take pot luck. Their young stomachs cannot bear the coarse food, the children cry, they swallow nothing, and in a short space they die of hunger."

"Terrible !"

"In one of our northern cities, where there are richly endowed institutions for the conversion of the Hottentots, and tender women knit lambs-wool waistcoats for the benighted heathens, a few years ago an old soldier was tried for his life, who carried on a business of this sort with his wife. When the children cried, he thought the only way to quiet them was by beating them. They were soon quiet enough. The old fellow had done no more than happens daily ; he had killed the children instead of allow-

ing them to die. And why should the little scamps live?—they might run between the legs of rich folk when they went out for a walk.”

“Really, doctor, you are too bad,” I remarked; “your profession has blunted all your finer perceptions.”

“I only tell you what has happened, and is still happening. I could tell you a story showing the misery and revenge of a poor misguided creature. Have you the courage to hear it?”

“Tell us—tell us,” said B.; “nothing can be too terrible, if it promotes the cause of truth.”

“Well, then, I will.”

It was just three years ago, on such a night as this, and the snow was enough to take away one’s breath; I could hardly find my way through the well-lighted streets. I was summoned to the house of Mr. F., the rich wine-merchant. He was very comfortably off, to use the common phrase. He had made one of those marriages of convenience which are so common, and which once caused a woman to say, “If you were not my husband, I should not feel the slightest interest in you.” In short, the man was happy, and now doubly so, for his wife bore a joyful hope beneath her heart. When I entered the drawing-room, the tea was being served. All the front rooms in the house were brilliantly lighted and thrown into one. The young wife was ordered to take exercise, and she was now walking up and down the rooms. Not a sound was to be heard on the velvet carpets. I seated myself with the company, consisting of the wife’s parents and her married sister. The mother was working at a baby cap, the sister was crocheting a dainty coverlid; in a corner stood the cradle, covered with a green silk curtain. Whenever Mrs. F. was absent in the next room, they began speaking of the hour of travail, which all were awaiting with mingled feelings of apprehension and delight. I was especially requested to look out for a healthy and respectable nurse. The sister, a clever young woman, who seemed very delicate, said: “I could never make up my mind to hire a wet-nurse, and I much wished that Fanny were of the same opinion. I am always grieved to see the way in which these nurses are pampered and petted; they are treated like queens, and enjoy the best of everything, and what is to become of them afterwards? Besides, it must have a pernicious influence on the other female servants. They who have kept pure from sin are forced to wait on the fallen sister, and endure all her caprices and whims.” Her husband somewhat harshly expressed his opinion about it being all stuff, while I was engaged in combating the prejudices of Mr. F., who fancied that a wife retained her beauty longer if she did not suckle her children. I proved to him how utterly false and unnatural this view was. The young wife had now found us, and, for fear of exciting her, the conversation was turned to other matters. The sister sang, the father retailed some of his stock jokes to keep her in good spirits. The fair young wife, as she sat there self-forgetting, and only thinking of the future, resembled a saint. For a woman who bears a second life beneath her heart is a saint; even the roughest and wildest beings treat her with reverence.

I left the house at a late hour. As I descended the stairs I thought to myself how happy the new arrival would be—how many loving arms, how many sparkling eyes would welcome it. As I went along the street,

the snow and wind almost knocked me backward. At last I reached my residence in the Lying-in Hospital. As I walked up the steps I felt something moving at my feet. I started back, and shouted, "Who is that?"

"Oh, God!" was the reply, "have mercy upon me!"

"Who are you?"

"Misery, misery! I must die—I and my child!"

I now saw by the glimmer of the lamp a girl, whose head was wrapped up in a coarse shawl: she was wiping the snow out of her eyes. I rang violently, and the poor girl embraced my knees and sobbed out:

"Oh! we must not be left to die. I have come twenty miles to-day from G——. I could hardly drag my limbs along. I could not stay there any longer: the villagers were pointing the finger of scorn at me. I went into a public-house and implored them to give me shelter, but they only laughed at me; one coarse fellow tried to insult me, and I ran away. At last I resolved to remain here till some kind gentleman came to my assistance."

Thus the girl spoke through her tears, and shuddering with the cold, until the porter at last opened the door. I ordered a nurse to be roused, and the stranger put to bed, and within an hour she was in a deep sleep, though every now and then she made a convulsive movement. For a long time I lay awake; do what I would I could not but speculate on the fate of the two children I was about to bring into the world almost at the same time. Little did I think what a fearful tragedy I was preparing.

The next morning I found the stranger refreshed, and almost quite restored. I, too, had got over that softness of heart which had so strangely unmanned me on the previous night. I went up to her bedside. I knew beforehand what lamentable story, intermingled with sobs, I was about to hear. I have been too often deceived not to be always strictly on my guard. Fortunately we are at times not so wise as we should like to be, and the uncorrupted heart will not listen to all the wise warnings of the head. Well, I found the girl in better spirits, and she thanked me heartily for my kindness. According to her statement she was the daughter of a once rich farmer, who had been brought down in the world by intoxication and bad housekeeping. She had seen better days in her father's house. Father and mother were now dead, and Jane Hardy (that was her name) had been for three years servant at the Plough, in G——. Here she fell away from virtue with the ostler. She wept bitterly as she said this, but then she wiped her tears and her eye sparkled as she spoke of her husband, as she persisted in calling him. She represented him to be a thoroughly honest and industrious man, and was incessant in her praises. He wanted to marry her, but they had not a shilling to begin housekeeping. She spoke of the nights she had passed in solitary sorrow, and how her mother could find no rest in the grave, because her daughter had quitted the path of rectitude. She told me how her husband was going to do himself a hurt, through sorrow for his great fault. Then she added, "God will punish me for my sin, but I will endure all patiently, so long as the poor innocent creature is spared to us. I will willingly work my finger ends off, and I and my husband will be able to save enough in the course of a few years to emigrate to Australia."

I must confess that the story affected me but slightly; but I had heard so many of them, part true, part invention. But when in the course of a few days the husband made his appearance, a good-looking young fellow, but now as hang-dog as a criminal, and with a trembling hand offered me a few shillings, then adding, through fear of insulting me, that I could lay them out in getting some dainties for Jenny, I began to form a better opinion of the couple. The young fellow pleased me remarkably: he was one of those men who are not in the habit of expressing their thanks, and who find difficulty in uttering words of humiliation, for they prefer to receive only that which they have a right to demand.

On the tenth day after her arrival Jane gave birth to a healthy boy. The joy she evinced at the sight of the infant is indescribable. At this moment she put off all her grief, all thoughts of her misfortune: she was a happy mother. And when she said that the boy was the very image of his father, her whole face shone with delight.

A week later Mrs. F. also gave birth to a son. I now proposed to Jane to go there as wet-nurse, as she could earn a decent sum of money. She regarded me with widely-opened eyes, pressed her child closer to her heart, and large drops stood in her eyes. She drew breath hurriedly, and could not speak, but at last she said, "I can say nothing about it: my husband is coming to the christening to-day." The child was christened, and I was asked to be godfather, but I had no time, and, to tell you the truth, no great inclination. I might have been godfather to half the world if I had accepted all the offers. Still, in gratitude to me, the boy received my name—Anthony. The husband wanted to take the child in the country with him, and have it taken care of there, and I advised the same; but Jane made it a condition that if she accepted the situation her boy must remain near her. It was handed over to one of these old nurses I was abusing just now.

The same evening I took Jane to Mr. F.'s house. She shrank back involuntarily as she laid the strange child to her breast. But she got over this feeling; and Jane lived like a princess in a room where the temperature was regulated with the greatest care. She had every sort of dainty to eat and drink, the whole house was at her disposal, and Mrs. F.'s child (he was christened Augustus) grew stronger hourly. Jane grew handsomer every day too; she sang and sported with the child, and could hardly invent sufficient terms of endearment. Many times did I laugh at her inventive genius. But you must not imagine that Jane was trying to stifle the cry of pain in her own heart; it is a secret impulse of nature that a nurse learns to love her foster-child. I was heartily praised for having procured the F.s such an excellent and respectable wet-nurse. I received the thanks of a slave-dealer.

The winter rapidly made way for spring, and Jane was permitted to take Augustus out for an airing in St. James's Park. She carried the child warmly wrapped up, and held a parasol over his face to keep off any impertinent sunbeams. Mrs. F. was seated at the window, and I met Jane just as she got into the street. She looked round timidly, and said to me she felt nervous: she was to surprise Mr. F. as he came home from the City, by showing him the child enjoying the air for the first time.

In the Park were several wet-nurses, mostly reckless creatures, who paid more attention to the soldiers than to the children in their arms. One of them, who had known Jane in the institution, asked her casually whether she had got rid of her trouble. She turned icy cold, for she had seen her child but once since she had deserted it. On the day when Augustus was christened, the old nurse had brought Master Tony, and had been regaled with the best of meat and drink. Jane had then felt that she was almost a stranger to her child, and now the thought of her neglect almost maddened her. She rushed down the dirty back streets of Westminster to her child. She found it crying, alone in the room; a half-peeled boiled potato lay upon the cradle. The child was wretchedly thin, and looked like death. When her eye then fell on the little Augustus (so the old nurse said) she looked as if she would have killed him with a glance. It seemed to say, "See, that is the robber who steals from you your mother, your food, your very life!" She sank down by the side of the cradle, and sobbed loudly; the two children cried with her. Then she rose again, took up her own child, kissed it and hugged it: she offered it the breast, but it would not suck: she raised it sportively above her head, and the boy merrily struck her in the face. Then she quarrelled with the old nurse; but all at once the idea occurred to her she must go home, and she hurried away with Augustus. When she reached Mr. F.'s house she received a severe scolding, as far as they dared to go for fear of injuring her nursling. Everybody was suffering from the greatest alarm. The father had come home from the City, and the child was nowhere to be seen. Jane did not like to say where she had really been; so she pretended that she had lost her way. Strict orders were given that she must never go out again alone. The little Augustus cried and whined all the day. Against my will I was obliged to betray where Jane had been. Mr. F. was half inclined to turn her out of the house at once; but I interposed, and promised to keep a careful watch over Jane's child. I had done so all along; but what avail is that under such circumstances?

Jane gradually became quite cheerful as she had heretofore been. On the third evening after this occurrence, Mr. and Mrs. F. went to spend the evening at her mother's. The house was quite quiet. Jane was singing a melancholy old English song, while the under-nurse was at work in the adjoining room. Suddenly Jane rushed to the window and threw it up. The under-nurse asked her what she was about; she was letting in a draught, and must close the window instantly. Jane asked her if she had not heard something; it seemed to her as if some one in the street kept on calling her by name. The under-nurse said she heard nothing, and it must be all fancy. But Jane could not be pacified; and she rushed about the room like a tiger in its cage. She stopped and listened at the window; all was silent, and yet she heard something again. She opened the nursery door and went out. She slipped off her shoes and gently glided down stairs. The house door was locked, and in a second Jane was down the kitchen stairs and entered the larder, the window of which opened on the area. It was, luckily, unbolted, and she leaped out, and was up the steps in a moment. So soon as she reached the street, she hurried on along. The policeman started back involuntarily as she passed him: she was come and gone without a sound. On she hurried,

and at length reached the house where her child was. The door was on the latch, for the old nurse had gone to visit her next-door neighbour. Jane found her child quiet in bed; it no longer cried, it only groaned. The moon shone brightly in the heavens and poured down on the mother, as she bent tearless over her child. The nurse came in with a light, and Jane uttered a cry that pierced the very marrow as she saw her child; she tore her hair, but then suddenly turned calm, and laid her child to her breast. Oh! blessings on it! her boy opened his eyes, laid his wasted hands on her bosom, and drank eagerly. Cautiously she laid him down, and kissed the blanket under which he slept, or at least had closed his eyes.

I had just arrived at the house on my round of visits, and hearing an unusual disturbance, I walked in. Jane hurried to meet me, and said, joyfully, "My child is alive—my child is alive!" but I saw death, which might close its eyes at any moment. I tried to induce Jane to go home, but she was proud or lost in thought, and scarcely listened to me. She sang a nursery song, and rocked her child the while. I felt its pulse—it was quite silent—she was rocking a dead child. I now tried to force Jane home, for I hoped to hide the awful truth from her: but she seized the child once again, and I saw that the awful truth had struck her. At first, I thought she was about to faint, for she sank over the cradle; but she soon recovered, and said, "Yes, he has gone from me, my Tony, but he drank at my breast for all that, yes—yes." She turned backwards and forwards and shook her head, as if saluting a party of friends. I had several visits still to pay, and ordered that Jane should be kept there till I came to fetch her. She could not return to Mr. F.'s house in her present condition. Jane allowed me to depart quietly, but so soon as I was gone, she over-persuaded the old nurse to accompany her home. She walked along the street as quiet as a lamb.

When they arrived at Mr. F.'s house, the carriage was just drawing up to the door. Jane said, "Let me in now," and she stepped in without observation. She crept up to the nursery, roused the little Augustus from his sleep, kissed and cuddled him, and sang:

"Sleep, my darling, sleep,
Your father minds the sheep,
Your mother——"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. F. walked in.

"How is my child?" she said.

"Your child?" Jane shrieked in her madness. "Away, away! Your child?—my child! Yes, your child, the murderer of *my* child." She glanced wildly around her. "Murderer! murderer!" she yelled, and hurled the child on the ground. It uttered but one groan—it was dead!

At this fearful moment I entered the room. The child was lying on the ground, the mother in a fainting condition by its side. Jane was dancing round the room, and singing merry snatches. I was petrified.

That night Jane was conveyed to Hanwell: it was said that she was attacked by a milk fever. After many weeks of fearful agony, death spared her further suffering.

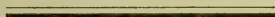
Mrs. F. had no more children: and she died of what is vulgarly termed a broken heart, only last year.

This was my friend Dr. T.'s story.

"Horrible," said B., after a pause; and then added, "that is a fearful revenge on an individual for the crime of thousands. Something ought to be done to stop such a dreadful state of things."

"Jane Hardy," the doctor concluded, "was the last wet-nurse I recommended. I have lost half my patients by the public expression of my views. The best thing would be to bring up our girls more healthily, so that they might become mothers in the true sense of the term. Even if they were not such proficient on the pianoforte, we want before all a healthy race of men. But, when it is absolutely necessary to have a wet-nurse, the parents ought to enter into an agreement to take all proper care of the nurse's child, or, better still, have it in the house along with their baby."

I took up my candle and went off to bed without saying a word.



TRANSLATION OF THE LAST-DISCOVERED RELIC OF GOETHE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

[The verses from which the following are translated are said to have been discovered by Professor Kahlert, of Breslau, in the note-book of a fellow-student of Goethe, the late Dr. Klose, of Strehlen, in Silesia. They are headed *Der Reiche*, and dated Leipzig, 12th May, 1767. I offer them as a curious profession of Epicurean philosophy.]

Sa, ich bin wirklich reich, u. s. w.

WHO richer than I am? I count it a treasure
To find in life's smallest enjoyments a pleasure;
In all my companions I see friendly faces;
From her I love best I meet kindly embraces;
A conscience, not heavily laden, is mine;
And, daily, a flask of my favourite wine.



A MISSIONARY IN TEXAS.*

IN 1846, the Vicar Apostolic of Texas having visited Lyons for the purpose of recruiting missionaries, the author of the interesting book we have now under consideration felt an irresistible impulse to devote himself to the good cause. Though scarce twenty years of age, and he had not yet finished his clerical studies, M. Domenech was selected as one of the daring band of missionaries, and soon found himself *en route* for New Orleans. After remaining at St. Louis for two years in order to complete his studies, he set out for Galveston, the bishopric of the immense diocese to which the young man felt himself attracted.

Galveston is built on the north of a long and narrow sand-bank; the consequence is that you continually walk upon fine and white sand, in which you sink up to your knees. During the day, the soil, burned by the sun, heats the air, and renders a residence in Galveston insupportable, while the mosquitoes are so large and ferocious that in summer a stranger finds it a hard matter to live. The water is detestable: the inhabitants are compelled to collect rain-water in large wood or brick cisterns, where it is rendered boiling by the sun, and the reservoirs are not particularly clean. This will give an idea of its condition. The inhabitants are obliged to bring earth from the mainland if they wish to grow anything; but this soil is so fertile that, when mixed with sand, it produces good fruits and excellent vegetables. The houses are nearly all of wood, and surrounded by small gardens. The streets are bordered with plantations of sweet-smelling trees and *laurustinus* in perpetual bloom, which impregnate the air with perfumes. . . . The episcopal palace consisted of three miserable plank cabins, containing seven or eight small rooms, surrounded by a gallery, and protected from the sun by fig-trees, pomegranate-trees, *laurustinus*, and lemon-trees. In the evening, a few Catholics would come to visit the good bishop, and, assembled in the gallery, we listened to the story of his travels, his labours, and the development of his ideas on the wants and future of the mission. These were our most agreeable hours. When I arrived the handsome cathedral was not completed, and service was performed in a small wood chapel, hardly large enough to hold the faithful. The heat inside was suffocating, and when it rained the water poured through the roof. One Sunday, when Mgr. Odin was preaching, a heavy shower fell and compelled the communicants to put up their umbrellas in the midst of the service, while I, who had not one, received for more than an hour a douche of lukewarm water.

Before long the bishop, fearing that the heat might be injurious to our young missionary, ordered him to San Antonio de Bexar, in Central Texas, a proposition he gladly accepted, as it brought him nearer to an old friend, the Abbé Dubuis, who served the church at Castroville, about thirty miles from San Antonio. With the journey his real troubles began. At Houston he stopped for the night with the priest, and made his first acquaintance with the ants. He certainly slept quietly, but when he put on his clothes in the morning he was attacked by a universal itching: the ants had established a colony there already. From Houston, a miserable village of some twenty wooden huts, he started by the post for his station. He was the only passenger, and met with strange adventures by the way. Not only that the cart was being continually upset, to the imminent risk of life and limb, but a panther attacked

* Journal d'un Missionnaire au Texas et au Mexique. Par l'Abbé E. Domenech. Paris: Gaume frères.

the horses, being shot just in the nick of time by the coachman. Another difficulty that beset him was the want of money, which compelled him to go to bed supperless, but he was relieved by meeting the Abbé Dubuis on the road, who was returning from his mission in utter despair. His parishioners had left him to starve, and his coadjutor had died after three months' wretchedness and illness. The abbé had but little money to spare, but he generously gave M. Domenech sufficient to find him in food as far as San Antonio. Thus fortified, our young abbé set out again for Austin, capital of Texas, seat of the legislature, but otherwise a dirty and small town. Along the road the driver amused him by pointing out the scenes of fights between whites and Indians, Texans and Mexicans; and they stopped for the night at San Marcos, where he found two huge beds in one room—one for males, the other for females. Here, too, he tasted for the first time bear's meat, which he rather liked. After a few more adventures, the post reached San Antonio in safety.

San Antonio, like the majority of Mexican towns, is ornamented with a large square, occupying the centre of the town. In the middle of this square stands a church, with thick walls, a massive quadrangular tower, and a small cupola surmounting the choir. The sides of the square are formed of large stone flat-roofed houses, whitewashed, and with very few openings. Here and there some China lilacs; streets straight but dirty, and encumbered with oxen and cars, broken down or sticking in the mud; court-yards, or vegetable gardens, in which grow without order or cultivation lilacs, fig-trees, pomegranates, and peaches. Stone is gradually taking the place of reeds, *adobes*, or bricks dried in the sun, and huts of branches. The population at this period did not exceed three or four thousand, mostly Mexicans.

The priests at San Antonio were Spaniards, and lived in a house in the square, and the abbé was lodged in a garret, which had been divided by a partition. One portion contained vegetables placed there to dry, and, being very large, served as a promenade for M. Domenech during his two months' stay. The other part, representing the bedroom, was exceedingly small. The furniture consisted of a poor flock bed, without mattress or pillow, a dislocated table, two chairs—one of them having no seat, the other minus a leg—and for a sofa a coffin used for carrying poorer folk to the cemetery, whence it returned empty. This was a bad beginning: our young abbé could not walk about the town for fear of the heat, nor beyond it for fear of the Indians, who had grown so bold that a priest did not dare visit the cemetery, though within a stone's throw, unless with an armed band. At the end of two months the abbé had grown so desperate that he had made up his mind to the mad scheme of returning on foot to Galveston, when the Abbé Dubuis arrived, and brought him to a healthier state of mind. With him he agreed to go to Castroville, and share his mission, which extended for nearly fifty miles. M. Domenech was ordained priest, and set out alone for his station.

I arrived at Castroville at one in the morning, and proceeded straight to the missionary's house. What was my surprise to find it occupied by a family! An empty house in this country is common property. I met, however, with a very hospitable reception; a bed was prepared for me, and the honours graciously paid me in my own house. As soon as I rose I proceeded to the miserable hut called a church, and read myself in. There was not a soul present, for my arrival had not been made known. After this, I proceeded to examine the house. The Abbé Dubuis had built it with the assistance of his deceased

comrade Abbé Chazelle. It was of wood, stone, and brick; the corners were rather out of order, and opened a passage much frequented by lizards and serpents, accompanied by rats, ants, scorpions, and tarantulas. In the garden near my room was the tomb of Abbé Chazelle, covered and perfumed with mignonette. The two comrades had been very ill at the same time: one lay on the ground upon some buffalo hides, the other languished on a table, which served for a bed. There was no doctor to cure them, and their only medicine was a little fresh water. One day, when they could just support one another, they dragged themselves slowly out to choose the spot where the survivor should lay his brother. The Abbé Chazelle, though less ill of the two, died a few days after of languor, nostalgia, and misery. The Abbé Dubuis crawled from his bed, offered his dying brother the last consolations of religion, and then bore him with difficulty to the chosen spot.

The first step taken by our author was to set his house in order, and he commenced by trying to exterminate the colonies of ants which had invaded the bedroom. It was a hopeless task, as two years of unremitting labour proved. Worst of all, however, was the food: M. Domenech had found in the garret some smoked pork and bacon, with a store of dried roe-deer venison, which he at first took for sponge. This food was so repugnant to his stomach that he was forced to cover it with a mixture of pepper, pimento, and vinegar before he could swallow it. To secure his health in some measure, he was forced to go out and pluck herbs in the mountains, at the risk of being stung by a rattlesnake or scalped by the Indians. As oil was very dear, the only seasoning he could enjoy was milk. It was a consolation that the inhabitants had found time to reflect on their conduct to the Abbé Dubuis, and they received the new priest with some degree of civility. His colleague had opened a free school, attended by from sixty to eighty children of both sexes: it had been abandoned since his departure, and the young abbé reopened it, teaching the children their catechism, French, and a little English and German, which he was himself studying at the same time. He was very miserable, having no one to talk to; but he endured it, and the arrival of Dubuis soon after began to render life supportable. He then found time to set about a small collection of minerals and curious animals, among the latter being a splendid assortment of snakes. These were much too abundant to be pleasant: they were continually invading the house, but their constant presence at length rendered them endurable. The following anecdote is curious:

One day our horse was missing, and we set out to look for it. Just about nightfall I was startled by a rattlesnake making its appearance beneath my feet. I was about to run away, but I reflected that this snake, if captured alive, would adorn my collection of reptiles, or dead, would make a famous pair of slippers for my mother. I turned and threw a big lump of earth at its head, which stunned it; and then I twisted a cord round its neck. The horse was now recovered, and we returned to Castroville, Dubuis leading the animal, and I dragging the snake, which began to display signs of vitality by sounding its rattle furiously, and almost pulling my arms out. I could not let go, for it would have stung me, while the violence of the efforts I made to hold it, and the fear of being bitten, threw me into a profuse perspiration. At length we reached home, and attached the beast to a wooden bench, placing my foot on its head during the operation.

There is a sequel to this story: the next day they were three at dinner, and had only two eggs between them; so the young abbé boldly suggested feeding on the rattlesnake. His companion encouraged the

idea, for, as he said, if the experiment proved successful, they would never want fresh meat in future. Well, the reptile was cooked scientifically and spiced, but somehow or other, though the meat was pleasant enough, having a cross taste between frog and turtle, the idea of eating a snake was revolting. M. Domenech tells us, also, that the bite of the rattlesnake is not in all cases mortal. Once a husbandman was stung, and gave himself up to death. The abbé was called in to administer extreme unction, but he more practically enlarged the orifice with a scalpel, and then applied ammonia. Within a week the man was perfectly cured.

The snake experiment of cooking having proved a failure, the young abbé took to fattening cats, which he converted into a civet. He also took to shooting, that is to say, whenever the round snuff-box that served as treasury contained a few coins, he expended them in powder and shot, and went out to shoot squirrels and pigeons. Now and then he met with more royal game, and once even killed a crocodile with small shot; but, like the man who had the elephant given him, he did not know what to do with it when he had it. At length, after incredible fatigue and some danger, he managed to cut off the tail, which supplied many a dainty dish. All this while the mission was gradually progressing, and the abbé was beginning to be regarded as guide, philosopher, and friend by the harmless inhabitants. The following passage, though one-sided, may be read with advantage :

I received at this period a letter from my bishop, in which his highness displayed all his tender solicitude for our mission. He, too, could have written a famous book about his labours and his wretchedness. Our bishop, as poor as ourselves, was obliged to do all the offices himself, and administer the sacraments like a simple priest. The missionary bishops and priests receive no pay from government or from individuals. Their sole resources, for their existence, travels, construction of churches, hospitals, schools, convents, seminaries, emanate from their own industry, the gifts of their family, often as poor as themselves, public or private charity, and some slight assistance from the Propagation of the Faith : and this is very little to meet such great and numerous wants. The income of a bishop is extremely small, for five thousand dollars in the United States are not worth more than so many francs at home. The receipt of the Propagation of the Faith, from its foundation in 1822 up to 1846, were about thirty million francs. The English Bible Society, which has only existed a few years, had spent in 1851 about ninety-five million francs. If to this sum are added the enormous totals of the American Bible Society, the Hindostani, Anglo-Indian, and German societies for the diffusion of Bibles and religious books in India alone, we attain a fabulous amount, compared with which that of the Propagation of the Faith is like the grain of mustard-seed in the Gospels. But this labour, so small in relation to Catholic wants and the resources of the Catholic propaganda, is blessed by Heaven, and produces results as great as those of our rich adversaries, according to their own confession, are trifling. Our success in the propagation of the lights of the Gospel comes from our abnegation, our devotion, our immutable confidence in God ; men fail us, but God visibly protects us, and rewards our labours and our fatigues. The Protestant missionaries receive much and give little ; we, on the contrary, receive nothing and give everything, even our life ; thus, the poverty of the missionaries is extreme. One day Dubuis required an indispensable garment, which he made out of a cotton petticoat given to him by a man for burying his wife. One Sunday he begged his parishioners to excuse him for not being able to preach ; but he was too weak—he had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours. For some time we had only one soutane between us ; when one read mass the other walked about in shirt-sleeves.

But besides these physical wants to which the missionaries were exposed, they had to incur extreme danger, in visiting the outposts of civilisation, from wild animals and Indians. At Dhanis a panther took refuge in a tree close to the station, and a boar, attracted by the singing, actually entered the hut where mass was being performed. Our author adds with unction, "His curiosity cost him dear: he was killed on the spot and eaten the next day." Nor were ludicrous incidents wanting:

I had gone to Dhanis to christen the child of a German. Being then but poorly versed in the language, I had written on a piece of paper the word *taufen* (to baptise), not to confound it with *kaufen* (to buy), or *verkaufen* (to sell). Unfortunately I forgot my paper, and was forced to trust to my good fortune. On reaching the father's cabin, I asked him if he had not some children to—*verkaufen*? On seeing the anger depicted on the worthy Alsatian's face, I guessed that I had made a mistake, but returned to the charge gallantly. Well, then, have you not two children to *kaufen*? This exhausted his patience, and he began a furious attack upon me, which, fortunately, I did not half understand. As I had only one word left, and knew I could not make another mistake, I said, "If they are not to sell or buy, they must be to *taufen*." My friend looked at me attentively, and detecting some trace of the priest, burst out into a hearty laugh, in which I could not refrain from joining.

Now and then the abbé would be sent for to the American camp at Dhanis, by Irish communicants, and the scenes he witnessed were truly horrifying. About five miles from camp he saw a naked female attached to a tree, and perfectly scalped, but still displaying signs of life. At her feet lay three Mexicans, scalped and naked like her, but quite dead; they had received numerous lance wounds, their bodies were bristling with arrows, and their blood was already coagulated. In the mouth of the unhappy woman he noticed ensanguined tresses, proving that the Indians had tried to make her eat the scalp of one of her comrades. Myriads of wasps were greedily buzzing round the victims. The abbé rode off at full speed to camp and fetched assistance, and the woman was eventually in a fair way of recovery. Our author, however, does not place much faith in such recoveries. In 1849 more than two hundred persons were scalped to his knowledge in Western Texas, and the only one who was saved was a man of San Antonio; but he was scalped in a wood protected from the rays of the sun, and assistance was immediately afforded him.

Before long the missionaries' labours were fearfully augmented by an outbreak of the cholera at San Antonio and Castroville. They could scarcely find time to eat, so much they were in demand at the bedsides, or to perform funerals. In their own hut a German died to whom they had given shelter, and they fancied themselves assailed. The remedy they applied was efficacious, but decidedly disagreeable: they filled a tumbler with spirits of camphor, laudanum, whole pepper, and eau-de-Cologne; this powerful dose was strained through a handkerchief and swallowed in equal portions. The remedy was almost worse than the disease; they seemed to have swallowed live coals, but they soon fell off into a lethargic sleep, from which they awoke in twenty-four hours, quite cured. At length the cholera gave them breathing-time, and it had the unexpected advantage of keeping the Indians at a distance, for they fancied they caught the disease from the white men. The cemetery was not overfilled, for the wild beasts acted the part of scavengers; but M. Domenech could

never pass by it without a shudder, for there was a terrible story connected with it:

One evening four men were going on foot from Castroville to San Antonio: three were immigrants, the fourth the Abbé Dubuis, who left his companions to spend the night on the plain, and continued his journey. The next morning, after a quarrel, one of them was killed by the other two. The more culpable was a Swiss Calvinist, who, calculating on the want of judicial organisation, proceeded to Castroville without fear. But his crime was already known; the sheriff, assisted by some drunkards, seized him and condemned him to death in the public-house where they were drinking. However, through a remnant of shame, or to attenuate the responsibility of the judges, they sent a list round the town for signatures in approval of the verdict. In less than half an hour it was covered with signatures, and the prisoner led to the foot of the tree near the cemetery, accompanied by the entire population. On the way he was asked if he wished to see his wife and children. He said not, but desired some whisky. On arriving at the fatal tree, the butcher who played hangman placed the rope round his neck, and was about to swing him up, when our old sacristan requested the crowd to kneel down and pray for the culprit. Five Paters and five Aves were then said, and the old man added, "Now let us pray to the Holy Virgin to intercede for the soul of this unhappy man!" To which he replied, in a sarcastic tone: "I should like to know what the Virgin could do for me at this moment!" "Ah!" said the butcher, "if she cannot do anything for you we can!" And casting the rope over a branch, he sent the sufferer to eternity. The crowd retired in silence, evidently moved by this expedition of justice.

The Abbé Dubuis and our author next hit on a gigantic scheme, no other than building a church. After mature calculation they found that the least they could do with was from three to four thousand francs, and our author set out to beg them, even if he traversed the whole of the United States. After various adventures he reached Galveston in safety. But he was in a difficulty: his coat of black cotton had been in wear for four years, the sun and rain had dyed it of all manner of colours, his trousers were much in the same condition, and his hat possessed no form or comeliness. One of the congregation lent him a coat, and he went to the convent of the Ursulines to have the old garment done up. But the sisters could hit on no better plan than putting a fresh collar and cuffs of new cloth, which rendered the garment more conspicuous than ever. Eventually the Catholics clubbed together and bought him a brand-new suit, which was quite a luxury. On reaching New Orleans he found that city suffering from an accumulation of ills: cholera, yellow fever, and inundation. The archbishop, on granting him permission to collect, added, "If you can raise twenty-five dollars you had better use them in returning to Texas." But our author would not allow himself to be discouraged after coming so far, and he set boldly to work. On the first day he received twenty dollars, and ten dollars for several days in succession. A Jew tailor, from whom he ordered a pair of trousers, fell into conversation with him about the mission while taking his measure. After half an hour's conversation he made him a present of a new suit, and five dollars for the new church. At Thibaudville, on the Mississippi, a Jew lady who had purchased a new silk dress for a ball, on hearing of his mission, brought him the dress to make ornaments for the church, and it made two handsome white chasubles. As our author justly says, Catholic ladies might well have taken an example from her.

The next place our author visited was Natchez, where he saw a

remnant of that famous tribe of Indians whom Chateaubriand wrote into fame; otherwise, our author thinks, they would not have survived to posterity, being as dirty and brutalised as the other Indians. Here, too, the vicar-general, Père Raho, made him a present of some money to buy shoes and stockings, of which he was beginning to feel the want. By the time our author returned to New Orleans he had collected some two hundred dollars and chests of linen, but on his arrival he found letters from Abbé Dubuis recalling him. The cholera had broken out again, and he had himself been attacked, but cured himself with the famous remedy.

On arrival at Castroville the abbé found society even more demoralised than when he had left it; every day appeared to be signalised by a murder, principally committed by the *rangers*, or volunteers of the American army, who, on being dismissed after the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, had enrolled themselves in Texas for the purpose of hunting Indians. They were the scum of society, and the most hideous and degraded objects nature could exhibit. These sanguinary wretches, without faith or law, massacred a large party of Lipans who were camping quietly near Castroville. They spared neither women nor children. In 1850 they had become such a scourge that the American government withdrew them and supplied their place with regulars, in such small numbers, however, that they were practically useless.

San Antonio was the head-quarters of the army of Texas. I once saw a review on the Grand Place, where guidons had been planted at regular distances for the manœuvres. The band was composed of twelve instruments; the staff and officers amounted to eight persons; whilst the army was composed of four men, including a sergeant. The general saw the absurdity of such a review, and no more took place. There were some camps to which no cavalry were attached; the infantry were mounted to follow the Indians whenever requisite. These men had generally the greatest difficulty in keeping their seats, and could not use their arms so long as they remained on horseback. On the banks of the Rio Grande the Indians on one occasion very nearly captured an entire company of mounted infantry, as they were called. The best protection for the colonists was, consequently, never to go out unless well armed.

So soon as matters had returned to their ordinary condition at Castroville, the two abbés set to work at building their church, which they had to do almost entirely with their own hands. They were architects, masons, carpenters in turn, and, worse than all, the flock seemed quite ready to starve their shepherds. They were absolutely reduced to live on coffee and Indian corn when their pork gave out, and were actually refused, very politely it is true, when they begged for assistance. The Abbé Dubuis considered it high time to alter this state of things, so one Sunday he gave notice that the congregation must find them in food, and half a dollar per month for the children's education, if they wished them to remain. They felt ashamed at this allocution, and for the future the priests had no cause of complaint. In the mean while, the church was progressing, but slowly, for the funds were expended, and the priests had to pay their labourers in coats, shoes, shirts, or even their hats. Their horses were also sold for the good work, and, at the end of three months, they had the ineffable satisfaction of completing the church, which was solemnly opened on Easter-day. But by this time the priests were utterly exhausted, and were forced reluctantly to return home, for a season

at least, and regain fresh strength. Not having any money, they were obliged to walk down to Galveston, but the bishop could not consent to spare two missionaries at once. M. Domenech, being the younger, weaker, and less useful, was allowed to go home, while Abbé Dubuis went off to New Orleans to collect money for a new bell for his church. The bishop, who had only twenty-five dollars in the world, gave M. Domenech fifteen of them, and a bill for two hundred francs to pay his passage. The young abbé set out for home, and was soon joyfully received by his family as one truly risen from the dead. But he only allowed himself three weeks' relaxation; at the expiration of that time he started for Rome to talk to the Pope about his mission, and offer him a pair of magnificent mocassins made by the Indians. He set out on his travels with a five-franc piece and a free passage in a ship-of-war, and managed to reach Toulon, somehow, with his precious five-franc piece intact. On reaching Civita Vecchia he had once more to tramp to Rome, and finding no hospitality there, he straightway demanded an audience of the Holy Father:

I was very badly dressed, but at the Vatican a man is not judged by his coat. His holiness received me with his accustomed kindness, and gave me his hand to kiss. Our conversation was long, and turned naturally on the missions. I gave a short account of my labours, and the Holy Father replied, "I see, my dear child, you are well accustomed to wretchedness." "I am so much so," I remarked, "that it will not quit me at Rome." "How so?" I then frankly avowed my pecuniary embarrassment, for my five francs had totally disappeared. His holiness smiled on seeing my trust in Heaven, and said, "As you travel on behalf of Providence, His vicar will pay the expenses of your travels." And, joining the action to the words, his holiness gave me a handful of gold. I then produced my mocassins, which were wrapped up in a piece of torn paper, and presented them to his holiness. The noble simplicity and touching kindness of Pio Nono are too well known for me to describe the profound impression this interview had upon me, and the remembrance is still a grateful consolation for me.

Our indefatigable abbé, after making a fruitless *quête* through France, where the revolution of February still kept the purses tight, set out once more for his mission. On reaching Galveston the bishop informed him that he was to be transferred to Western Texas and the frontiers of the Rio del Norte. Brownsville was his station, a town that derived its name from the American Colonel Brown, who, during the War of Intervention, built a fort opposite Matamoros, a Mexican town: he was killed and buried in the fort. Round this formidable tomb French and American merchants settled, as well as several Mexican families, and Brownsville was established. When the abbé arrived there the town was in its fourth year of existence, and the population already amounted to six thousand souls. The mission M. Domenech had accepted was very extensive. Around Brownsville, for a radius of sixty miles, resided a rather dense population, and for three hundred miles to the north there were cities on the Rio Grande and large establishments which he would have to visit. His communicants were now almost exclusively Mexicans, and he did not understand a word of Spanish: still he set to work bravely, and soon found himself making headway.

It was a strange medley of persons whom M. Domenech was now connected with. On the frontiers of Texas, where human life is regarded as very unimportant, the only security the inhabitants had was in their

weapons. To put down malefactors who would not submit to the regular organisation of justice, the inhabitants had not hesitated to entrust the direction of Lynch law to men whose antecedents were sufficient to terrify the most refractory; and if all those who deserved the gallows had been hung, the sheriff of Brownsville would certainly have been one of the first. If ever he went in pursuit of a thief, and he declined to accompany him back, he would pistol him on the spot, as the shortest way of keeping him quiet. With this hero the abbé was fated soon to come into collision. The prison was a small plank hut, which the sheriff guarded by two ferocious hounds, which attacked every one that passed by night. The abbé, whose duties frequently called him abroad at night, had two or three narrow escapes from the brutes, and at last told their master that, unless he tied them up, he would shoot them. To this the bully replied that, if he did so, he would shoot him. An occasion soon offered, and the abbé was as good as his word. In a paroxysm of rage the sheriff came up to his house with a big whip, but M. Domenech soon checked him by holding a pistol to his forehead and threatening to shoot him, unless he laid down his whip and listened to reason. The bully was perfectly tamed, and was a good friend to the abbé in future. About his clerical brethren the abbé has also some amusing anecdotes, one of them deserving a paraphrase:

One of the Presbyterian ministers, in very good circumstances, had three daughters who had long reached a nubile age. The minister perceiving that no one made them an offer, thought it advisable to wait no longer, so he put in execution a thoroughly American idea. One Sunday he preached on matrimony: he developed the text, "Increase and multiply," declaring to his congregation that it was a command, and not merely a counsel. He dilated with eloquence and warmth on the chaste pleasures of wedlock, and ended his sermon by offering his three daughters, with 3000 dollars apiece, to any persons that were willing to marry them. He added that, after the sermon, he would receive the names of the offerers, and that his choice would fall on those who possessed the best moral character. A facetious Irishman, who was present (and where are they not), did not await the moment indicated by the priest to raise his voice: he requested that his name should be placed on the list for two.

During the abbé's intercourse with the Rancheros he was much struck with the great amount of superstition obtaining among them. Anything possessing an appearance of mystery struck them with timid astonishment. They were satisfied with believing that surprising things were inexplicable, without making the least effort to explain them. Strange to say, though, the abbé himself seems to have a tendency to mysticism, for he evidently believes most firmly in the Vaudoux, or negro incantation prevalent in the southern states. Witness shall be the following excerpt:

The sect of the Vaudoux, originating apparently in Africa, is very much extended among the negroes of the United States and West Indies. What is its veritable object? No one has yet been able to account for it, but it is certain that the Vaudoux are instigated by cupidity and vengeance. They possess important secrets about the properties of certain plants more or less known; they make perfumes or poisons whose effects are very various; some kill slowly, others like lightning; others attack the reason or destroy it utterly. They also know peculiar antidotes. Many creoles, whites, and men of colour belong to this society, some even holding a high position in the world. This sect inspires such terror among the poor people of colour and

negroes not connected with it, that it is impossible to obtain any information from them as to its mysterious practices. What they say about it is so extraordinary that no faith can be placed in it. I frequently noticed at New Orleans boxes full of oil placed at nightfall in front of the houses. After much inquiry, I found they were a specific against the evil devices of the Vaudoux.

Of course the abbé could not live for any length of time in Mexico without being mixed up in some way in a civil war. On this occasion a General Carjaval thought he should like to have a turn, so, backed up by the Brownsville traders, he began recruiting, to attack General Alavos, who commanded on the frontier. He marched down to attack Matamoros, and General Alavos being slightly wounded in the foot, was carried from the field. Then, of course, when the victory was in Carjaval's hands, he withdrew his troops. The poor abbé fared worse of any, for, in riding over to Matamoros to attend on the wounded, a heavy fire was opened on him from the barricade. However, he escaped with the loss of his horse. The siege lasted twelve days, and then another general naturally interfered, in the shape of Canalès, who came up at the head of a thousand men, not particularly anxious to help either party, but glad to pick up any crumbs that fell. After some unimportant engagements, in which the Mexicans did their best to run away from each other, the war was over, and Alavos enabled to wreak his fury on the prisoners. He was terribly exasperated against the Americans, from whom he had received his wound, and ordered them all to be shot. No intercession availed, until the abbé went to Alavos, and threatened to publish the news of his cowardice on the first day's fighting. The general would gladly have stuck a knife through him, but was forced to promise that he would refer the sentence for confirmation to Mexico. This the abbé regarded as a certain reprieve : what was his horror, then, on hearing some three months after that they were to be shot ! He tried in vain to secure their escape ; the English consul even offered 2000 doubloons for the purpose ; but Alavos was on his guard, and determined that his prey should not escape him. The prisoners were taken out and shot, the abbé accompanying them to their last resting-place alone.

This was a sad trial for the abbé, and the only consolation he experienced was in noticing the gradual increase of his congregation. His conduct, too, in the Matamoros massacre had redounded to his credit, and every possible kindness was shown to him. One of the most pleasing traits is the following, which reflects equal credit on both parties concerned :

On Sunday, my church was thronged with fervent Rancheros, who came two or three leagues on foot, despite the inclemency of the weather, to be present at the service. The soldiers of the garrison also came at times, their band marching at the head. I had purchased at Mexico and placed in Brownsville church an organ, which was to furnish greater solemnity to our ceremonies, and guide the voice of our choristers. At first I was greatly disappointed when I found that Brownsville only boasted one organist, and he was employed by the Episcopalians. Fortunately I was on excellent terms with their minister, a young man, well educated and liberal, who felt no hatred against Catholicism. He took pity on my embarrassment, and as my service and his were performed at the same hour, he proposed to me to have my mass an hour earlier, while he would defer his service for the same period. In this way the organist was enabled to play in both churches.

One of the most miserable places in the abbé's mission was the mouth of the Rio Grande. The soil is dry, sandy, or marshy, while trees almost entirely disappear. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century well designated this country *Costa Deserta*, for it is a perfect desert. Here he received shelter from a Jew captain, who accompanied him about the desolate country as a guide. And yet at this wretched spot several American families have settled, to spend their time in fishing. The village is known as Bagdad, but is very different from the capital of the good Haroun-al-Raschid. The huts were built of reeds and covered with oyster-shells, and the way in which the colonists contrive to exist is certainly problematical, for there is not a trace of cultivated ground for twenty miles round. About four miles from Bagdad is the equally desolate village of Brazos-Santiago, situated on a sand-bank, and possessing some notoriety for its oyster-beds. The abbé and the captain walked along the sea-shore. They noticed on all sides wrecked vessels half buried in the sand, and found some jetson in the shape of five barrels of brandy, bearing the brand of 1825, and which had evidently lain there a long while. On the island they visited an Irish family, who lived by the oyster fishery. The beds, which are very numerous along the Texan coast, are flush with the surface of the water, and the oysters can be procured without difficulty. Our author noticed near the hut some fowls picking at opened oysters: it was their only sustenance. There was also a horse; but he did not venture to ask on what that was fed for fear of receiving the reply, "On oysters." On returning to the captain's house, they spent the evening in singing Litanies: a strange combination—an invalid priest and a Jew singing the "Ora pro nobis!"

But the sword had worn out the scabbard; the unremitting toil had brought on very violent nervous attacks and spitting of blood, so that the abbé was reluctantly compelled to resign his mission and return to Europe. After staying awhile with his family, he again proceeded to Rome to urge on his superiors the necessity of enlarging and endowing the Mexican mission, and he hoped once again to return to the country of his choice, when his physicians interfered, and announced to him that his active career was terminated, at an age when the majority of his brethren were only commencing their onward course.

Such is a brief analysis of one of the most remarkable books the Catholic press has recently published. While imparting much useful information about the present condition of Texas and Mexico, it has the added charm of showing us that the successors of St. Vincent de Paul are still busily astir, and accept their painful and dangerous mission without murmuring. The experiences of the Abbé Domenech furnish a curious page of missionary enterprise, while at the same time proving the wondrous vitality of that faith which can induce its followers to give up all hopes of worldly aggrandisement to carry the Cross among their benighted brethren in America. To those persons, then, who feel surprised at the rapid progress of Catholicism in new countries, we recommend a perusal of the book we have under review, for it will prove to them that, so long as the Roman Church possesses such ardent and self-sacrificing missionaries, no power on earth will be enabled to restrain her development. The only course is to imitate the example of such men as Abbé Domenech and his brethren, if we wish to pluck the brands from the fire.

MEMORIALS OF SHELLEY: MIDDLETON* AND TRELAWNY.†

To those not in possession of the scattered records which make up the story of Shelley's Life, Mr. Middleton's two volumes will be welcome, for the diligence with which he has sought out and brought together whatever seemed available for his purpose. The biography he has thus compiled is written in an earnest and admiring spirit. Novelty there is next to none in it. The style is often of the faded flowery sort. The reflections are not unfrequently flaccid common-place. But the biographer has done his best to supply a gap in current literature. He acknowledges his obligations to an old Etonian's memorials of Shelley at Eton, as published in the *Athenæum*, and to Mr. Hogg's papers in the *New Monthly*, for a record of the poet's Oxford career and its ignominious close. Then there is the Life by Captain Medwin, together with Shelley's own Correspondence, and his widow's editorial Notes; nor has Mr. Middleton spared time and pains in collecting illustrative extracts from Moore's Life of Byron, and Leigh Hunt's Autobiography, and Monckton Milnes's Memorials of Keats, and Lady Blessington's Conversations with Byron, Howitt's Homes and Haunts, and various critical notices in quarterly and monthly periodicals, including, of course, De Quincey's graphic fragment, and not forgetting even Mr. Gilfillan's Gallery of Literary Portraits. "Nor have I wanted for original materials. During my researches for information I visited Great Marlow, and had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Maddocks, a gentleman who knew the Poet intimately during his residence there. To him I am indebted for many interesting particulars relating to that period; but, besides his own personal reminiscences, he possessed some papers in Shelley's handwriting, of which I have fully availed myself." We regret that the outcome from Mr. Maddocks and the manuscripts is reducible to rather low terms.

An unfinished, perhaps hardly-begun Essay on Prophecy—not at all from the John Cumming point of view—is the most noticeable of the MSS. aforesaid. A fac-simile of part of it forms an addendum of real interest. Mr. Middleton calls attention to this Essay, so far as it goes, as throwing an entirely new light upon the Poet's theological sentiments at the time it was written; and certainly the scope of it appears to justify the assertion, that Shelley's notions of Christianity have been misconceived. "No one ever entertained a higher appreciation of the moral beauty of the character of Christ than he did; and if he reduced Christianity to a code of morals, it is difficult to tell in what respect he differed from the Unitarians." But Shelley was one thing at one time and another at another, or else his reporters belie him, or *he* bewildered *them*. The abstract difference between atheism and pantheism may be something prodigious—distinct as the negative *a* in the first syllable of the former "ism," from the all-embracing affirmative *pan* of the latter. But this

* Shelley and his Writings. By Charles S. Middleton. Two Vols. Newby. 1858.

† Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny. Moxon. 1858.

difference is hard to seize, accurately and consistently, in Shelley's individual case—so absolutely atheistic is the tenor of his reasonings in one mood, notwithstanding the mystic pantheism they may reflect in another. Could he, or would he, himself have drawn the line? Would he have cared, even had he the skill, to reconcile his divers utterances on matters theological, or atheological—his conclusions sacred and (sometimes very) profane?

In one of his *poemetti*, entitled "The Boat on the Serchio," a description of the various living creatures awaked by daybreak ends with this couplet:

All rose to do the work He set to each
Who shaped us to His ends and not our own.

These two lines Mr. Middleton pronounces a sufficient reply to the charge of atheism so often brought against Shelley. When he finds Shelley signing his name in the book at a Swiss chalet, with the word *atheos* added, he dismisses the fact as a freak, an "unconsidered trifle" sincerely to be regretted indeed, but the mere result of the Poet's "fatal propensity for shocking people"—an ambiguous expression by-the-by, though the meaning be clear enough. "He injured and misrepresented himself thereby; for never was there a more reverent believer in the existence of a Supreme Being than Shelley; and if such a signature meant anything, it was an unbelief in what he considered the vulgar notion of a God, which appeared to him too often that of a Jupiter seated on Olympus, rather than that of an all-wise, All-beneficent Being, such as Shelley loved in his loftiest aspirations to contemplate him, the pervading Spirit of the universe." Elsewhere Mr. Middleton writes: "But Shelley's religious sentiments have been very much misunderstood, or unfairly represented. The works of creation were his constant study, and nothing delighted him more than the contemplation of the Deity. It has been objected to him that he was fond of dealing with abstractions; but many passages of his works will illustrate the sublime conception he entertained of the Divine Nature." While many others will illustrate—if it be not too Irish to say so—the darkness he felt (for it was darkness that might be felt) about the whole matter, about the nature of a Great First Cause, if there were one, and its relation to his own soul, if he had one. Had a soul? that is to say, a something that came from God, and would return to God; a something immortal in its destiny, as well as immaterial in its essence: did Shelley ever doubt *that*?

Certainly, at times and seasons, he did. Mr. Middleton himself admits it to be difficult to fathom Shelley's ideas of a future existence. But he quotes a passage here and there that will not only bear, but demand a favourable interpretation. For instance: "Man is a being of high aspirations, 'looking both before and after,' whose 'thoughts wander through eternity,' disclaiming alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being, not what he is, but what he has been, and shall be. Whatever may be his final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution." Again: "I hope—but my hopes are not unmixed with fear, for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we die." Referring to the differences that, by his own account, and in his own words, poisoned the freedom of his intercourse with

Byron, he observes: "I think the fault is not on my side, nor is it likely, I being the weaker. I hope that *in the next world* these things will be better managed." So that he cherished, or would not unwillingly be thought to cherish,

——the pleasing hope, the fond desire,
The longing after immortality,

without which this world is not only a dreadful discord to the loving, but a hopeless enigma to the wise.

Mr. Middleton confidently asserts that the immortality of the soul was a deeply-rooted conviction in Shelley's mind from the earliest period. The Platonic doctrine of the metempsychosis, and ante-natal state, "satisfied the benevolence of his heart, for as expounded by the Athenian philosopher it justified 'the ways of God to man;' for the pleasurable or painful lot, the happiness or misery awarded to us in this life, appeared to be but the reward or punishment for our good or evil doing in a former existence."

If we ask for Mr. Trelawny's testimony on this question, it is given explicitly enough to be painful. Mr. Trelawny one day saved Shelley from drowning, while they were bathing together in the Arno; and the following dialogue ensued, the close of it not at all in the Middletonian strain. When Shelley had recovered his breath, he said: "I always find the bottom of the well, and they say Truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. It is an easy way of getting rid of the body."

"What would Mrs. Shelley have said to me if I had gone back with your empty cage?"

"Don't tell Mary—not a word!" (he rejoined), and then continued, "It's a great temptation; in another minute I might have been in another planet."

"But as you always find the bottom, you might have sunk 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.'"

"I am quite easy on that subject. Death is the veil, which those who live call life: they sleep, and it is lifted. Intelligence should be imperishable; the art of printing has made it so in this planet."

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

Shelley continued, "Certainly not; how can I? We know nothing; we have no evidence; we cannot express our inmost thoughts. They are incomprehensible even to ourselves."

Mr. Trelawny then asked, "Why do you call yourself an atheist? it annihilates you in this world."

"It is a word of abuse to stop discussion, a painted devil to frighten the foolish, a threat to intimidate the wise and good. I used it to express my abhorrence of superstition; I took up the word, as a knight took up a gauntlet, in defiance of injustice. The delusions of Christianity are fatal to genius and originality: they limit thought."

Nothing, it would seem, can be more explicit. Nevertheless, it were wrong to omit noticing a fragment of travel-talk, that fell from the Poet's lips as he was driving with Trelawny to Leghorn, and which may bear a contrary interpretation: "My mind is tranquil; I have no fears and some hopes. In our present gross material state our faculties are

clouded;—when Death removes our clay coverings the mystery will be solved.”—The conclusion of the whole matter apparently is, that Shelley was not consistent with himself; that his mind was not wholly made up; but that the bias was as decidedly as unhappily against the immortality of the soul. O life as futile then as frail!

In Mr. Trelawny's "Recollections" we have an utter contrast to Mr. Middleton's biography. The veteran companion of Shelley and Byron, the leader and sufferer in the Greek Revolution, writes with a muscular energy, rough spirit and dash: very plain-spoken he is, and his force in description is by no means of the forcible-feeble school. His "Recollections" are vivid, minute, and full of interest. Byron, in his pages, serves almost as a foil for the setting-off of Shelley to every advantage: the alleged selfishness, penuriousness, and impracticable temper of the noble lord, are indirectly opposed to Alastor's generous and self-sacrificing spirit. Byron used to call Shelley "the Snake," in allusion to a well-known passage in Goethe's "Faust"—the younger poet's bright eyes, slim figure, and noiseless movements, strengthening, if not suggesting the comparison. But, says Trelawny, "Byron was the real snake—a dangerous mischief-maker; his wit or humour might force a grim smile, or hollow laugh, from the standers-by, but they savoured more of pain than playfulness, and made you dissatisfied with yourself and him." Shelley is designated a grand exception to the general rule, that it is wise to avoid writers whose works you admire, if you would not be disenchanted of the dear delight. Our author is freely of opinion that "to know an author personally, is too often but to destroy the illusion created by his works." But of Shelley he declares, that to form a just idea of his poetry, you should have witnessed his daily life; his words and actions being the best illustration of his writings. "The cynic Byron acknowledged him to be the best and ablest man he had ever known. The truth was, Shelley loved everything better than himself. Self-preservation is, they say, the first law of nature, with him it was the last; and the only pain he ever gave his friends arose from the utter indifference with which he treated everything concerning himself."

The "recollections" of Shelley's death and funeral rites are detailed with a well-nigh shocking precision. Mr. Trelawny relates in full, and with that command of strong, pointed diction which gives character to his book, all the particulars connected with that appalling catastrophe, and the strange, wild, sea-side spectacle that followed. He tells us why, and how, the ancient custom of burning and reducing the body to ashes was observed: how he got a furnace made at Leghorn, of iron-bars and strong sheet-iron, supported on a stand, and laid in a stock of fuel, and such things as were in use by Shelley's much-loved Hellenes on their funeral pyres; how a squad of soldiers attended in working dresses, armed with mattocks and spades, together with the quarantine men with their long-handled tongs, nippers, and spiked poles, so fashioned as to keep them from personal contact with what might be infectious; how they shovelled away the sand which covered the body, and not a word was spoken, even Byron being silent and thoughtful. "We were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered.

Lime had been strewn on it; this, or decomposition, had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo colour. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of Williams's body [on the previous day], so that the corpse was removed entire into the furnace." After the fire was well kindled the ceremony of yesterday was repeated—frankincense and salt being thrown into the furnace, and wine and oil over the body,—more wine, it is added, than Shelley ever consumed in his life. "The heat from the sun and fire was so intense, that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull, where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off; and, as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a cauldron, for a very long time."

No wonder that Byron could not face this scene, but withdrew to the beach, and swam off to Trelawny's yacht. No wonder that Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage.

The chief agent in the ceremony appears to have had a stronger head, or stomach, or both—it does not imply a colder heart. He saw the cremation to a close, and he goes through with his description of it. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to grey ashes. The only portions that were not consumed, he continues, "were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull, but what surprised us all, was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt; and had any one seen me do the act, I should have been put into quarantine.

"After cooling the iron machine in the sea, I collected the human ashes and placed them in a box, which I took on board the *Bolívar*. Byron and Hunt retraced their steps to their home, and the officers and soldiers returned to their quarters. I liberally rewarded the men for the admirable manner in which they behaved during the two days they had been with us.

"As I undertook and executed this novel ceremony, I have been thus tediously minute in describing it."

Whoever reads the description through, will probably agree with us that it forms about the ghastliest chapter extant in the *Curiosities of Literature*.

Among other illustrations, including a profile of the author himself, Mr. Trelawny's volume is enriched with an exquisitely-rendered portrait of Shelley, copied from Clint, by Mr. J. A. Vinter, an artist who not only is rising but deserves to rise, so conscientious is the care he bestows on his work, and so delicate the finish which at once charms and satisfies the eye.

* * Since this article was in type, we have received the first two volumes of Mr. Jefferson Hogg's "Life of Shelley," which we hope to notice next month. Vol. I. contains, "entire and unaltered," the so-called "Shelley Papers," which originally appeared in this Magazine six-and-twenty years ago.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY HEBERDEN MILFORD.

II.

Supper smokes upon the board !—SWIFT.

BETWEEN the Old and New Towns of Edinburgh, there is, as the pencil-sketching Willis observes, a great gulf fixed. The former is irregular, dingy, and mediæval, in a thousand ways carrying the contemplative beholder back to the fifteenth century, reminding him of old-fashioned continental cities; and the present associations are business, science, and squalor; the latter is airy, magnificent, and quiet; modern improvements, architectural exactness, with something of dull repose, impress the stranger, and the advantages are health, comfort, and gentility. The inhabitants of the new regions look with something of contempt upon the more vulgar denizens of the city proper. The deep *fossa* formed by nature and bestrode by the Titanic arches of the North Bridge, constitutes physically a line of demarcation not deeper and more obvious than that which there exists in the *mode* and *morale*. It is true that George-square and the pleasant environs of Newington might be instanced as exceptions to this sweeping assertion, but those who live in George-square *now* are not of *ton*, and the mediocral residences in the suburb referred to are chiefly the homes of haberdashers and other petty traders, from Castle-gate and High-street, and in no wise to be compared with the standing and pretensions of those who dwell north of Princes-street. When the writer of these pages repaired to that metropolis, he deemed it advisable to locate himself as closely as possible to the scene of his labours, consequently he established himself in the vicinage of the university and hospitals. This *primâ facie* sort of reasoning proved erroneous, and ere long it became unquestionable that to emulate the example of Tom Browning, who lodged on the other side of the gulf, was wisdom. The advantages were a mile's walk at morn and even, and the renovating breath of that gullyng breeze ever hurrying from the expanding Frith as one passed over the bridge. The noisome exhalations during cadaveral toil needed this thorough perfilation, and the insufflation of a pure atmosphere was then luxurious and imperatively demanded.

In those days no revolutionising locomotives ran along the Castle moat, puffing forth sooty smoke—no discordant din of mechanically-impelled wheels disturbed the classic repose of the gardened mound and the fortress crags; and if you looked down from the dizzy battlements of the bridge, the piscatorial mart was not intersected by parallel lines, nor the loudly intonated jargon of the Newhaven nymphs overwhelmed by the engine whistle, or the thunder of the flying train. If it so happened, when passing, that the college bell would not ring for half an hour to come, and one descended to the *regiones Averni*, yet unlike Tartarian depths by being the emporiums of flesh and fish, esculent roots, and fruits, and flowers, there might be studied the *genus homo* and the *species auld Saundie* in his antiquated, unmixed Scottish character,

fresh from Fife or the Lothians, beside his cart loaded with his rural commodities, and anxious to get as many baubees as possible from the equally cautious and cunning burgher. Then no railway train every hour poured multitudes of strangers into the pith and centre of the Caledonian capital as now, whose continual presence and varied manners must, in the common course of things, impress those with whom they mingle. In those days there were no factious meetings about the wrongs of Scotland: national pride was satisfied by the reflection of having joined the sister kingdom on equal terms, and by having given one of their princes to rule over England; no schismatic rupture in the Kirk had then filled godly breasts with rancorous hatred, and the remote Aberdonians did not repine because their granite capital was not connected by an iron chain to the cities of the south. The boast was then that everything and everybody should be Scotch, national, antiquated, distinctive. Now, everything and everybody are becoming more and more Anglicised, and at no distant period these two divisions, and once two peoples, of the present same country, will become so assimilated in language and manners, in interests and enterprise, by interfusions of blood, transfers of properties, and the divers other ways by which they are incorporating, that ancient distinctions will be swept away, and the only things of difference be in the lucubrations of moon-struck antiquarians and levelling mob-orators. The transformation is going on, as insensibly and as surely as that organic change which converts the caterpillar into the butterfly! Saundie pretends to grumble at results which he himself has long been industriously, unremittingly working out, yet as of yore he grumbles on. The rose is beginning to bloom on the bare brae, "erst where but the thistle did grow," an' Saundie, discontented bodie, is no satisfied unless he grows baith thistles an' roses together!

To the thread of our narrative. I can now, albeit long and mist-gathering years intervene, sum up to mental sight the two little rooms tenanted by Tom Browning—they come before me with the distinctness of a reality. As if desirous of "leaving dull earth behind him," he had selected his eyrie home on the sixth flat of a corner house in one of those huge, regular, dull blocks of buildings, which, placed in apposition, go to constitute streets, and squares, and crescents on the northern side of the previously mentioned gulf. The modest bay-window of the sitting-room commanded as extensive a prospect as many a southern watch-tower. My studious friend was wont to settle his nether man in an arm-chair, smoke his meerschaum, and from his "blest abode" look at one *coup d'œil* on the smooth or troubled waters of the silvery Frith, the hills and the fair fields of Fife. In nearer view was a wilderness of slate-covered roofs; below, the straggling passers of a street as quiet as one in a small country town. At dawn and nightfall the echoes were awaked by the loud euphony of a marine Amazonian, singing at octave, "Caller haddie!" but the voice, with its bell-toned reverberation, had become so familiar that it disturbed not the contemplations of the ruminant student. He smoked on and read on, manifestly heeding little to indulge his gustatory faculties with "caller haddie." These apartments gave evidence of having long been occupied by student-lodgers. The chair and table-coverings were inked and faded, and the window-panes scratched with dates, initials, and names. It was long since the frames of the three or

four pictures had been gilded, and the angles of the marble chimney-piece had in a thousand places been chipped by the careless thrust of the poker. A small side-table was covered with books, instruments, and diagrams, and in no inconspicuous position were hung the thick, square-toed shoes in which their owner had performed his grand pedestrian feat. The dormitory was on the same floor, and the little camp-bed with its chintz hangings is still remembered. Frequently had Browning and myself kept up the "converse sweet" till the "wee hours," and often have I shared the contracted half of his narrow couch. His landlady was old, wrinkled, ugly; talked Scotch in its broadest measure, helped herself if the tea-caddy were left open, or the whisky-bottle unlocked up, and always declared that the cold joint was not eatable. She was an admirable specimen of a lodging-house keeper, and long practice in her vocation had rendered her *au fait* in many little matters and calculations only acquired by experience. But Browning was happy; and when he sat in his velveteen, puffed his pipe, ever and anon glanced over the Frith, and turned to the dry details of the scientific pages, he seemed as if his earthly desires were bounded, and neither the dingy furniture, the small rooms, his over-toppling altitude, nor the ugliness of his landlady and her peculations, gave disquiet. Time rolled away like waters to the sea.

Supper-time approached. The ancient matron put on an extra quantity of Dalkeith coals, which are as cheap and chalky as any coals in the island of Great Britain, gave an extra polish to the grate, and flapped a duster over the (not) rosewood chairs, then spread her fairest linen cloth over the inked table-cover, and jingled knives and forks, spoons, plates, and glasses, in all the chime and parade of festive array. Browning sedulously employed himself in arranging the pipes, filling the leaden box with Canaster, and drawing the corks of the Glenlivet and cognac, the sherry and gingeret, and opening little parcels of cakes and dried fruit, with which a few minutes before the capacious pockets of the old velveteen had been plethorically distended. The Prestonpans and the two bottles of port were placed at a little distance by the fire. An articulated skull, a *femur*, and the bones of a fore-arm were by chance on the dessert-table; but neither the antique woman nor yet Browning saw any inconsistency or out-of-placeness in their neighbouring with the previously enumerated articles. The one had during so many years seen remains of mortality in her rooms that they had become familiar to her, and *he* regarded them as sort of stock in trade.

"The door bell, ye ken! I munna stay, the gentles are coming," ejaculated the landlady, as she placed the sixth plate on the table and hurried out of the room.

"Dr. M'Mallows, I'm delighted to see you!" exclaimed Tom, as he clinched the hand of the first arrival.

"It's rather cauld the nicht, an' I did no till jist noo decide whether I sud come to meet ye, lads, and hae a chat. The croon has made a right gude fire!"

Dr. M'Mallows rubbed his hands and disrobed himself of an ancient cloak, then, at his friend's solicitation, backed himself into the only arm-chair which had ever been drawn to that hearth for more than twenty years. Dr. M'Mallows again rubbed his hands, then cast a complacent

look upon the anticipating condition of the table, the bunch of clean pipes, and the irregularly placed group of different sized bottles.

This gentleman prided himself in being one of the orthodox Scotch physicians; and a word in the way of description as we pass. More than sixty winters had turned to grizzle grey the bushy locks which swept the brightly greased collar of his coat. He was of broad and muscular build, and a fresh man for his years; his tall brow and pale visage, the slightly drooping shoulders, and not nicely balanced gait, were in accordance with the generally entertained notions of him who has spent life in the sedentary pursuits of books and learning. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, was never known to have on either a bleached shirt or white cravat; and it would almost seem that he wished his linen to harmonise with the locks of grizzle grey. A long dangling chain with ponderous seals swung at his fob, and a large carved jet brooch kept in subdued order the rumpled and flocculent frill which essayed to emerge from the bees'-waxed vest. He might be seen wending his way during all weathers in a large kind of Raymond Lully conformation of hat, and invariably he bore in his hand a corpulent cotton umbrella, which he struck with as hearty a knock on the flags as ever did Simeon the divine, or does Macaulay, surnamed the Lucky. This umbrella had once been green, but a long warring with sun and shower had transmuted the verdant tint into a nondescript shade. It looked painfully constricted by the metallic ring which circumvented its waist, and kept its otherwise flying parts in their proper position.

Dr. M'Mallows was a lecturer—a licensed lecturer—and his course was acknowledged by all the great medical bodies in all three kingdoms. He did not belong to the more aristocratic professional dignitaries of the college, but he always said it had been unfortunate for the university that he had not filled one of its numerous chairs. The town-council, who were and are still the nominators to those envied seats, he ever reviled, and said it was absurd to think that such unlettered ignoramuses could possibly detect genius, or properly elect candidates for the academical appointments. His pretensions were by no means common-place; he had, at various periods during his long career, lectured on anatomy, physic, medical jurisprudence, mineralogy, botany, and materia medica, and, had an offer been made by the patrons of the college, notwithstanding his ancient hatred to them, he would have accepted the professorship of Hebrew, Sanscrit, or music. Alas! the dream and hope of his life was never to be realised; the black silk toga, with its tasselled facings and silk frogs, was never destined to cover that veteran suit of rusty black. He was doomed to die an extra-academical.

The writer once made a flying visit to M'Mallows's lecture-room, which was situate within five minutes' walk of the college, and it certainly did not resemble those vast halls in the *Alma Mater* adjoining. By a low doorway you passed into a surgery crowded with litter, and lumber, and bottles. Here stood an empty packing-box, there a crate, once filled with phials, yonder a huge pestle-and-mortar, now never worked; the shelves to the right and left were occupied by labelled bottles and tin-covered jars possessing spoiled tinctures and decayed drugs in all stages of deterioration and in septeniards of dust, rendering these receptacles rather like unto newly-excavated rarities, in the way of

amphoræ from Pompeii or lumber from Wardour-street, than the articles to preserve the *armamenta remedium* of an orthodox Scotch physician. A clothes-line was diagonally stretched across the surgery, and on this were hung, in process of drying, certain of Dr. M'Mallows's cravats and shirt-fronts!

A subterranean sort of passage conducted to the lecture-room. This hall of science was not more than twenty feet by ten, and a set of narrow benches stretched across its narrowest dimensions. A slight elevation, or a mimic dais, was at the end, and on this stood a small table on which the lecturer exhibited his specimens. The time of the visit particularly mentioned was during a course of botany. The learned doctor had before him a goodly bundle of nettles and sour-docks, together with an heterogeneous pile of withered leaves and faded flowers, pasted on paper, which constituted his *hortus siccus*! Yes, these were the natural illustrations of the Linnæan system, and the Families of Jesseau. The disciple of science extracted from his breast a pair of tortoiseshell spectacles, and then, turning over a chaotic mass of embrowned and well-thumbed manuscripts, commenced his prelections to not less than an audience of half a dozen, two-thirds of whom were asleep, and the others with head poised upon one hand; but the doctor, honest man, went on, and talked about *stamens* and *pistils*, *brassicacæ* and *caryophyllæ*, with as much importance, and with apparently as keen a consciousness of the value of this department of science to practical medicine, as ever did Harvey when demonstrating the circulation, or Cullen when propounding his nosology. The surgery window and the window in the hall of science were so opaque with dirt that a kind of devotional gloom pervaded within, and it was no slight relief when the prelection was ended, and the doctor, shuffling together the soiled leaves of his manuscript, like an often-sorted pack of cards, said, "Noo, lads, that's a' the day; at our next meeting we'll gang on to the *ranunculaciæ*, an' I sall hae some king-cups to show ye as specimens."

When the reader ceased to read the sleepers awoke, and the entire audience left M'Mallows in the act of pouring some water into an earthen dish, in order to keep alive his vegetable specimens—specimens by which he taught candidates for the respective Colleges of Physicians in England, Ireland, and Scotland!

Towards his pupils he was familiar, sought their companionship, nor deemed it *infra dig.* to pay flying visits to their respective abodes, and take his toddy and a pipe. In this peculiarity it would seem that he preferred the company of youth to astute adult age, nor did he hesitate to join in the song or the jest, and laugh with the laughter of those who were scarcely a third of his years. On the Saturday afternoon, during his botanical course, the lecturer and his class would make excursions into the country, for the purpose of pursuing their science, and the doctor's quaint humour and store of odd tales in no slight degree enlivened these hebdomadal perambulations. If the day was hot and the roads dusty, the learned physician thought it not below his dignity to pass beneath the lintel of such an hostelry as Loudan Burn, and quench his thirst with the foaming tankard, when *Pentandrias* and *Monogamias* were generally forgotten for the day. Shade of M'Mallows, I would that I might longer dwell upon thine history!

The bell rings again, and the modern witch of Endor answers the summons. The lagging three arrive together. Here are Justus, Sam Howdie, and Roderick O'Brien, or, as we were wont to appellate him, Great Roderick! Justus was a little man, but of no mean qualifications, and much respected by all who knew him. He had received this cognomen in compliment to those high principles which he possessed, and when the fits of biliousness, to which he was a martyr, were not stirring the bile in his blood, he was a jovial and amusing companion. When his malady was in action, his intimate friends would suggest the necessity of a blue-pill, and at the next interview he was another man. His pugilistic propensities in these intellectual arenas, where the writer was wont to take up the gauntlet in argument, often gave rise to more than ordinary interest with those who stood by in the lists of debate, and his fluency of expression, great attainments, and aptness for casuistical disputation rendered him an antagonist whose panoply of character broke many a lance. Had he, instead of being the guest of Tom Browning, repaired to the Physical, he would have essayed to discover whether the author of the paper did or did not know all particulars relative to the conformation and properties of the *Fulgora Candelaria* and the *Lamproyris Noctiluca*.

Sam Howdie's talents were of milder character. He quietly packed away much information, never paraded it, and took no delight in those scientific controversies which had, on more than one occasion, well nigh carried Justus to the foot of Arthur's Seat with his second. Sam had a great and growing idea of the comforts of life, and the goal of his ambition was to have a pair of greys and a Dalmatian dog, to practise in May-Fair, and to inhabit a domicile well tricked up with scarlet curtains and graceful easy-chairs. For the rugged, utilitarian mode of life north of the Tweed he had no *penchant*. There was a presumption in him, amounting almost to a certainty, and founded on no mean causes of conviction, that the day would come when he would enjoy a kind of Lococonian celebrity.

The moment you fixed your eye on Roderick's face, good-humoured jollity beamed therefrom, like rays from Phœbus when riding at the zenith. Fat and sleek, having no innate liking for the consumption of midnight oil in his chambers alone, he frequently found the evening agreeably spent with some of the many friends by whom his society was sought and himself respected. Sprung from a family illustrious in the annals of science and literature, he was by no means destitute of capabilities, but the claims of ease, and a love to take the world as it came, shut out many of those sources of ambitious disquietude which fret the heart-strings of the more sensitive but not more sensible.

The cockyleekie soup in due time smoked upon the board, and so did the boiled haddie, which a sea-nymph had pronounced *caller* that very morning. Tom Browning, in compliment to his evening visitors, had thrown aside the favourite and faded velveteen, and encased himself in a sober suit of black, which, in addition to the natural sombreness of his features when in repose, conferred a parsonic appearance. When seated in the arm-chair at the end of the table—when you gazed upon that massive and towering brow, which was the outwork covering a very mine of raw material wherefrom might have been eliminated any quantity of

intellectual power—when with his small and well-shaped hand, on the lesser digit of which glistened in the lampbeams a modest gold ring, the *souvenir* from his lady-love, he raised the wooden beaker to his lips—and when you heard his convincing *suaviter* of expression, it was impossible to deny that there *were* reasons for his compeers dubbing him *Gentleman Browning*! One might have said something about a well-developed calf and little foot, of whose symmetry he did not hesitate to vaunt, like poor Kit North of his flaxen tresses and blue eyes, but *they* were now under the table.

“My dear doctor, I hope you like the cockyleekie. Never mind any infringement of the laws of fashion by not daring to partake of soup or fish twice; we have at these moments no servile critics on our *mode*, nor have we any Beau Tibbs to preach *about* high society, nor Brummells professing to be *of* it. Another ladle, my dear doctor—do?”

“The croon has made it so gude, ye ken, I’ll hae anither.”

The learned man thrust forward his concave plate, at the same time smacking his lips in evident gusto at the savoury meats which his heart loved.

“Could you, Dr. M’Mallows, if forced into a corner with *’pon your honour*, tell the composition of this national dish, which in hue and aspect, as well as in taste and smell, is like unto no compound of which I ever partook, whether French, German, or Italian?” asked I, with a half-suppressed smile.

“Milford, I regret very much that an unavoidable engagement has precluded the attendance of our Hebredian friend, or he would have relieved the doctor of reply. You forget not what I promised you as we this morning went to Loudan Burn. You will unquestionably perceive, Dr. M’Mallows, that Milford’s roguish eye is full of bandying satire, and that he will throw pebbles at *puir Saundie*—small pebbles, though—only small—and I really wish you would take him to task. Roderick, what say you to the cockyleekie? If you approve of this particular essay of the *artiste*, you will, I know, emulate the example of the learned gentleman on my right, and break through the tinsel trappings of fashionable formality?”

Roderick confirmed the previously enunciated opinion on the part of the orthodox physician, and avowed that cockyleekie was quite equal to that fragmentary mixture called Irish stew.

Justus would take no more on *principle*. He thrust his fingers into the inter-button spaces of his vest, and was ready to argue—according to his wont on the floor of the Medical, and as he would have done that night had the Fire-fly paper been read at the Physical—he was ready to argue, it is repeated, that an obscure knot of half a dozen had no moral right to break through the conventional usages of society, and especially as that half-dozen were located in what was *Anglicè* the attic story. It was his opinion that there savoured something of presumption in this, with all due deference to his kind-hearted friend who then and there entertained them; indeed, he iterated in conclusion that, as a matter of *principle*, he should take no more cockyleekie.

Sam Howdie, with a faint, melodramatic smile, shook his head and assured the defiers of fashion that they did not do things thus in May-Fair.

“Maister Milford,” ejaculated M‘Mallows, who had for a time been silent on two accounts—firstly, because the emptying of his concave plate was manifestly a matter of importance; secondly, because the energetic outburst of Justus drowned every other voice—“Maister Milford,” continued he, “ye askit me the noo relative to the composeetion o’ our cockyleekie, ye’ll maybe tell us how many gallons o’ water they put to the ane turnip and sheep’s-head in making English brose? I weel remember what awfu’ thin stuff it is, and how waur to our ain gude hotch-potch. When ye lads leave auld Reekie, ye’ll often prate o’ the good dishes of auld Scotland. Tam, I’ll be free, an’ ask ye for a becker o’ Glenlivet dew—a caulker, as Kit says.”

“My dear doctor, ’tis an omission on my part. Roderick, will you kindly pass up the sherry, and Dr. M‘Mallows will, perhaps, prefer it to the whisky?”

“Nay—nay, a drap o’ speerit in preference, if you please.”

“I do admire your national feelings, doctor, I do indeed; and when I am ‘over the hills and far awa,’ I shall not unfrequently resuscitate in memory the happy hours of the present by well-timed revivals of northern customs.”

“I can weel imagine that the vicinage of Salisbury Plain and Salisbury Crags confer different feelings!”

The second course was served, and this consisted of boiled capons, of haggis dressed in strict accordance with Caledonian palates, and a saddle of as fine mutton as Blair Athol ever *grew*, or Gowrie fattened, to repeat Browning’s expression, &c. The seakale, the currant-jelly, Hibernian apples, Prestonpans, *omniaque alia* superadded, constituted the *substantialities* of a repast not unworthy the attention of modern Diomedes and Beau Leans. When Roderick dissected (we hope the reader will pardon an expression made at such time and by such men)—dissected the dorsal muscles of that nicely browned saddle, the fleshy cavity was instantler filled to very overflowing with gravy that would have honoured a similar joint from Yorkshire Moors or Sussex Downs. M‘Mallows, who was somewhat versed in gastronomy, selected not the scraggy pickings on that osseous dish of face and trotters, and modestly chose to resign it to those who were ambitious of becoming connoisseurs on Scottish nationalities.

“Your vaunted sheep’s-head and shankies is a bony dish, doctor, considering its widespread partiality in this division of his Majesty’s dominions!” observed I, with an arch look at the orthodox man. “Neither Kitchener nor Meg Dods should make me praise it.”

“And sae are the beast’s cheeks which English paupers *smell* at twice a week in your ain parish prisons, Maister Milford!” was the reply, with a significant nod.

“By such remarks, if I mistake not,” said Justus, “a slanting reflection is made on the dietary of the English poor. Now, Dr. M‘Mallows, with every proper deference to your extensive knowledge of men and things in general, I do aver that it would be ridiculous to compare the provisions made on each side of the Tweed for those whom Providence has placed within the pale of poverty. Since the suppression of religious houses in the reign of Elizabeth, the English legislature has made a legal provision—a provision whose bounty is never denied where penury and

want lay claim. In Scotland the Malthusian sophistry prevails,* and what an excuse is that false doctrine for avarice and uncharitableness. I maintain, sir, that in English workhouses the inmates do subsist on something more than a bi-hebdomadal smell at bullock's-cheek, and that their fare is as much superior to that parochial bill of fare supplied to the wretched denizens of the Cowgates and Canongates, as this very inviting saddle is to the mass of bones before our worthy entertainer. You are aware that both statesmen and political economists have given it in deliberate opinion that the fare of pauperism should be merely a degree lower than that of the independent labourer—not higher, because that would place a premium upon poverty. I have incidentally made this rejoinder as a matter of *principle*, for I think your answer to Milford was a significant one—that you included in it a gentle rap at the machinery of our parochial relief system—and, too, at the *powers that be*.”

“*That I deny*, as your ain impious Sterne begins ane of his sermons. Maister Justus, ye know nothing about the provisions o’ the puir here. The Kirk deems it to be its special duty to minister to the wants o’ misfortune and penury, and the weekly offerings cast into the plates of charity will do more gude in proportion than the extorted taxes after your ain plan. Frame a legislative enactment for the puir, an’ by it keep them when they dinna like to work, an’ ye offer a reward to idleness—and idleness begets vice and misery. Under that state of things the honest and industrious have to support the slothful and improvident. A loon may say he’ll no handle a shuttle or sickle, and compel his parish to grant him an allowance. A state of society like that in which we live ought not to need rigorous laws to coerce weel-thinkin’ citizens into the plain and obvious path of duty; mere sympathy, and the elementary knowledge of Christian virtues, should be sufficient to ensure the object in question. Then free Scotland, by her *voluntary* provision, professes a higher grade of civilisation than her prouder neebour. In ancient days things were different. The martial spirit animating Greece and Rome inculcated more discipline—and discipline begets order and prudence; hence there was not that need of the state taking such cognisance of these matters. Adam Smith expatiates on this fact.

“Ye spak o’ Malthus. I hold to the Malthusian philosophy, and believe it to be as much an exponent of moral truths as Cullen’s system is of morbid phenomena. The Malthusians maintain that no national arrangements are required, that the misery and inconveniences arising from vice and misconduct are the surest means of correcting their sequent—poverty, and that there is always sufficient charity and benevolence to relieve the demands of those in distress. They also point out the great fact: the stigma of officially recognised pauperism debases the applicant, and renders him in every respect a more degraded character, and a less energetic and self-relying individual. ‘The poor-laws of England,’ remarks Malthus, ‘were undoubtedly instituted for the most benevolent purpose, but it is evident they have failed in attaining it. . . . If they had never existed, the aggregate mass of happiness among the common people would have been much greater than at present.’† Does Justus mean to argue that the squalid cellar-bred millions in your ain manufacturing

* Since then the New Poor Law has been introduced into Scotland.

† Malthus’s “Population,” book iii. chap. vi.

towns are in a more elevated condition than the feckless bodies o' Glasgow or Paisley? Or will Browning there contend that the Hampshire or Dorsetshire peasants are more enlightened than the cultivators o' the soil in the Lothian or Gowrie? Again, the gude crowdie we gie them is more flesh and blude makin' than the awsome brose—the aqueous slops o' your Bridewell warkhouses!"

"Gentlemen," said I, "if the parochial machinery of Scotland is so much superior to that of the southern division of the empire, how is it that in the very centre of this metropolis there are scenes of destitution and distress which find no parallel (Ireland always excepted) in any old state in Europe—scenes of moral and physical debasement that have been aptly termed *civilised barbarism*." The frightful epidemic fever which now rages has been traced to the first case, and that case was in the person of a poor and neglected widow, who received from the parish but sixpence a week, and, too, at a time when she was utterly incapable of exertion!* Has not fever from time immemorial been the constantly recurring plague of Scotland until this city has, like Milton's devil, gained a *bad eminence* for the opportunities of studying that appalling malady, and have not foreigners long repaired hither for that special purpose? It would be erroneous to say that it is unavoidably endemic, because it ever rages most where there is the greatest poverty and the lowest scale of living—chiefly amongst the destitute and those who are literally half-starving. Our learned friend has vaunted of the voluntary system in meeting their exigencies, but he must be aware of the unfairness of this method—that the burden is oppressive to the benevolent and well-disposed, and that the avaricious and dishonest may, without ceremony or inconvenience, evade a moral if not legal obligation. The old assumption of their being a higher degree of intelligence amongst the poor here than in England becomes, on investigation, also a doubtful position. In Glasgow every tenth house sells spirits; there is a vendor of whisky to every thirty-five families, and an unexaggerated calculation has shown that every Saturday night thirty thousand in that city are brutally drunk!† It is much to be regretted that there are not more brewers and fewer distillers—the change in this respect would conduce no little to the health and happiness of the lower orders, and tend to diminish the frightful increase of crime. In England there are many disgraceful features in the poor-law operations which equally call for remedy, and which will in the process of time be corrected. There is no truer index of the tone of the public mind than that exercised in the concerns and destiny of our less fortunate fellows—of those whom Providence has pleased to place in the lowest walks of social life. Raise them morally, intellectually, and in so doing the love for domestic comforts, and the hope for better days will incite to energy, and beget industry and prudence—leave them to starvation and neglect, and they will become more and more debased, and wallow still deeper in the mire of vice and crime!"

The timely introduction of the third course terminated this discussion on Malthusian doctrines, and Dr. M'Mallows evidently felt that he had in a suitable manner replied to the reflecting way in which a reference had been made to the now removed sheep's-head, and was not inclined to pursue the argument.

* Fact.

† Fact.

RAILWAY LITERATURE ABROAD.

WE have often thought that the character of a nation might be admirably read in the mode of locomotion it employs, and the means to which it has recourse to kill time during the tedious process of travelling. At the present day, when the lord and the lout are placed on an equality as regards the speed at which they are hurled along, and Messrs. Smiths' excellent bookstalls supply mental pabulum to both at an equally cheap rate, railway literature has become a distinct feature of our age. Hence we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to tell our readers something anent the progress of this branch of literature abroad. But first, a word as to the antiquity of this species of literature, and its gradual emergence from the class of Tourists' Guides, until it attained a magnitude of which even Messrs. Routledge's plethoric catalogue furnishes but a faint idea.

We dare say it will surprise our readers as much as it did ourselves to hear that a special branch of literature, exclusively intended for travellers, was commenced so far back as the sixteenth century, but such is the fact. About that period, travelling had begun to be an institution on the Continent. The cities had conquered their feudal lords; trade and commerce were highly flourishing; the robber knights, erst the terror of peaceable merchants, had been put down by the strong arm of the law; and although we cannot assert that the roads were as safe as at present, still the progress made in the right direction was, comparatively, great. The large highways were kept in a decent state of repair, and the forests were cut down which had so long served as a shelter for the banditti. As a natural consequence, the literati of the age took advantage of this exceptional state of matters to augment their knowledge of men and things, and travels for other purposes than purchasing a firkin of butter became the rule. Those persons who were unable to travel satisfied their thirst for knowledge by reading what their more fortunate brethren wrote about the sights they had seen, and the recent discovery of America with its fabled wealth was beginning to set the whole world in motion. The consequence of this was, that the Murray of the day hit on the idea of bringing out books expressly for the use of travellers, among them being the "*Apodemica, or Introduction,*" showing how a traveller could combine the *utile* with the *dulce*. The first book of this sort was brought out by an Italian, Grataroli, and was entitled "*De regimine iter agentium, vel equitum, vel peditum, vel navi, vel curru, seu rhedâ.*" (1562.) His example was followed in 1577 by Theodore Zwerger, of Basel, under the more simple title "*Methodus Apodemica in eorum gratiam qui cum fructu peregrinari cupiunt.*" We fancy that these books must have enjoyed but a limited circulation, for they were written in Latin, a language not generally understood of the people.

The seventeenth century checked the passion for travelling. England and Germany were desolated by intestine wars, which rendered travelling dangerous if not impossible. People preferred to stay at home and not run the risk of being mixed up in a street brawl. The roads, too, even after the return of peace, were in a most unsatisfactory condition, even worse than in a time of war; for bands of discharged soldiers set up as

robbers and assassins, and carried on their trade in defiance of the law. Homeless vagabonds wandered about from village to village, and the evil attained such proportions that it led to the institution in Germany of the passport (*cum certis testimoniis*). England, too, was not in much better condition, and a reference to the Newgate Calendar will show us that highwaymen knew their best days during the reign of the Stuarts. At the same time, travellers were compelled to make their journeys on horse-back, for the roads were utterly neglected, and too bad for carriages, while the vehicles themselves were the personification of misery. We can hence easily form an idea of the state of the hostels along the high-roads and in the outlying towns, but even in the largest cities of Germany the inns were miserable dens, where the traveller was only certain of finding rough fare and abuse. Erasmus detected this fact in his Rhenish travels so far back as 1515, and has left us a most graphic account in his *Colloquia Familiaria*, under the heading of *Diversoria*. Not only were the inns bad, but they too often served as a lurking place for robbers, whose accomplice the host was, and any traveller was much to be pitied whom hard fate compelled to pass a night in one of these ruffianly holes. But it must not be supposed that England and Germany enjoyed a monopoly of these evils; Italy, the home of Abellino and Rinaldo Rinaldino, and Spain, were equally feared by the traveller, and have managed to retain this unenviable notoriety even to the present day. How princes fared in those days Ludwig Bechstein furnishes us with an instructive anecdote. The Princes Bernhard and Albert von Sachsen Meiningen set out for Tübingen in 1606, where they were about to study. They occupied a whole day in travelling ten miles, and reached their night's halting place with a broken axle. The next day the same accident occurred. Such being the condition of the roads, it is not surprising that Tourists' Guides were not in great demand.

One progress, however, was made during the Thirty Years' War: an enterprising individual started a postal service between Hildesheim and Hamburg in 1640. This was followed in 1683 by a stage between Heilbronn and Heidelberg, then by one between Leipzig and Dresden in 1686, and it may be assumed that by 1705 such conveyances were running on all the high-roads. But the roads were in their old wretched condition; there were no *chaussée* or milestones; and even Prussia, who justly boasts of her progress, allowed the modes of communication to remain in this pitiable state so late as 1787. The carriages were bad and clumsy, generally open cars with unstuffed seats, or unprotected vans. Eventually they had a canvas covering put over them, but the seats still remained perfect instruments of torture, and the vehicles terribly heavy, down to the Peace of Luneville. Carriages with springs were unknown in Germany till 1800. One especial nuisance for the traveller was the indefinite time he might remain at a town waiting for another coach to carry him on. How badly the postal service was arranged is evident from the fact that a letter took nine days in going from Frankfort to Berlin in the last century. Even so important an event as the death of Frederick the Great, Goethe tells us in one of his letters, was only known at Carlsbad a week later in the form of a rumour.

But in spite of all these drawbacks travelling was becoming a necessity in Germany as in other countries. The roads were certainly safer,

and by slow degrees were being improved. The baths, especially Spa and Pyrmont, attracted guests from all parts of Europe. Once again, as in the sixteenth century, a desire to see the world and its wonders burst forth. Every Englishman of rank was not considered to have completed his education until he had made the "Grand Tour." Still, it must not be supposed that the rich and high-born alone availed themselves of this opportunity. A feeling for the beauties of nature had been aroused by the English poets, for artistic productions by Winckelmann, for Gothic edifices by Herder and Goethe. More and more travellers flocked to Italy and Switzerland, and, as a natural consequence, handbooks sprang again into birth. In 1766, Köhler published his "Directions for Travelling Wisely," and in 1791, Count Berchtoldt brought out his "Directions for Travellers." The manufacture of guide books now became a regular profession, and Reichardt of Gotha soon grew into a European celebrity by his admirable "Guides des Voyageurs." His "Handbook for Travellers of all Ranks," published in 1785, reached a second edition in 1791; and his still more practical book, "The Traveller on his Journey through Germany and some Adjoining Countries," attained an enormous circulation. Although this book has been greatly improved on since, it must be regarded as the parent of the present race of travelling handbooks. This branch of literature received a great impetus by the publication, in 1793, of Ebel's valuable "Directions for Travelling in Switzerland," which reached a third edition in 1810, and for more than a quarter of a century remained the companion of all travellers in Switzerland who did not believe that a great book was a great evil. At the same time this work, of which a poor French translation still survives, supplied much material for later handbooks. The numerous large editions of these handbooks taken off, as well as the publication of Zober's "The German Wanderer," prove how greatly the necessity of travelling was felt, so that at last no German was looked on as thoroughly educated who had not done his tour. At the same time, too, everything was being done to promote the comfort of travellers, and with the termination of the old war Germany took a lesson from England in the management of the postal service, which, in 1816, had attained in the latter country the height of perfection. The slow, heavy, and inconvenient carts were converted into Eilwagen and diligences, the horses changed for the better, and a regular system of communication was established. We are bound to add, however, that to the last moment there was much room for improvement in German stage coaches. They were even worse than the French diligences, and that is saying a good deal, for we can still remember with horror a forty-eight hours' journey we once accomplished, for our sins, from Paris to Strasburg. Hand in hand with the improvement of the public vehicles was that of the inns, which gradually grew into splendid hotels. The material enjoyments and comforts, which all travellers might not have at home, heightened the zest, and set all the world agog to see what their neighbours were doing. All civilised nations entered with spirit into this competition to render travellers comfortable, and the postal and hotel system gradually assumed a European character, owing to the constant intercommunication, while territorial and local manners disappeared. With this change sprang up too an entirely new class of travellers, generically known as tourists, who made

a profession of travelling, and returned home to clear their expenses by publishing their "Impressions de Voyage." The parentage of this entire class may safely be referred to Yorick's "Sentimental Journey," and Thümmell's "Travels through the South of France."

This progress of locomotion and the circumstances connected with it increased in a wondrous manner so soon as steam became the motive power, and seas, lakes, and rivers were traversed by steamers. Travelling has since become common property; it has been democratised (if we may use the term), while the romantic and adventurous charm formerly attaching to travelling has been lost. It is not the place here to discuss the wonderful effect the introduction of steam has exerted in behalf of civilisation; we can only refer to the effect which this revolution in travelling has produced upon that branch of literature which devotes itself to the spirit and purpose of travel.

As the first step, the old travelling handbooks went out of date. The routes were altered; entire lines of communication went out of fashion, while others took their place. Towns, which had formerly served as stations whence travellers made their excursions, lost their importance; insignificant places, hitherto hardly known or carelessly passed by the traveller, assumed a prominent rank; rivers till now only navigated by barges, became, with the introduction of steamers, the favourite resorts of the travellers; and while new hotels sprang up in the form of palaces, other inns of former repute were shut up. John Murray was the first to recognise the impending change in continental travel, and produced that memorable series of handbooks which are as indispensable to the travelling Englishman as his passport. The editions followed in rapid succession, and the publisher was thus enabled to introduce annually all the changes that had occurred, as well as the names of any new hotels and public establishments that had been opened. Very great care and attention have been devoted to these handbooks, and hence they are as instructive as they are amusing, even for the stay-at-home traveller. The most successful are probably those relating to Southern Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Of "The Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland and the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont," the *Quarterly Review* recently published a eulogium as truthful as it was well merited. There is no doubt of its being the very best handbook yet published, and we can recommend it strongly to our readers. As the *Quarterly* justly says of it, the fair way to judge of its value is to compare the present edition with the first, and thus see with what anxious care Mr. Murray watches over the improvement of his handbooks.

A German publisher, Bädeler, has taken Murray's Handbooks as a basis, and we are bound to allow that, in accuracy of detail and clearness, he has left nothing to be desired; for Bädeler trusts to no eyes but his own. Thus handbooks have become the indispensable companions of all German tourists, for they supply the largest amount of information in the smallest possible space. Other German handbooks we can commend are those published by Griebel, Jahn's handbook, full of illustrations, and, above all, Ernst Förster's books. The latter are chiefly devoted to towns, rather than to routes, and are important through their constant reference to the arts. This is more especially true of Förster's valuable "Handbook for Travellers in Italy." We may also mention the Travelling

Manuals published at Hamburg, which also pay considerable attention to the arts. But on a careful comparison of these handbooks (always excepting those of Förster) with the series published by Murray, we find the comparison decidedly in favour of the latter. Probably, however, this is referable to the different requirements of the German and English public. The German traveller only requires such books for reference, the English for perusal as well. Besides, the travelling class of English is generally taken from the higher ranks, while in Germany every class of society is represented. Hence in Murray we only find the names of first-rate hotels; in the German handbooks those of second and third-rate inns, wine and beer rooms, even the best cigar shops, enumerated. This is of great value to the German traveller, while the Englishman does not require it. Again, too, the German, with his encyclopædic turn of mind, requires the greatest amount of detail, and cares little for the adventitious charm of style; while with the Englishman just the contrary is thought desirable.

In France, people until recently were satisfied with post and railway guides and maps, while the few handbooks published were wretched productions, not even possessing the recommendation of correctness. But when Murray and the Germans entered the field, France could not be behindhand, and even tried to surpass her competitors. Thus originated the travelling handbooks of Joanne and Richard, as well as Du Pays, which are very creditable specimens of French taste; in truth, they are not mere guides, but instructive books, which may be read with pleasure and profit by the fireside. While all these changes were going on—while hotels were being built for the accommodation of the numerous travellers, an equally great alteration was impending in the “literature of the rail.” Such an experiment was necessarily tried in England, for here we travel much and are not peculiarly inclined to make promiscuous acquaintances. Strange to say, this branch of literature owes its origin to Macaulay, who first comprehended, or perhaps first uttered the remark, that rail and steam routes might furnish a new and excellent mode of communication for the extension and promotion of education. The design and tendency of these railway libraries are so admirably described in the prospectus to “Brockhaus’s Travelling Library,” that we may allow ourselves an extract: “Railways and steamers have exercised an extraordinary influence over the life of nations, and still exercise it in a progressive degree. Travelling has attained enormous, unparalleled proportions. Everybody travels more, tenfold more, and further than formerly—every man experiences more than formerly in a given time. Time has hence attained an increased value; it is become the more precious the more you can effect with it. And yet, while so much time is saved and gained by the present mode of travelling, much is lost on the other hand. In our former slower and more social travels we could enjoy the surrounding scenery at our ease. Now, we travel hundreds of miles through slow and uninteresting scenery before we begin our actual tour. Formerly, fellow travellers conversed much together: now, any lengthened conversation is impossible, through the noise of the wheels. And when we sit silently opposite each other, when the company does not attract us, when bad weather confines us for hours to the cabin, are we not too often tormented with ennui, and vexed at the

loss of precious time ? But there is one method of guarding against these little miseries of human life and travel, which would otherwise destroy our pleasure—we mean ‘reading an interesting book.’ ”

The idea that emanated from Lord Macaulay was soon taken up by two eminent London publishers, Murray and Longman, the former starting the “Readings for the Rail,” the latter the “Travellers’ Library.” The plan on which they are based is so far similar in that they have no settled plan. Longmans produced old books of repute—Macaulay’s Essays, and a multitude of books of travel and adventure—very amusing reading certainly, but having no special reference to the interests of travellers. In the same way Murray’s list contains many excellent books, which, however, might as well be read at home as on the rail. Both appear to have the common object of reproducing standard works at the lowest remunerative price. Their example was followed by Routledge in his “Railway Library,” chiefly composed of novels and books of light literature, very amusing, but not the sort of books a railway library should contain in order to carry out its purpose properly.

On the other hand, the “Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer,” established by Hachette in Paris, and intended to contain five hundred volumes, is arranged after a settled plan, and, according to the prospectus, is intended to give the traveller all possible information about any interesting points along the road, and while amusing them honestly (*honnêtement*), designed to instruct at the same time. The books Hachette produces are subdivided into the following categories : Guides des voyageurs, works of history and travel, French romances, plays and poetry, translations from foreign languages, works relating to agriculture, trade, inventions, and discoveries, and finally, even picture books for children, that they may keep quiet and not disturb their parents during the journey. Worthy of remark is the agreement entered into, in 1852, between Hachette and all the administrations of French railways, by which he obtained for eighteen years the exclusive right of selling every description of artistic and literary wares which railway travellers may require. He has thus established a perfect monopoly, allowing no publication to be sold on the lines except those passing through his hands. The trade have not forgotten to protest, Napoléon Chaix being the spokesman, but Hachette can afford to laugh at such remonstrances, and so long as he produces such excellent books as those that now grace his library, he will have no occasion to fear any competitor.

In Brussels, Vanderauwera has started a “Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer” in a waistcoat-pocket form, too small for eyes or hands. This series is made up of very quaint materials : memoirs, voyages, biographies, extracts from interesting articles in the leading English and French Reviews, &c. As a curious fact, it may be stated that even in Russia, where railways are so far behindhand, a “Library for Railways and Steamers” is published, a collection of old and new romances, fables, and stories, partly original, partly translated. It is probable that this scheme is aided by the uninteresting nature of the country, the distance between the stations, and, above all, by a craving for reading, the result of the strict censorship, and the deficiency of authors in Russia ; but, at any rate, more than one hundred volumes of this series have been already published at Sedeg, and others are announced as in preparation.

Turning to Germany, we find railway literature in that country only in its infancy. This is strange in a land which so loudly boasts its educational superiority over all other nations, but a slight glance at the circumstances will easily account for it. In the first place, the publishers of cheap literature in Germany have many difficulties to contend against. The sale of books to railway travellers requires settled arrangements (such as are carried out in such perfection by Messrs. Smith and Son), and if these depended on the publishers alone the matter might be easily settled; but they have to take the swarm of officials into consideration. A monopoly, as in France, would not be desirable; and, indeed, in Germany, where you travel through three principalities in a day, it would be practically impossible. As a general rule, German *employés* would be only too glad to make a holocaust of every printed book, and hang the writers, so that the difficulties to be contended with are augmented by their sullenness and obstinacy. The system in vogue in North America appears the best to alleviate the dilemma. In that country publishers make certain arrangements with the railway directories as to permission for the sale of their books on the lines. When a steamer or train is about starting, a privileged salesman goes among the travellers and offers them mental pabulum, generally consisting, at the outset, of newspapers. During the journey the same salesman makes his periodical appearance, changing the wares he has to offer from grave to gay, from lively to severe, according to the requirements of his numerous customers. In this manner the travelling public are supplied with agreeable books at no great trouble or expense. It is true that this mode of circulating literature is materially aided and abetted in America by the arrangement of the carriages, which communicate with each other. Another circumstance prejudicial to German publishers is, that German is not so well understood by the general rank of travellers as are English and French, and foreigners seldom or ever purchase a German book. Lastly, although the Germans are probably the greatest travellers in the world, the majority of the people only make short summer excursions, during which they prefer looking out of the windows. This combination of circumstances renders the circulation of railway libraries, like those established in England and France, extremely small, and the publishers have turned their attention to the selection of works which form a good popular library, at a cheap price, and of a capital shape. We will proceed to analyse the series of the Messrs. Brockhaus, as furnishing the best idea of the manner in which a German publisher tries to suit the multifarious wants of his customers.

In the first place, Messrs. Brockhaus have made a selection of all the best German authors, and entrusted them with a description of various itineraries through their fatherland. These books, while serving as guides in some measure, are written at the same time with great care and taste, and really form most interesting reading, for they leave no legend unemployed, no historical event unmentioned. Among these works we may mention, with special commendation, "A Railway Trip through Westphalia," by Levin Schucking, and many others of the same class, forming an admirable railway tour in themselves, and thoroughly exhausting the subject. Among other books in this series deserving mention, we may refer our readers to Rank's "Schillershäuser," a detailed account of Schiller's various residences worked up into an

admirable biography of the great poet. For those who like to read about battle, murder, and sudden death, we find Gustav von Berneck's "Battles round Leipzig," and the humorous branch is well represented in Gustäcker's delicious "Travelling Adventures of Mr. Mahlhuber" and Ernst Kossak's "Swiss Trip." But hardly one of these travelling books will be read with such interest as the selection from Willibald Alexis's great work, under the title of "The Traveller's Pitaval." A passage from the preface is most characteristic, as affording a comparison between the comforts of to-day and the misery and dangers to which old travellers were exposed :

"No highwayman can now rush out upon us from a bend of the road. The whistle of the locomotive, however shrill and ear-piercing it may sound, is not the whistle from the bush, upon which two fellows spring out to the horses' heads, and twice as many to the carriage doors, to make us get out, mayhap carry us off to the mountains. Lastly, where are the suspicious hostleries in the forest, when we bolted the door in our terror, and hardly dared to get into bed lest it might sink through a trap with us? All this is veiled in obscurity; and even if an elegant swell-mobsman may seat himself by our side, a bill warn us in the station against pickpockets, or an unscrupulous rogue let himself be locked in the luggage-van to break open our trunks with his false keys and jemmies, still these are exceptional cases, and cannot be compared to the adventures our travelling forefathers had. Would it not be pleasant for us, as we nestle in the comfortable corner, God and the police taking care of us, and leaving the responsibility to the guards and conductors, to think of those times when every bush contained a thief, and every host, in whose house we were forced to stop for a night, appeared a highly suspicious character?"

Two other series, of a different character, though equally meritorious, we have before us in the shape of Weber's "Illustrated Travellers' Library," and Lorck's "Library of Conversation and Travel." The former is exclusively devoted to description of countries and towns through which travellers mostly pass, and accounts of the principal objects worth seeing. These volumes are then, in the strict sense of the term "Handbooks," so far resembling Jahn's series in the fact of being illustrated, but differing from them by their reference to special districts and localities, as, for instance, Paris, Heligoland, the Valley of the Elbe, Switzerland, Sydenham, &c. Lorck's Library has the character of Longman's "Travellers' Library," as it is composed of works not specially referring to the requirements of travellers. A few of them are original, and we may mention in terms of praise August Diezmann's "Leipzig;" but the majority of the volumes are translations of noted English and French books. A library for travellers, started by Otto Wigand, under the title "Reading for the Rail," has been discontinued, as well as a humorous series, commencing by an amusing book by "Glassbrenner," called "Refreshments."

It is worth remarking that both in France and Germany the publishers prefer farming the books, the copyrights remaining with the authors, who are paid a royalty on each copy sold. How this system works it is impossible to say; but it appears as if it were satisfactory, when we find Messrs. Hachette able to secure the services of all the best

romance writers. Of course England has gained the day in the amount of her book production ; but whether publishers have acted wisely in not paying more attention to quality, is a moot point. The excessive competition has flooded the market with American rubbish, merely reprinted to save the expense of copyright, and so long as the public was under the mania that every book was good because it was cheap, things went on very well. But a change is now impending over our railway literature: the public are surfeited with the gaily-decorated covers that beset them at every station, and the natural revulsion has set in. But our publishers are inventive geniuses in their way, and we have no doubt they will do their best to keep up public excitement at fever heat. For some time past the character of our railway literature has been improving, and the public have grown critical judges of the wares offered them, so that books are beginning to sell on their merits—a consummation much to be desired. The general tendency for cheapness has brought books into the market which, two years ago, a publisher would have shuddered to produce at any but the standard price, and there can be no doubt that cheap and good literature is one of the most powerful factors in popular education. Hence we should much regret to find that over-production had in any way checked the taste for reading which has recently sprung up among the people. At any rate, it is a cheering sign of the vitality of cheap literature to see that our Gallic and German friends have been forced into the same track.

In conclusion, we may mention that, after due consideration, we are bound to give the preference to Messrs. Hachette's railway literature before all their rivals; and if circumstances do not prevent them carrying out their original design, they will eventually produce a library which may serve as a model for the rest, and from which our publishers should take a useful hint in time.

SHOTTERY.

A POET'S DAY-DREAM.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

TENDER leaves were growing, growing
 Greenly from the germs of spring,
 And the lark was rising, rising
 Skyward on its golden wing—
 Rosy-gold with tints of sunlight,
 Tremulous in the cooling dew,
 With a liquid shower of music
 Dripping downward from the blue
 Domed above the verdant meadow,
 O'er the garden and the wold—
 Heaven one clear celestial sapphire,
 Earth one radiant emerald.

Treading down the crisped grasses
 Tufted o'er with wrinkled roots
 Of the yellow-blossomed cowslip,
 Mingled with innumerable shoots
 Crowned by buttercup and daisy,
 Floral children of the sward—
 All my senses drank the sweetness
 Nature's vernal charms afford.
 Little reck'd my soul of sorrow,
 Scanning all that fertile scene,
 Ruddy barn and whitened cottage
 Glimpsing orchard-boughs between.
 Down a distant dale the cuckoo
 Piped its mellow-dropping song :
 Near the hawthorn-hedge the blackbird
 Warbled dewy briars among,
 As the russet path I sauntered,
 Trailed along the budding lea,
 Crossed by rural stile and thicket
 Down to pleasant Shottery :
 Down to where the hamlet straggled
 'Mid the bowering elms of May,
 All its blooming orchards blushing
 Redly in the solar ray.
 Here, methought, in eves forgotten,
 Here in happy days gone by,
 Trod the Lover's step elated,
 Beamed the Bard's enamoured eye :
 Here that Voice that summoned shadows
 From the solemn land of dreams,
 Breathed that gentlest word of passion
 That the human tongue besseems—
 Word of sadness, word of madness
 Should it unrequited prove,
 Word replete with God-born gladness,
 Echoed back that word of—Love.
 Such the holy truth he whispered
 When to claim a bride he came,
 Meekly as a common suitor,
 He the future Lord of Fame :
 Bending down to murmur softly,
 Through affection's inmost sense,
 All those troths that youth can plight in
 Tones so tender and intense :
 Smoothing down her hair as fondly
 As along a mother's breast,
 Move the little hands that dimple
 O'er the vital fount carest :
 Turning to her gaze as gladly
 As the eagle greets the sun,
 When its burning beams together
 Seem concentrating in one.
 Dowerless though that village beauty,
 Lowly though that stripling bard,
 Yet their love is still remembered,
 All its early bloom unmarred.

For within his bosom latent
 Lay the embryos of power,
 Sleeping like the seed the sunbeam
 Wakens to a golden flower :
 Sleeping till their God, Ambition,
 With most gentle voice of might—
 Woke their silence into music !
 Woke their darkness into light !
 Wreath of bay, the poet's laurel,
 Not till then his brow could bind,
 Not till fancied realms were peopled
 With the marvels of his mind.
 Yet a glory graced that forehead
 Calm, yon virgin bent above,
 When her maiden smiles of pleasure
 Trembled into tears of love.
 'Neath the honeysuckle porchway,
 Standing proudly by her side,
 Thus the Prince of Coming Ages
 Called the Cottager his bride :
 Brooding o'er her fitful blushes
 Fondly as a lover could
 Who in them beheld the promise
 Of his life's beatitude :
 Saw in her the hinted semblance
 Of yet unimagined grace,
 By his soul's creative genius
 Bodied forth to Fame's embrace :
 And from every charm suggestive
 Of those visions all divine,
 Drained more raptures than replenish
 Crystal cups of ruby wine.
 Lovely shapes and fair prefigured
 In her form's symmetric guise,
 And the light of lives celestial
 Gleaming in her gentle eyes.
 Fawn-like Imogen affrighted
 In the haggard cave's recess :
 Pale Miranda shifting covert
 Glances from the shifting chess :
 Tender Juliet from her casement
 Bending as some rose of June ;
 When like Jessica's her blushes
 Glowed beneath the silver moon :
 Pensive Viola dissembling
 Passions nought but pride commands :
 Wanton Cressida coquetting
 'Mid the din of hurtling brands :
 Lost Marina 'mid the billows
 Lulled in dead maternal arms :
 Lorn Helena as a pilgrim
 Veiling all her idle charms :
 Patient Desdemona sadly
 Sighing for her tawny lord :
 Frolic Lady Percy buckling
 With a jest her hero's sword :
 Meek Ophelia 'mid the willow
 Dazed in virgin faith forlorn :

Fitful Rosalind all Ruth-like
 Rustling through the rippled corn :
 Sad Cordelia crooning softly
 Ditties for her dying sire :
 And brave Joan of Arc appearing
 Radiant 'mid the ruthless fire :
 And sweet Perdita with blossoms
 Purpling in her lily hand :
 And voluptuous Cleopatra
 Gliding o'er the golden sand :
 Dainty Ariel recumbent
 'Neath the foxglove's freckled bell :
 And Titania still enamoured
 By the fay's puissant spell :
 Wondering Beatrice embowered
 In the thicket's woven shade :
 Dreaming Silvia at twilight
 Startled by a serenade ;—
 Such the images angelic
 Floating down that ample mind
 When the fond, betrothed virgin
 In his glad embrace reclined.
 While the rosy apples ripened
 Near them in the leafy tree,
 Red with twilight gleams wheretwinkled
 Greenest boughs of Shottery.
 Gleams that gilding all the fruitage
 As with autumn's ruddy dyes,
 Flickered on the maiden's forehead,
 Sparkled in her melting eyes,
 Glimmered o'er her cheek like blushes,
 Strayed along her bosom fair,
 Shining brightest where it lingered
 Radiant in her silken hair.
 Musing o'er that best-belovéd,
 Chequered by those lights of eve,
 Thrilled the poet's heart with fancies
 Grandest ever brain could weave :
 Fancies that suffused with glory
 All the graces of his youth,
 Shedding round his brow resplendent
 Beams of Beauty and of Truth :
 Fancies that diffused a glory
 Like a saint's celestial crown
 O'er that dome-like brow : Creation's
 Noblest diadem—Renown.
 Visionary thoughts and varied
 Thronging thus before mine eyes,
 Changed methought that chosen hamlet
 To an earthly Paradise,
 Clad each flower with tints supernal,
 Made its very air divine,
 Rendering even the roadside cottage
 Sacred as a Godhead's shrine.
 Round its porch where trailed the woodbine
 Murmured still the honey-bee,
 As when in his golden boyhood
 Shakspeare loved in Shottery.

A VISIT TO ICELAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1857.

BY J. WILLIAM BUSHBY.

PART III.

ONLY a fourth part of Iceland is situated under 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and the uninhabited portion of the island, therefore, may be estimated at almost three-fourths of its entire area. The great volcanic line of mountains extends, with Hekla nearly at one end, and Krabla at the other, across the country from the south-west to the north-east, and thus intersects the other principal mountain range which runs from the north-west to the south-east.

The whole of the south-easterly part of the island, in which the glaciers—*Skrid-Jökler*—descend down to the valleys, is composed of great ice and lava fields, which in only a few places admit of narrow passages, so to speak, and the most part of which is unknown. In this wildest portion of Iceland are situated some of its highest mountains—namely, Oræfajökul,* Snøfell, Storhöfði, and Birnudalstindr. Throughout the northern part of the island the hills are lower, and, with the exception of two lofty mountains in the north-west peninsula, the whole of the northern half of the island presents but small glaciers, and not a great many of these.

The highest mountains in Iceland are :

Oræfajökul,†	whose highest peak is 6241 feet above the level of the sea.			
Snøfell	5808	”	”	”
Eyjafjalla-jökul	5432	”	”	”
Herdubreid	5290	”	”	”
Hekla	4964	”	”	”
Storhöfði	4509	”	”	”
Birnudalstindr	4300	”	”	”
Rimar	4020	”	”	”

Of all these hills, only two of which, Herdubreid and Rimar, are situated in the north, the volcano named Hekla—by the lower orders called Hekkenfeld—has acquired the widest celebrity, because, amidst all the still active volcanoes of Iceland, it has had the most frequent eruptions. From this volcano, whose summit is almost always enveloped in a drapery of clouds, there have been altogether eighteen eruptions known in the history of Iceland.

* Oræfajökul is said to be the southern portion of the great chain of mountains which has Skapta-jökul on its western side. A terrible eruption of Skapta-jökul took place in 1783. The lava which poured down the sides of the mountain is computed to have covered tracts of land to the extent of five hundred square miles, continuing as it did to flow for almost three months, accompanied by showers of ashes, volcanic sand and sulphur, and also by terrific noises in the volcano. In general, this mountain is covered with glittering snow.

† See “Den Danske Stats Statistik.” By Adolph Frederik Bergsoe. Published in Copenhagen 1851.

The first eruption of Mount Hekla of which we have any authentic information, took place in the year A.D. 1104, and, on account of the immense shower of ashes which issued from the mountain, the following winter was called "*the Fall of Sand winter.*"

The second eruption was in 1157, and was marked by great darkness, caused by the sand and ashes which were scattered over the most distant parts of the island.

The third eruption occurred in 1206, and was accompanied by an unusually severe winter and great scarcity of food.

The fourth eruption, in 1222, like the preceding one, was attended by dreadful cold and dearth; and, in addition, by an epidemic among man and beast. During this eruption a submarine volcano suddenly arose near Reykjanes, which, for the following eighteen years, continued to exhibit, from time to time, volcanic phenomena.

With the fifth outbreak, in 1294, there was a violent earthquake, during which many people perished, several houses were overthrown, and the ground was rent asunder in various places.

In the year 1300, Hekla's sixth eruption took place, and it was one of the most fearful, both in violence and duration, that has ever been known. It went on for nearly twelve months, accompanied by earthquakes, extreme cold, and universal illness. At the moment of the outbreak, the mountain seemed to be almost rent in two, huge blocks of rock were ejected with the clouds of ashes, and glowing scoriæ set fire to the roofs of the solitary farm-houses in the vicinity, while the darkness of night enveloped the whole region around, so that for two days people could not find their way on shore, nor could the fishermen venture to put out their boats to sea.

The seventh eruption, in 1341, was marked by fearful rumbling noises, and such a heavy fall of ashes that many of the inhabitants of Skalholt, the nearest town or village, fled from their homes. Three other volcanoes, viz. Herdubreid, Hnappadals-jökul, and Raudukambar, broke out about the same time.

Hekla's eighth eruption took place in the winter of 1389, and its ninth in 1436. Its tenth eruption, in the month of July, 1510, was accompanied by an earthquake, and burning stones were ejected to a distance of several miles. The volcanoes of Herdubreid and Trölladyngja, in the north, were also in eruption at the same period.

In the year 1554 flames issued from the mountain ridge which runs north-east from Hekla; and there appeared three columns of fire, which stretched high up in the air, and evidently emanated from three different craters. This is reckoned as Hekla's eleventh outbreak.

The twelfth, in 1578, was one of its least important eruptions, but that of 1597, the thirteenth, had all the usual accompaniments of subterranean noises, showers of ashes, and an earthquake, during which a Geysir disappeared in one place, and a warm spring, which is still extant, sprang up in another.

During the fourteenth eruption, in 1619, there was a great deal of thunder; and in the fifteenth, which commenced in May, 1636, and lasted till the following winter, fire was observed to issue at the same time from thirteen different places in the mountain.

There was a frightful eruption, the sixteenth, in the winter of 1693;

several places in the neighbourhood were laid waste ; the whole island was covered with ashes ; and not only did much sickness prevail among human beings and the brute creation, but the very sea-birds died by thousands.

The seventeenth eruption happened in 1766. The streams of lava reached to a great distance ; red-hot stones were ejected from the craters ; an earthquake was felt in the adjacent Westmann Islands ; and the ashes, which had fallen in thick masses on the coast south of Hekla, lay so deep on the ground that they came up to the knee of a tall man.

After seventy-nine years of repose—the longest ever known—this terrible volcano again became active, and on the 2nd of September, 1845, its eighteenth and last state of eruption commenced, and continued, with more or less violence, until the April of 1846, when it gradually ceased its discharge of lava, scorice, flames, and vapour, and patches of snow once more rested on the cooled layers of lava that surrounded the craters, for four craters were found on the summit of Hekla after its last eruption.*

Some authorities attribute a much greater number of eruptions to Hekla, but in these calculations, the outbreaks following each other closely, or consecutively, are included, though they should rather be looked on as acts in the same drama, to speak figuratively.

I was extremely anxious to explore Hekla and its immediate environs myself ; but, greatly to my disappointment, I found that a visit to this far-famed volcano was altogether incompatible with my friend's arrangements, and therefore I had to forego this anticipated pleasurable toil, and to be contented with seeing some of the other wonders of this truly astonishing island.

We started on the 22nd of June for the sulphur mines of Krisuvik, in company with Dr. Hjaltelin, the talented physician of Reykjavik, who, intending to make a medical tour, had kindly offered to go as far as Krisuvik with us, and be our guide over the sulphur mines. We had Zoegà with us, and took our tent, and eight horses for ourselves and baggage. We left Reykjavik at nine o'clock in the morning, and had a beautiful day for our journey. Our road lay past Havnefiord, which we had already visited. On the way, Dr. Hjaltelin pointed out to us the mineral *Palagonite*, which is to be seen in large quantities about two miles from Reykjavik, by the sea-shore. He told us that it had been detected by Baron von Walthershausen, a German geologist, and was only found in Palagonis (Greece), at the mouth of the Nile, and in Iceland. It is said to contain much fertilising power, and the German chemists have prophesied that a time will come when it will be used as a manure in agriculture. There are immense quantities of palagonite (so named by Von Walthershausen) in Iceland. One often sees high ridges of basaltic lava and palagonite alternately all the way to Krisuvik. It is curious that the basaltic rocks, and the little hillocks or mounds which almost invariably cover every plain in Iceland, all run from north-east to south-west. At Havnefiord, Dr. Hjaltelin showed us the mineral *Havnefiordite*, a new species of felspar, discovered by Professor Forchhammer, and named by him after the place where only it is to be found. It is here in considerable quantities, lying about the hills ; and many walls round the

* Hekla, og den Sidste Udbrud. By J. C. Schythe.

houses are made of it. It looks like a very fine brilliant granite. When returning, I got our guide to procure an additional baggage horse, and I brought away two blocks of it, of considerable size, of which I intend to have pedestals made for two marble statues. I think they will be very beautiful when cut and polished.

On leaving Havnefiord, we passed over vast undulating plains of trap lava ; then came a gradual ascent, with rocks on the right hand covered with a thick grey coloured moss, very dry, which would make capital beds ; on the left a range of stony hills, with here and there slight patches of green herbage ; then we entered on another plain of lava, running from the sea to the mountains to the south-east and south. This lava plain is called Caphelluhraun, from a chapel having been built here in honour of a bishop who was assassinated by a governor of Iceland, who, in his turn, was put to death by the people. So runs the legend. The eruption which formed these frightful masses of lava, and brought ruin and destruction on what was doubtless once a fertile plain, took place in the sixteenth century.

We had to walk our horses over the rugged, black, and terrible-looking lava ; every now and then we came to large fissures across our path, and many holes—half concealed by the venerable-looking moss, which is so much in keeping with the stern, frowning lava—made the track unsafe and difficult ; often a huge rent across the rock obliged us to turn aside and seek a safer path, and frequently we passed masses of lava that resembled the *débris* of ancient castles. Immediately after leaving this lava field we came upon another, the lava of which was very old and crumbling, but through which it was by no means difficult to make our way. Dr. Hjaltelin told me that this lava was eight hundred years old, the eruption which left this deposit having taken place in 1022. This plain is called Almenninǵur, or “All Men’s Land.”

To the left we could now see the sulphur mountains rising before us, and issuing from the Almenninǵur, we began a gradual ascent, the lava now assuming a basaltic form. We passed through a wide, barren ravine, with lava on our left. Then the hills wore the appearance of basaltic lava, and again they changed back to dark-looking palagonite. After about half an hour’s farther ride, Dr. Hjaltelin stopped, and took us up a hill where we found a beautiful bed of sulphur ; we had provided ourselves with a spade, and we dug up a quantity of almost pure sulphur. We left on a rock close by several specimens to carry away on our return. Our path now led up a steep hill, we desired one of the guides to proceed with our tent and baggage to the stopping place in a valley over the mountains, near the farm-house of Krisuvik, while Dr. Hjaltelin, E., and I rode to some mountains farther on. We passed a lake amidst the hills, and gaining yet higher ground, we came upon a boiling mud-spring, which was bubbling and spluttering violently. We next arrived at an immense bed of sulphur all round an opening, from whence a dense vapour arose. The ground, at some distance, was soft, and bore traces of sulphur, and on turning it up with the spade, smoke immediately issued from the disturbed spot. We here dismounted, and, throwing the bridles over our ponies’ heads, we left them to feed where there was a little grass. I tied on my wooden shoes, for I had provided myself with a pair of wooden pattens, roughly made, to prevent my feet from being burnt, and followed

by the guide whom we had retained carrying the spade, we explored on foot all the mines, or rather sulphur deposits, around ; and truly it was a wonderful sight. We found great masses of sulphur of different qualities, some quite pure, some mixed with clay. It was difficult and dangerous walking, but cautiously feeling our way, with vapour curling up around us from the many openings in the ground, we climbed up and down the almost perpendicular sides of the hill, walking at times nearly knee-deep in sulphur mixed with clay, or clay with a considerable sprinkling of sulphur in it. I gathered specimens of five different coloured clays, and I loaded myself with pieces of beautiful sulphate of lime and of this *forming*, being still in a soft brittle state.

We visited and walked about many of the hills, finding traces of sulphur everywhere, and large deposits in many places. Having strayed far from our horses, we sent our guide back for them, and told him to bring them to the tent, wherever that might be, while we proceeded to find our way down into the valley over the hills. It would have been a toilsome walk to any one, but to me, with my frostbitten foot, it was most painful. However, I scrambled on, assisting myself with the spade as a stick. We walked round several sulphur deposits, which we could not venture to cross, finding numerous masses of sulphur undisturbed. At last, late in the evening, we deserted our tent, pitched by the guides in a meadow below us, but at some distance. On arriving at the halting-place our guides had chosen, we found that they had pitched our tent close to a sulphur spring in the midst of the meadow ; and that not a hundred yards off in its rear two or three more sulphur springs sent forth their not very pleasant fumes. We thought of moving the tent, but it was decided to let it alone. Dr. Hjaltelin did not like the spot, and the sequel proved that he was right. Not having brought Clarke, we had to cook our own dinner, that is to say, boil our soup, and the water to make hot toddy.

Dr. Hjaltelin told us that he thought we had seen more of the Krisuvik mountains sulphur beds than any other traveller had seen since Sir George Stewart Mackenzie had visited them. Most people—and but few travel here—content themselves with seeing one or two sulphur mines near their bivouac.

It is said that some of the warm springs at Krisuvik became almost torpid for a couple of days after the last eruption of Mount Hekla, but soon recovered their usual activity.

The sulphur mines of Krisuvik were worked from 1723 to 1730, when they supplied all the sulphur which was used in Denmark, Norway, and the Duchies. In 1833, a Danish merchant, Mr. Knudsen, made another essay to work the mines, but, from all I heard, the business was so badly managed by his agent—he not being in Iceland himself—and the difficulties of transportation being so great, that it failed to remunerate him, and was discontinued. Unfortunately, the ship which carried his first cargo of sulphur, destined for Copenhagen, was lost with all hands on board, and never heard of more.

I was tired, and slept soundly, in spite of the villanous smell of brimstone and the beating rain. But next morning we awoke to find our tent full of water ; it had been pitched in a veritable morass, the water had risen in the night, and we had been, indeed, reposing in a water bed.

It was a cheerless morning. After having despatched our frugal breakfast, we bade adieu, with many mutual expressions of regret and regard, to our kind friend Dr. Hjaltelin, who was going farther; and amidst the rain, we set off on our return to Reykjavik at a brisk pace.

Having ascended a winding path which led over the mountains, we entered a craggy defile, and came upon a large rock on which were carved, in letters of considerable dimensions, the initials "P. M." The P. had been carved by Mr. Phillimore, of the Grenadier Guards; and one Mr. Pliny Miles, an American, tells us, in a work he had written on Iceland, entitled "*Nordurfari*; or, *Rambles in Iceland*," that he added the first letter of his surname. "He put down the P, and I matched it with the M, and there the two, keeping each other company, will flourish to everlasting glory." "Pliny Miles," he adds, with self-gratulating complacency, "you are famous, and you, Mr. Phillimore—you're *no whar*."* This last paragraph of Mr. Miles was fatal to his "flourishing to everlasting glory," by means of the rock on the Krisuvik mountains; for we sent on the guide with the baggage and spare horses, and determined, if it took us an hour, to "chaw up" Mr. Pliny Miles. We had retained the guide's knife, and I set to work and obliterated the M completely by scraping the rock, leaving Mr. Phillimore's original P intact. I added, with considerable labour, all the letters of Mr. Phillimore's name, which now stands deeply cut in the rock; and I fancy it will take more time to alter it than any travelling Yankee would be inclined to devote to the task. Pliny Miles! it is you who are "no whar." This voluntarily assumed duty achieved, we hurried down, for a fog had come on, and we were afraid of losing the track, and wandering among the mountains, or tumbling into some sulphur spring. We could hardly see our hands before us, the fog was so dense; keeping up a continual shouting to prevent us from straying from each other, and picking our way by the traces of the hoofs of the horses which had gone before, we at length reached the guide in safety.

Our baggage horses being knocked up, we left our guides with them at Havnefjord, and pushed on ourselves to Reykjavik, for we were engaged to a party at the governor's at eight o'clock. We got back and on board at half-past five o'clock, had a bath, dined, dressed, and were punctual to the hour appointed at the Sliftamtmand's. Count Trampe had said he would invite some ladies to meet us, and I, at least, was much disappointed to find only gentlemen present. It was a heavy supper battle, not a tea fight, as they call a tea-party in the north-west of England. About sixteen or eighteen people sat down to supper, the rector, Mr. Johnson, the mayor, the Amtmand, or prefect of the North, who happened to be at Reykjavik—a fine, tall Icelandier—the bishop, and the rest principally officials. Count Trampe gave our Queen's health, to which E. responded by that of his Danish majesty. They have a curious Icelandic custom which Count C. put into full force—viz. when you drink wine with any one, you call on three of the other guests to be your witnesses; and the person you ask to take wine calls on three others to be his witnesses; you drink off your wine to the last drop, then knock the glass on your thumb nail, and the witnesses, having seen the two principals empty their glasses, top off theirs also. If this, as we saw it enacted at the governor's table,

* Pliny Miles's "*Nordurfari*," page 157.

be the general custom among the lower orders, no wonder they are so constantly drunk! I should have been screwed myself if we had been drinking stronger wine than claret and champagne.

On the following evening, after having paid our visits of adieu to the Count and Countess Trampe, the Randrupps, and other friends, we left Reykjavik, where I had spent some very pleasant moments. There was a heavy swell, and we had a disagreeable night, our ship rolling about a good deal. Next day we kept near the shore, passing by the headlands of Avnarfiord and Patrifxiord, of which I took several sketches. The coast is rocky and bold in the extreme; high basaltic rocks, mountains rising from the sea, and rearing their crag-peaked and snow-covered heads amid the clouds, which hung heavily over and around them. The snow filled the deep crevices down to the water's edge, and innumerable wild fowl—sea-gulls—flew around us, while ducks and puffins swam before the ship, disappearing in a prolonged dive as we came near. The rocky mountains extended in regular waves in many places, just like gigantic graves. One might have fancied they were the sepulchres of the giants of old, so gravelike were they in their formation. About eight o'clock we reached the anchorage of Dyrefiord.

On the 27th of June we remarked that the sun did not go down; it was "day all night." Early next morning we were off the small island of Grimsöe. On landing we went to the residence (I cannot call it a house, for it was a complete burrow) of the clergyman, conducted by a man who came down to the beach to meet us, with whom Zoegà spoke. He had never seen so large a ship before, nor had he ever beheld a steam-boat; and he was frightened at first, while his wife hid herself in her house close by. No one was stirring in the minister's burrow, so we knocked him up, but he would not come out; I fancy he also was alarmed. We had to go into his abode, and a more filthy, horrible hole, I never set foot in, and hope I never may enter again. We groped our way over the bare ground through several dark passages, amidst all kinds of nastiness, to a little room in size about six feet by four, just long enough for a bench on one side, upon which were heaped a mass of disgustingly dirty bedclothes, and we spoke through Zoegà with the individual who had the care of the souls of the fifty-eight inhabitants—men, women, and children of Grimsöe. This island pastor was the personification of dirt, and looked as if he had been drunk overnight. I happened to cast my eye on his head as he sat on his bench, and—oh, horror!—I beheld animals of an enormous size chasing each other through his thin hair! "Let us get out of this into the fresh air, E., as fast as we can," I cried, in haste and terror; and we rushed out, bumping our heads against the low roof of the winding exit, and tumbling over the broken ground. In the open air we stood at a respectful distance from this paragon of an Icelandic priest while we settled our business with him.

In the mean time a thick fog had come on, and we could not see the ship. Grimsöe is a small island some twenty miles from the mainland; the shore is rocky, and innumerable sea-gulls frequent it. In many places there are very curiously-shaped inlets of basaltic rock. The fifty-eight inhabitants live principally on fish and wild sea-fowls' eggs. There are but one solitary pony and one cow on the island, the latter imported this year from Öefiord, and about two hundred sheep. They have much diffi-

culty in obtaining water, there being but one spring in the whole island. Water for the winter is saved during the summer months ; therefore we may imagine how precious it is. Grimsöe is occasionally visited by French, English, and Dutch fishing-vessels.

They rang the bell on board till we returned. The fogs on this part of the coast are very dense ; we had been running the greater part of the morning through a thick fog.

We reached Öefjord about six o'clock, or rather we reached Akureyri, as the town is called, situated at the end of the frith named Öefjord, which is thirty-five miles long, and some eight miles broad at its mouth. The country on each side of Öefjord was green, and the hills had not the volcanic appearance of those to the south of the island. Two rivers run into Öefjord, and we passed several fishing-vessels at anchor at different parts. On the banks were a good many farm-houses, and even from the ship—at some distance, of course—I could not but perceive that they were a better class of dwellings than any I had seen around Reykjavik, or on our travels to the Geysirs, or Krisuvik. The town of Akureyri is much more prettily situated than Reykjavik, and has altogether a more inviting appearance. It is built at the foot of a high mountain, upon whose lower ascent a number of vegetable gardens have been enclosed. These, from the water, give the place a very peculiar appearance, being in a slope very nearly perpendicular.

On our arrival the Danish flag was hoisted, and waved from three flag-staffs of which the little town boasted, and we could see that there was a great stir on shore. We afterwards learned that ours was the first steamer of any nation that had ever entered Öefjord ! The leadsman gave out no bottom, and we still continued to near the shore ; we wondered how close we should go, when the cry of sixteen fathom caused the order for letting go the anchor, and we brought up, much to the satisfaction of sundry fishermen, whose nets were out quite near, and among which our screw would have done much mischief.

We went ashore after dinner, and called on Mr. Hoepfner and Mr. Havstein, two merchants of the place to whom we had been recommended ; the latter is brother to the Amtmand, or governor of the northern provinces, whom we had met at Reykjavik, and who is a very fine, handsome specimen of an Icelander. We found Messrs. Hoepfner and Havstein most kind and obliging during our stay, and we had to thank them for much attention. The next day, the doctor, Mr. W., E., and I, together with Mr. Havstein and Mr. Hoepfner, and several others who joined the cavalcade, rode out to see the Amtmand's residence, which is here considered something very grand, being built of brick brought from Copenhagen. It is about twenty miles distant from Akureyri, and, including three long stoppages of at least three hours, taking them altogether, we rode there and back in seven hours, the little ponies going either at a walk or at full gallop, the latter the greater part of the way. The most approved, however, are the pacing ponies, and it is wonderful how surely and swiftly these thin little animals pace over the worst of roads. Some of those I saw went at the rate of sixteen miles the hour, and had astonishing powers of endurance. On our way to the Amtmand's house, we called at Skjaldarvik, and its proprietor, Mr. Thorarensen, received us kindly, and gave us some very good wine.

From thence we kept along the frith to the farm of Skipalone—the model farm of Iceland—belonging to Mr. Thorsteinn Danielsen, as good-natured and jolly an old farmer as one could wish to meet. He asked us into his house, a neat, clean dwelling, of modern build, and built by his own hands, too : and his kind old wife brought us quantities of milk, which we quickly made to disappear, while the good couple smiled their hearty welcome. At this place was the only waggon I had seen in Iceland. It was brought from Copenhagen by Mr. Danielsen, who had made a trip to Denmark in order to see the improvements there in agriculture. Skipalone is situated on the river Hörgaae, over which we were ferried by the good old farmer himself, our horses being left to swim across. Before leaving Skipalone we were shown the island where the eider-ducks were hatching their eggs. We walked among numbers of these birds, who were on their nests ; they were more shy than those we had seen at Reykjavik, leaving their nests when we approached, and taking to the water. From three to five eggs were the general number we saw in each nest.

From Skipalone we rode at a rapid pace to Frederikgafù (or Frederik's gift), as the residence of the Amtmand is called, from its having been the gift of the king. It is situated in an extensive valley, with high mountains in its rear, and is like one of our decent farm-houses. At Öefiord it is evidently looked upon as a perfect palace. I must say, however, it is the best house I saw in Iceland, those at Reykjavik not excepted. Close to the house is a very pretty little church of wood, with a wooden steeple, and in the churchyard are two or three monuments, showing where the present Amtmand Havstein's wife is buried, and where repose the remains of his predecessor. The latter is very simple, and attracted my attention. Within a wooden rail, at the head of the green turf-covered grave, is a small block of granite, supporting a plain white marble cross, with

1785,

GRIMUR JOHNSON,

Tvisvar Amtmandur her,

1849,

engraved on it. The said Grimur Johnson had been three times elected Amtmand, and was much respected.

We rode back to Akureyri at full pelt, and had Messrs. Hoepfner and Havstein to dinner on board ; an entertainment for which our factotum, Clarke—of bleeding lamb memory—had somewhat less trouble to provide than for the lunch to which our commander had so unadvisedly, on our arrival at Reykjavik, invited the governor, Count Trampe.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT MIOT DE MELITO.*

COUNT MIOT DE MELITO, ambassador and minister under the Republic and the Empire, was born at Versailles in the year 1762. His father being in the War-office he obtained a situation in the commissariat early in life, and was deputed to the camp at St. Omer, at that time the focus of military discontent owing to the introduction of the Prussian system. What changes have that "vaste bruyère," as M. de Melito calls it, witnessed? The Swiss regiments, Salis, Sausade, and de Diesbach carried off the palm in 1788; they were succeeded by brigades of English and Scotch at the time of the Restoration, and that disagreeable reminiscence was attempted to be effaced by Louis Philippe by the establishment of French camps of instruction at the same spot, but all the good townspeople used to say was that they did not spend as much money as the English.

English officers visited the Prince de Condé's camp in 1788, and M. de Melito says they were the objects of public admiration and affection. "There," was the exclamation, "are free men, models that we ought to follow, and not the soldier machines of a despotic king!" It would seem, from such retrospective incidents, that events and ideas succeed to one another, and return again, in a perpetual cycle.

So open were the manifestations of discontent that the camp was broken up, and M. de Melito returned to Versailles. His description of the court at once ranks him among the malcontents. The king Louis XVI., he says, was a man of good intentions, but weak and hypocritical like all the Bourbons. Monsieur, since Louis XVIII., was clever, but pedantic. All his "liaisons" and "amours," as well as his other connexions, were formed with a view to thwart the queen, who spoke of him under the designation of Hortensius. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., carried away by passions that knew no check, gave himself up to excesses in gambling and otherwise. Such, we are told, was the court at Versailles at the time when the States-General were convoked, torn by factions within, and void of all credit or respect without.

A simple cloak of black cloth and a cap without any decoration—a strange garb exhumed from the relics of feudalism—distinguished the deputies, and contrasted sadly with the gold lace and feathers of the nobility, and the purple of the Church dignitaries. M. de Melito sided with the men of humble garb but thoughtful looks. Further, when the embodiment of the National Guards was decreed, he joined the Ver-

* *Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito, Ancien Ministre, Ambassadeur, Conseiller d'Etat, et Membre de l'Institut. Tomes I. et II.*

sailles detachment, and thus for ever placed a gulf between himself and the party he had been brought up with.

M. de Melito expatiates, in the manifest spirit of sarcasm, on the preparations made by royalty to punish the Parisians. He describes the host of foreign troops, the artillery from Metz and Douai concentrated at Versailles, and then, when the insurrection came, and the Bastille was taken, "terror took the place of warlike excitement, the troops brought from so far away, and the gaudy, ostentatious staff, vanished like phantoms, while the silence of fear reigned in the palace, which had been so tumultuous a few days previously."

The orgies of a last banquet given to the military were soon followed by the events of the 5th and 6th October, described by M. de Melito as an eye-witness, and by the forcible removal of the royal family to Paris, whither our author followed them, having given up his commission in the National Guard, and attached himself at such a crisis to the fortunes of M. de Latour du Pin, at that time Minister of War. From this epoch (Oct., 1789) till the 10th of August, 1792, he continued in the War-office, at first as chief clerk, and afterwards as *chef de division*. His escape at the latter date was curious enough.

Comprised at that epoch in the conscription intended against the greater number of employés of the administration, I was to have been arrested and conducted to the prisons, whence I should probably have gone forth one of the victims of the massacres of the 2nd September, but, by a happy inspiration, being anxious for the health of my wife and child, who were at that time at Versailles, I had gone out that very morning of the 10th of August by the *Barrière de Clichy*, and reached Versailles by the way of the *Plaine des Sablons*, the *Bois de Boulogne*, *Saint-Cloud*, and the woods that dominate over the residence of our kings, and the paths of which I was intimately acquainted with. During the journey, the sound of cannon and musketry thundering away in Paris threw my mind into a fearful state of anxiety, but it also made me hasten my steps, and I arrived at about mid-day at Versailles, devoured by anxiety, ignorant as to what had taken place in Paris, and incapable of answering any of the many questions that were put to me.

There may have been as much discretion as inspiration in this long morning walk across the wood of Boulogne and that so strangely designated as "*Fausse Repose*;" but, be that as it may, M. de Melito found courage, after hiding himself for a day and allowing the first burst of the insurrection to blow over, to retrace his steps to the capital, where he resumed his position at his desk, and was, he says, either overlooked or forgotten, although several times sent for during his absence, and a person had even been appointed to wait for him. Upon what slight chances does the fate of a man depend in times of revolution!

M. de Melito may be fairly considered now as embarked in a new career—the established civil officer of a new administration; and so it was for a time. Transferred from the ministry to a controllership in military convoys, he returned once more to the ministerial office under Beurnonville, to be afterwards appointed Secretary at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Deforgues. At this minister's table M. de Melito met Danton, Robespierre, Lacroix, Legendre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Camille Desmoulins. But the fate of Danton, executed on the 5th of April, 1794, entailed the fall of Deforgues, who was replaced by a village schoolmaster from the Jura, called Buchot, and whose ignorance, vulgarity, and stupidity, the count says, surpassed everything that can

be imagined. He did nothing at the ministry, because incapable of doing anything ; and if wanted to sign any document he had to be sent for from the billiard-tables of the Café Hardy. Slighted by the chiefs, he revenged himself by denouncing them as Moderates, and among others M. de Melito, who owed his life, as on the 16th of August, almost to a miracle. The day fixed for his arrest was the 9th Thermidor, and he was only saved by the downfall of Robespierre himself.

Instead of being sent to the scaffold, M. de Melito, summoned by the Committee of Public Safety, was raised by the National Convention to the position of commissary for external relations, or what, under any other administration, would have been called secretary for foreign affairs. A ridiculous circumstance resulted from this elevation ; the republican schoolmaster, who had a short time previously sought his life, now implored for a clerkship in the office which he had lately ruled over.

M. de Melito was now thrown in contact at the Committee of Public Safety with Merlin de Douai, Cambacérès, Sieyès, Fourcroy, Boissy d'Anglas, Carnot, and others, of whom, he says, whatever opinion may be formed of their political conduct during the progress of the revolution, there can be no two opinions as to their talents. The labour was immense ; revolutionary fury had to be appeased, anarchy suppressed, order re-established, fourteen armies provided for, and the isolation in which France was placed to be removed by the appointment of envoys and consuls. M. de Melito appears to have thought that one of these foreign appointments would be more agreeable than the more responsible and laborious position of a republican secretary of state at home. The committee having offered him the choice of the mission to the United States or to Florence, he selected the latter.

It was while M. de Melito was at the court of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, that the events of the 5th October, 1795, called Bonaparte to the defence of the National Convention, and the success attained by the young general against a brave but undisciplined crowd led Barras to take him by the hand, give him Madame de Beauharnais as a wife, and the command of the army in Italy.

When Bonaparte arrived at Nice in the spring of 1796, he wrote to M. de Melito to obtain information as to the state of the country.

I recognised (says the envoy) in his style at once concise, yet full of movement, although unequal and incorrect, and in the nature of the questions which he addressed me, a man who was unlike others. I was struck by the extent and depth of the military and political views that he indicated, and which I had not remarked in any of the correspondences that I had held up to that time with the generals of our army in Italy. I foresaw then either great successes or great reverses. The uncertainty lasted for a very short time. The campaign opened, and a series of victories, as brilliant as unforeseen, and which followed one another with the most astonishing rapidity, carried, in two months of combats, to the highest degree of elevation the glory of the French arms and that of the great captain who led them, so to say, every day to new triumphs.

M. de Melito was not long in discovering that the successful young general assumed a very independent direction of affairs, and that he was more disposed to dictate orders to the Directory than to receive such. The commissary of the Directory, Salicetti, had in view the plunder of

Leghorn, whose riches were deemed to be the property of the English; M. de Melito, however, insisted upon the neutrality of Tuscany being respected. So, to enforce his views, he sought an interview with Bonaparte at Brescia.

I was strangely surprised at his appearance. Nothing was further from the idea that my imagination had depicted. I perceived in the midst of a numerous staff a man of a height below that of the ordinary standard of men, and extremely thin. His hair powdered, cut in a particular manner, and squared off beneath the ears, fell on his shoulders. He was clothed in a straight coat, buttoned up to the collar, decorated with a very narrow gold braid, and he wore a tricolor feather on his hat. At first sight the figure did not appear handsome, but marked features, a lively and inquisitive eye, animated and rough gestures, evidenced an ardent mind, and a high, thoughtful brow intimated a deep thinker. He made me sit down by his side, and we spoke of Italy. His sentences were brief, and at that time very incorrect.

After some arrangements with regard to Naples, by which the Neapolitans were to withdraw their contingent from the Austrians (Bonaparte said of the Neapolitan infantry that it was worthless, but of the cavalry he spoke in the highest terms), as they were also to withdraw their fleet from that of the English, the views of M. Salicetti upon Leghorn were discussed.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bonaparte, with manifest signs of impatience, "the commissaries of the Directory have nothing to do with my policy. I do as I like, let them busy themselves with the administration of the public revenues, that is all right and fair, at least for the time being; the rest does not concern them. I feel convinced that they will not remain a very long time in power, and I shall have no more commissaries. At all events, Citizen Miot, I will read your memorial, and will meet you again at Bologna, where, whatever may be my ulterior projects, I shall be in a fortnight. I will send you a courier to inform you of my arrival. Farewell."

So saying, the general withdrew, giving as he went by instructions to his aides-de-camp, Murat, Lannes, Junot, and others. All manifested the utmost respect mixed with not a little admiration for their chief. "I did not see," M. de Melito says, "any of those signs of familiarity between him and his companions in arms that I had witnessed elsewhere, and which were favoured by republican equality. He had already marked out his place and established the distance." M. de Melito himself returned to his hotel, "singularly struck, and not a little dazzled, by what had passed." And he hastened to place on paper the impressions derived from that first interview.

When M. de Melito met Bonaparte at Bologna, General Berthier was with him. The latter, who was a native of Versailles, and M. de Melito had been such friends from boys, that they *tutoyé*d one another. After Berthier had gone away, Bonaparte said to M. de Melito:

"Where did you know Berthier? how is it that you are so familiar?" I explained the enigma to him in a few words. "All right," he replied. "But do you think, like many others, and as I have seen repeated in the newspapers, that it is to Berthier that I owe my successes, that it is he who directs my plans, and that I only carry out the designs that he suggests?" "Not at all," I answered; "I know him well enough not to attribute to him a description of merit that is not due to him. If he did possess it, he most assuredly would not yield the honour of it to you." "You are right," replied Bonaparte, in a very animated tone; "Berthier is not capable of commanding a battalion."

In 1798, Bonaparte left the command of the army in Italy to Berthier,

simply to prove to France the opinion which he entertained at that moment. M. de Melito's advocacy of the cause of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany had no results. It was too late, Bonaparte said; "the Directory believed that there were heaps of gold at Leghorn; it must be occupied. I will go," he added, "to Florence on my way back from Leghorn. I shall conclude with the Pope to-morrow. I will grant him an armistice on condition that he gives us money, pictures, and statues!"

And as the thirst for lucre and spoliation prompted, Leghorn was occupied by the French troops on the 27th of June. Shortly afterwards, Bonaparte announced his intention of visiting the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and he expressed his desire that on that occasion M. de Melito would give a grand ball and supper worthy of the dignity and magnificence of the French republic. The ambassador took the opportunity of again acting as intercessor for the unfortunate Italians. He recommended that some consideration should be shown to the people, and that a proclamation should be issued, insisting upon the preservation of discipline by the French troops in Tuscany. Bonaparte agreed to these suggestions, and told the ambassador to draw it up. But, unfortunately, there occurred in the MS. the sentence, "*les commandants de l'armée Française;*" Bonaparte erased it at once, saying, at the same time, that the army had only one commander, and that was himself. He then pocketed the proclamation, intimating that he would publish it at Bologna, where he would be the next day; but it is almost needless to say that M. de Melito never heard anything more about it.

The commissaries of the Directory, Salicetti and Garrau, were busy, in the mean time, confiscating property in Leghorn under the pretext of its being English, whilst M. de Melito was himself despatched to Rome to arrange the details of the "money, pictures, and statues." The ambassador waited with this object in view upon the Pope Pius VI. He told the aged pontiff that he would take every precaution, in carrying out the terms of the armistice, to render them the least disagreeable possible, and he hoped that his holiness, on his side, would issue the necessary instructions, so that the commissaries charged with "the selection of the works of art" should have every facility for fulfilling their mission. "I will give them," said the Pope; "the execution of the treaty is a sacred thing. Rome will still be rich enough in objects of that kind, and I do not think I have purchased the repose of my states too dearly by such a sacrifice."

Luckily for Rome, however, the reports of the reverses experienced by the French before Mantua came in time to cause delay, and ultimately M. de Melito was succeeded on his delicate mission by Cacault. He had occasion to see, on his way back to Florence, in what light French intervention in Italy was really viewed by the people; for the news of a single reverse had at once aroused the national feeling to such a pitch that even the sacred character of an ambassador did not preserve him from insult and from being stoned by the populace.

The Italian governments made as little secret of their ill-will towards the French as did the people themselves, and this at a time when the Directory was discussing if they should republicanise the whole country—a project which M. de Melito strongly opposed, at the same time that he advocated not only the total exclusion of Austrian influence in Italy, but actually the annihilation of the Papal government.

M. de Melito was at this crisis in affairs appointed minister to the court of Sardinia, but he was despatched in the first instance on a mission to Corsica, which had been recently evacuated by the English, and occupied by a few hundred refugee Corsicans under General Gentili, in order to assist in providing for its civil administration and the establishment of a constitution. The description given of Florence as it was at that time before the ambassador finally left the city of his predilection, is interesting:

With the exception of a few movements, brought about with great difficulty under critical circumstances, and of which I have had occasion to speak, the dominant aspect of all classes was that of indolence. Florence had now for two centuries and a half lost that antique energy which, in the stormy days of the republic, distinguished that noble city. Its peaceable inhabitants, dispossessed of all their rights, were no longer those susceptible citizens whom the love of liberty and independence had so often stirred to the most courageous resolutions and to the most generous sacrifices. There were no longer even those illustrious Mæcnas, who offered so magnificent an hospitality to science and the letters. Almost everywhere I saw nothing but men softly cradled in the charms of a beautiful climate, solely occupied with the details of a monotonous life, and vegetating tranquilly under a beneficent sky.

As to the women, a mixture of devotion and gallantry constituted, as throughout all Italy, the principal feature in their character. Manners were extremely relaxed; but as this dissipation was universal, and what is strange, the result of a generally admitted social understanding, it gave rise to no criticism, and so long as a woman lived comfortably with her "cavalier servant," and that she put some mystery and a kind of decency in the infidelities which she practised towards him, she enjoyed an unsullied reputation. French domestic habits were, in consequence, deemed to be infinitely ridiculous; and if the rumour of the breaking down, and of the absence of all shame from our manners, since the beginning of the revolution—if, I say, this rumour, which preceded us at Florence, had ill-disposed the public mind towards us, our women were found, to the great surprise of all, to be of unassailable virtue, and their husbands were never forgiven for showing themselves with them in public, in opposition to the customs of the country.

But if the ladies of Florence were little scrupulous upon the subject of conjugal fidelity, they were all the more so in their religious practices; and the same woman, who without her conscience being troubled thereby neglected those duties which are everywhere else looked upon as the most sacred, would not consent to eat meat on a fast-day. And the other practices of religion were not less rigorously observed. They not only interrupted the pleasures of gallantry for a few moments, but they also served as a pretext for emancipation from chains, the weight of which was beginning to fatigue, and it was generally at Easter that ruptures took place and new *liaisons* were formed. It is also at that epoch that the consent of the husband is asked, and is obtained, for a change of "cavalier servant;" for such a change is a family affair.

I do not, however, pretend to circumscribe all society in the same category. No one was more able than myself to convince himself how many remarkable exceptions to the general tone of society Florence and the other chief towns of Tuscany presented. They contained men and women of acknowledged merit, and who were far removed from the follies and weaknesses which I observed elsewhere. The distinguished natural philosopher Fontana; MM. Fabbroni, Fos-sombroni, and Paoli, who have made a name for themselves in the natural and mathematical sciences; M. Pignotti, the writer of some charming fables; M. Galuzzi, who penned the history of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and other learned and literary men, honoured their country, and preserved to it a portion of that ancient renown which it once enjoyed. Lastly, several ladies, such, for example, as Mme. Fabbroni, were distinguished by their talents and their culti-

vated minds, and would have shone with real brilliancy in whatever country they had lived.

Joseph Bonaparte having joined M. de Melito at Bastia, they returned together to Florence, whence the latter proceeded to Milan to join General Bonaparte, at that time reposing himself at Montebello, after a brilliant campaign, which had been terminated by the treaty of Tolentino, the preliminaries of peace of Leoben, and the transformation of the governments of Venice and of Genoa.

It was in this magnificent residence of Montebello (M. de Melito relates) that I found Bonaparte, the 13th Prairial (1st June), apparently more in the midst of a brilliant court than at a general's head-quarters. Already a most severe etiquette was observed around him; his aides-de-camp and his officers were no longer admitted to his table, and he showed himself difficult in the choice of guests whom he received there: it was an honour much sought after and with difficulty obtained. He dined, so to say, in public; during his repast, people of the country were allowed to enter into the room where he was eating, and to feast their anxious looks upon his person. As far as he was concerned, he did not seem to be in the slightest degree confused or embarrassed by the excessive honour paid him, and he received it as if he had always been accustomed to such. His saloons, as also a vast tent which he had had put up in the gardens of the palace, were constantly filled with a crowd of generals, administrators, and great contractors, as well as by the highest nobility and the most distinguished men of Italy, who came to solicit the favour of a look or of a moment's conversation. Everything had succumbed before the brilliancy of his victories and the haughtiness of his manners. He was no longer the general of a triumphant republic, he was a conqueror on his own account, imposing laws on the conquered.

The Directory, informed and alarmed at this state of things, had sent General Clarke (afterwards Duke of Feltre) to counterbalance the power assumed by the young general; but it was not with a man like Bonaparte that such means were likely to succeed.

During the very first conversation (M. de Melito continues) that I had with Bonaparte at Montebello, and which at the onset turned upon my mission to Corsica, and of which he was kind enough to say I had got through creditably, I saw, the moment he touched upon more serious subjects, that he was by no means prepared to treat definitively with Austria, and still less to get on with the negotiations, or to bring them to a prompt conclusion. He felt all the advantages of the situation he was placed in, and he apprehended that peace might affect it, as indeed did take place after the treaty of Campo-Formio. He appeared to me to attach little or no importance whatsoever to the negotiators sent to him by the emperor, and he even joked bitterly at their expense. He more especially hastened to tell me that Clarke, who had been selected by the Directory as his associate, was there only for form's sake—that he had no influence, and received no communications. He is (he added) a spy whom the Directory has placed near to me. And, besides, Clarke has no talent; he is nothing but a proud fool.*

I recognised perfectly, in the language which he held with me in the first conversation, as well as in all those which I had with him during my stay at Milan, the same views and the same designs which I had discerned in our preceding conversations held at Brescia, at Bologna, and at Florence. I ever saw in him the man the least of all imbued with republican forms and ideas; he considered all such as moonshine.

He unmasked himself more than ever on a particular occasion, which I cannot pass over in silence:

* He nevertheless raised him afterwards to the highest dignities.

Amongst the crowd that surrounded him and pressed themselves into his notice, he appeared to me to have particularly distinguished M. de Melzi, a Milanese noble, and one of the most enlightened and most respectable citizens of Lombardy.* I was one day with him at Montebello, and Bonaparte took us both to walk in the spacious gardens of that fine residence. The walk lasted about two hours, during which the general spoke almost without interruption, and whether it was that the confidence with which we inspired him induced him to speak without constraint, or that he was urged by the wish to communicate to the first person he met the ideas which grouped themselves somewhat tumultuously in his mind, he certainly did not dissimulate in any way his future projects.

"What I have done as yet," he said to us, "is nothing. I am only on the threshold of the career that I shall run. Do you think that it is to make the greatness of the advocates of the Directory, of the Carnots and the Barrases, that I triumph in Italy? Do you think that it is to found a republic? What an idea! a republic with thirty millions of men! with our manners, our vices! How is such possible? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass away like so many others. What they want is glory, the gratification of their vanity; but as to liberty, they don't understand it. Look at the army! the victories which we have just effected, our triumphs, have already restored the character to the French soldier. I am all and everything to him. Let the Directory try to take away the command from me, and it will see if it is the master. What the nation requires is a chief—a chief rendered illustrious by glory, and not theories of government, phrases, and discourses of idealists, which the French do not understand. Give them a child's coral, that will suffice to them; they will amuse themselves with it, and let themselves be led, provided always the point to which they are to be led is skilfully hidden from them.

"As to your country, Monsieur de Melzi, there are still fewer elements of republicanism in it than in France, and we must have even fewer ceremonies with it than with any other. You know it better than any one; we can do with it just what we like. But the time is not yet come; we must yield to the fever of the moment, and we are going to have here one or two republics after our own fashion. Monge will arrange all that. In the mean time, I have already caused two to disappear from the territory of Italy, and although they were very aristocratic republics, it was still there that there existed most public spirit and confirmed opinions. We should have been much embarrassed by them in the future. Besides, I am resolved never to give up Lombardy nor Mantua to Austria. You can," he continued, addressing M. de Melzi—"you can rely upon that, and you will see that whatever conclusion we arrive at in regard to this country, you can enter into my views, without having anything to fear from the return or from the power of Austria. I will give to it Venice as an indemnification, and a portion of the territory that is on the continent belonging to that old republic."

We both at the same time exclaimed out against such a project, which would once more place Austria at the gates of Italy, and which would disappoint all the hopes of a population which he himself would only have disenfranchised from the yoke of a hated oligarchy to replace under an absolute monarchy, and which would keep it in a state of thralldom, not less insufferable than that from which he had just rescued it.

He replied by requesting us not to cry out before the mischief was done. "I shall only do that if I am obliged by some folly on the part of the Parisians to make peace, for my intentions are nowise to finish so quickly with the Austrians.

* M. de Melzi d'Eril (afterwards Duke of Lodi) was subsequently appointed Vice-President of the Italian Republic, and in 1805, when that republic was changed into a monarchy, he received the title of Chancellor Keeper of the Seals to the Crown. He died in 1816.

Peace is not in my interest. You see what I am, what I can now do in Italy. If peace is concluded, I shall no longer be at the head of the army, which I have attached to myself; I shall have to renounce the high position which I have placed myself in, to go and pay my court at the Luxembourg to barristers. I do not wish to leave Italy except to go and play a part in France somewhat similar to that which I now play here, and the time has not come yet: the pear is not ripe. But the issue of all this does not depend solely on myself. They are not agreed in Paris. One party raises its head in favour of the Bourbons; I do not wish to contribute to its triumph. I am quite willing, some day, to weaken the republican party, but I intend it to be to my own advantage, and not to that of the olden dynasty. In the mean time, I must go on with the republican party. Then peace may become necessary to satisfy the desires of our Parisian cockneys, and if it must be done it is I who shall bring it about. If I left the credit to another, such a benefit would place him higher in public opinion than all my victories."

Such is the remarkable conversation narrated by M. de Melito; it shows that Bonaparte felt and understood his position in 1797 just as clearly as the present Emperor of France did in 1848. It is said that the revolution was brought about by the encyclopædists, but men, not measures or theories, seem ultimately to sway mankind. There was nothing in Bonaparte's views that in any one way concerned themselves with the future happiness or prosperity of France or Italy beyond so much as they tended to serve his own selfish aggrandisement. To him soldiers were puppets, men pawns, and France a great baby, to be amused with a toy.

After a delay of eight days at Montebello, M. de Melito left for Turin, with assurances on the part of Bonaparte that he had no intentions to revolutionise Sardinia, but that he could not answer for the Directory, surrounded as it was by a crowd of intriguers whose only pursuit was to sow dissension and promote disorder. Thus, M. de Melito, who at Turin represented the general's feelings rather than those of the Directory, was at once placed in his new position in antagonism with the agents of his own government. In the mean time, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor brought out all Bonaparte's energies. It did not, as we have before seen, suit his purpose that the Bourbons should return to power, and his attitude and that of the French army in Italy decided the question. The French thought that the decision was in favour of republicanism, but the army decided it in favour of imperialism! The most violent expressions were used to terrify the Parisians. Augereau and Massena especially distinguished themselves upon the occasion. "The road to Paris, does it present greater obstacles than that to Vienna?" "Tremble! from the Adige to the Rhine and the Seine there is only one step." Such, says M. de Melito, was the text of these "diatribes." We thus see that the use of such, supposed to be addressed by colonels in command and generals of divisions to those in authority, to terrify their opponents or neighbourly powers, is by no means new. M. de Melito unintentionally betrays the real feeling which he entertains of such a system of bravadoes by designating them as "diatribes."

One of the first results of the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor was that Bonaparte concluded the peace of Campo-Formio the 17th October, 1797; and the Directory, in order to set him aside, appointed him to

the command of what M. de Melito says was designated as "the army of England." Bonaparte, however, saw through the intentions of the Directory at once. In a conversation held with M. de Melito at Turin, at half-past two in the morning, whilst waiting for his dinner, which was served at four! after justifying the line of conduct which he pursued on the 18th Fructidor, he said:

"But do not fancy that it was from conformity of ideas with those that I have assisted, that I was induced so to act. I did not wish for the restoration of the Bourbons, especially when brought back by the army of Moreau and by Pichegru. The papers found in the portfolio of d'Entraignes enlightened me clearly upon the projects of these two generals. Definitively, I do not intend to play the part of Monk; I will not play it, nor will I let others play it. But these Parisian lawyers* whom they have placed in the Directory know nothing about government. They are small minds. I shall see what they intend to do at Rastadt. I doubt much, however, that we can agree and go on long together. They are jealous of me; I know it, and in spite of all the incense they throw at my nose, I am not their dupe; they fear me more than they like me. They were in a hurry to appoint me general of the army of England, to get me out of Italy, where I am master, and more a sovereign than a general of an army. They will see how matters will go on when I am no longer there. I leave Berthier there; but he is unequal to the task of commanding in chief, and, I predict it, will commit nothing but follies. As to me, my dear Miot, I declare to you I can no longer obey; I have tasted command, and I cannot give it up. My resolution is taken: if I cannot be the master, I will quit France; I will not have done so much to give up the results to lawyers. As to this country [speaking of Piedmont], it will not long be quiet. I have done everything in my power to assure the tranquillity of the king, but the Directory is surrounded by a parcel of patriots and idealists who know nothing about politics. They will set fire to Italy, and have us all driven out of it one day."

Nor was Bonaparte wrong, for one of the first acts of Berthier, who succeeded to him, was to overthrow the Papacy, which Bonaparte had always spared—M. de Melito believes in deference to ulterior and imperialist views—and to proclaim a Roman republic.

The hostility of the Directory to Sardinia became also daily more manifest, and in this untoward state of things M. de Melito obtained leave to return to Paris. Here he was coolly received as a lukewarm republican, and he revenged himself by satirising the manners and habits of Parisian society. Confusion, he says, reigned everywhere, and the salons were filled indifferently with contractors and generals, with learned men and "chevaliers d'industrie, with "femmes galantes" and ladies of the old nobility, with patriots and loyalists. Barras took the lead at the Directory. He had horses, dogs, mistresses, a haughty and rough address, and it was marvellous to see these proud republicans, these Aristideses, these Brutuses of the Convention, come and prostrate themselves before this new idol, and worship its tastes.

Bonaparte felt less at home in such society than even M. de Melito. He felt, however, that his time was not yet come; he must do something still more striking than the campaign in Italy to satisfy the French love of glory, and his thoughts turned in the direction—as surely taken by the Gallic mind as the Polar regions are by the mariner's compass—to a descent on England. Luckily, a journey which he made with this view

* Merlin de Douai and François de Neufchâteau.

along the coasts, and the observations of a few enlightened men with whom he held communication on that journey, induced him to renounce a plan which, however seductive, was not by any means easy to accomplish. But still it was necessary to dazzle the French nation, and the project of the expedition to Egypt having been suggested by Monge, was ardently embraced by Bonaparte. The Directory seconded his views, for they contemplated the rising young general quitting France with pleasurable relief. Barras and Bonaparte were on especially bad terms, and the latter never mitigated his hatred for the rude and vulgarly haughty director.

On reflecting (says M. de Melito) upon what passed before my own eyes, I have only been able to see in this expedition to Egypt, the end of which was so unfortunate, and which brought about so fatal a blow to our navy, sacrificed by the Directory to their wish of disembarassing themselves of a man whom they had not the courage to attack in his presence—I have, I say, only been able to see a further proof of the immeasurable evils which are drawn upon the people by the private hatreds and the exaggerated pretensions of men whom chance or a fatal celebrity has placed at their head.

The Republic worked at this epoch very badly. Bernadotte had seriously compromised it at Vienna; Suwaroff had relieved Mantua, and the defeat of Macdonald on the Trebia had entailed the loss of Italy; Jourdan had retreated before the Austrians; the French ministers Bonnier, Roberjot, and Debry had been murdered at Rastadt; Switzerland was invaded, and La Vendée was in insurrection. The Directory fell under these accumulated disasters, and new men were appointed—Barras and Sieyès alone remained. M. de Melito, at this juncture, accompanied Deforgues on a mission to Holland. That unfortunate kingdom had been relieved of the presence of the English under the Duke of York, to fall under the far weightier yoke of the French Republic under Brune. “The victorious general,” says M. de Melito, “asked for a deal of money, and was always complaining that he did not receive enough.”

On passing through Morfontaine, M. de Melito visited Joseph Bonaparte, who told him that a Greek named Bourbake had been despatched to Egypt to inform Napoleon Bonaparte of the state of things in France, and to advise his immediate return. M. de Melito first received the news of the general's actual return at the Hague, in a letter written to Brune, in which Bonaparte expressed his delight at finding one of his *lieutenants* at the head of a victorious army. The astonishment of the republican general may be easily conceived. “What more, indeed,” says M. de Melito, “could Cæsar have said? and if we had already a Cæsar in our republic, it was very sick.” A few days afterwards, Brune, more correctly informed as to what had taken place on the 18th and 19th Brumaire, and feeling that a change which placed the political power in the hands of the military could not but be favourable to the generals, protested devotion to the rising power, and frankly gave to it his services.

M. de Melito gives the credit of the revolution of the 18th and 19th Brumaire to that man so fertile in expedients—Talleyrand. Talleyrand said to Bonaparte, “You want power, and Sieyès wants a new constitution; work together to destroy what is, since that which exists is an obstacle for both.” A combination was thus brought about which had in

reality little to oppose it—Barras, without credit or party, and certain obscure incapables; in fact, as M. de Melito himself says, before Bonaparte struck the final blow, the Directory was no longer in existence. M. de Melito asserts that the events of the 19th Brumaire are not generally known, because the successful party were deeply interested in not letting the truth appear. When Bonaparte presented himself before the assembly of the “Five Hundred,” at St. Cloud, he was received with furious shouts of “Hors la loi!” “What does that man want?” was exclaimed on all sides; “by what right does he come in here?” These exclamations, and particularly the word outlaw, made a deep impression upon Bonaparte, who withdrew, pale and dejected.

It was, according to the same authority, Lucien Bonaparte who did the *coup*. Unable to control the awakened passions of the assembly after Bonaparte's withdrawal, he addressed himself to the soldiery under arms in the outer court, roused their enthusiasm for the general, whose life he depicted as in danger, and then charged the meeting with a battalion of grenadiers, with Murat at their head. But even the dispersion of a legislative chamber by an ignorant soldiery was followed by no results. It was only in the evening that Joseph Bonaparte thought of convening such of the members as were favourable to the projected changes, and thus the decrees which suppressed the council, abolished the Directory, and created the three consuls, were promulgated by a fraction—a minority! How different is this to the account of the *coup d'état*, as commonly recorded in historical works, taken from the pages of the *Moniteur* and the papers of the day? Bonaparte is now said to have taken little or no part in the events of the day upon which his prodigious power was founded.

Once in power, however, the mob saw in Bonaparte the future source of all honours and good things, and all parties hastened to instal themselves into his good graces. As to M. de Melito, he was recalled from Holland to fulfil the duties of secretary at war. Sieyès was induced to lay aside his proposed constitution for the time being, by a present of 350,000 fr., part of 600,000 fr. found in the treasury, as also the territory of Crône. The Parisians consoled themselves as usual with an epigram:

Sieyès à Bonaparte avait promis un trône,
Sous ses débris brillants voulant l'ensevelir;
Bonaparte à Sieyès a fait présent de Crône,
Pour le payer et l'avilir.

This history of the foundation of the first Empire is unquestionably the most remarkable yet published. It is at the same time deserving of credit, for it is written by a contemporary, who had his information from an eye-witness, and who above all was himself a Bonapartist. General de Fleischmann, the editor of M. de Melito's *Memoirs*, justly observes of them, that they must not be confounded with those manufactured memoirs with which French literature has been inundated during the last thirty years. They are the memorials of an observing, thoughtful, and enlightened statesman, who has nought to hide or to contort. Strange to say, the more the new government dispensed with democratic forms, and assumed a monarchical aspect and character, the more it gratified the public taste, and the First Consul was not the man to allow so easy a means of obtaining ascendancy escape him. He even

appointed one Riouffe, who had made such a pompous eulogium of the consul at the "Tribunat" that he was almost laughed out of the assembly, to one of the leading prefectures of France—that of Dijon—proving, says M. de Melito, in his quiet, sarcastic way, that excess of praise, even if ill-timed and ill-placed, are not without their excuse in the eyes of great men. As usual, also, in progress to power, conspiracies and rumours of conspiracies were made the apologies for arbitrary measures, such as the suppression of unfavourable newspapers, and the banishment or imprisonment of persons. The policy of ambitious men moves in a wheel, the spokes of which are as distinctly marked as the signs of the zodiac. Fouché seconded the First Consul with so much zeal, that Lucien Bonaparte having recriminated against so many pretended conspiracies, Fouché said, in the presence of both, "he would arrest the Minister of the Interior himself" (Lucien) "if he conspired." From that time Bonaparte gave his entire confidence to Fouché; he had already begun to doubt the fidelity of the brother to whom he was mainly indebted for his elevation to the rank of First Consul.

In the mean time the army of the Republic was moving from Dijon to the Rhône; it only wanted a commander, and it had not long to wait for such. Bonaparte left the task of assimilating parties, putting down phantom conspiracies, and influencing imaginations by fatalistic ideas to others to follow out, and he hastened back to his more natural predilections. His absence gave both strength and consistency to the Opposition, but such Bonaparte well knew was the ardent thirst of the French for military glory, that the news of the victory of Marengo defeated all their plots and projects at one fell blow. Bonaparte returned to Paris more arbitrary than ever, and less than ever inclined to conceal his real designs. General Latour Froissac was his first victim, Coracchi and his accomplices were the next. The consul then sought to gain over the Pope and the priest party—another of the inevitable moves in an ascent upwards. His first manifestation of what are ridiculously designated as "religious sentiments," was characteristic enough. "I love and esteem the priests," he wrote, "because they are good Frenchmen, and they know how to defend the country against those eternal enemies to the French name, those wicked heretics the English." This proclamation, which appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 8th Thermidor, an VIII., answered two purposes: it served to open a first connexion between the new government and the Church, and also to unite Church and people with him in a common hatred of England. Lucien Bonaparte was at the same time got rid of by a mission to Madrid, and M. de Melito, it does not appear very clearly why, but under the mask of modifying the constitution, was despatched to Corsica.

Whilst in that country, M. de Melito collected some interesting details concerning the Bonaparte family, which, he says, is not Corsican by origin, but Italian. One of their ancestors withdrew from Florence, during the troubles, to San Miniato, another took refuge at Sarzane, near Genoa, and it is from the latter branch that the Bonapartes descended who were established at Ajaccio. Some years after the union of Corsica to France, which took place in 1769, the father of the first consul, Charles Bonaparte, was sent to Paris as a representative or deputy of the Corsican nobility; and one of his daughters, Eliza Bonaparte, was educated at Saint Cyr—a definite proof of her nobility. It was at this epoch that Bonaparte

assumed for the first time the name of Napoleon in the Senatus-Consultus of 14th and 17th Thermidor, when he was appointed consul for life—a prelude to the changes further contemplated, but which it was too early to adopt at that epoch.

M. de Melito returned from Corsica with no small satisfaction; it was a country, he said, where it was easy to do evil, difficult to do good. On his return to Paris he found that, under a consulate, the austere forms of a republic had disappeared, and had been superseded by the outward insignia of monarchy. His very dress was half a century behind the time, and caused no little laughter at his expense. The laughter might, however, have been at the expense of those who were always so ready to change.

Lord Whitworth had at that time recently arrived in Paris. Bonaparte was delighted; he had lowered the pride of Great Britain, but M. de Melito says the triumph was destined to last for but a brief time. After having seized the reality of absolute power, it only remained to Bonaparte to give it its true name, when the difficulties concerning the execution of the treaty of Amiens entailed misunderstandings between England and France, which delayed his elevation for a long time.

The First Consul had allowed unequivocal signs of his aversion to England to appear on many occasions. At the sitting of the Council of State, when the change in the type of the currency was adopted, an incidental discussion had given him the opportunity of manifesting his opinion of the English, and he had expressed himself with remarkable bitterness in regard to that nation. To the surprise of all the members of the council, he had blamed everything in her. National spirit, political conduct, system of government, nothing could escape his criticism, which fell even upon Shakspeare and Milton, whom I scarcely expected to see figuring in a discussion of a Council of State in France.

This personal irritation against England was daily increased in the mind of the First Consul by the perusal of the English papers, more particularly those which were published in London by French emigrants, and which insulted himself and his family most grossly; by the difficulties which M. de Talleyrand met with in his negotiations with Lord Whitworth to obtain the cession of Malta, one of the conditions of the treaty of Amiens; and still more by the failure of an attempt made by Bonaparte himself to seduce England to his ambitious views by distinctly proposing to her to unite with France, and divide the world between them. This proposal shows to what an extent Bonaparte was ignorant of the principles of government in England, and under what illusions he lived in with regard to that country (illusions which he preserved up to the fatal moment when he so imprudently entrusted his existence to it).

Elsewhere M. de Melito, in a conversation with Joseph Bonaparte, says of Napoleon, "It is not difficult to see what he has in view: the foundation of a dynasty, the empire of Europe, at the most divided with Russia, and founded on the overthrow of Austria and of England. Such is the aim of all his enterprises." In both cases, like most ambitious people, Napoleon reckoned without Providence—as if the triumph of usurpation and arrogance at home, and of subjection and devastation abroad, depended solely upon the will of man.

Colonel Sebastiani's report in the *Moniteur*, which revealed Napoleon's intention of making Egypt a French colony, hastened the rupture. Napoleon, in his exasperation, said to Lord Whitworth he would make war for fifteen years. "That is a long time," quietly replied the ambassador. At the Council of State he said, "I cannot think that the English really intend to go to war. They are not in the habit of beginning so

(alluding to the king's message to parliament); they begin by making war, and talking about it afterwards." According to M. de Melito, the First Consul knew that England would not consent to give up Malta, so he insisted upon that concession all the more, as he knew it must involve a rupture; for after the signal failure he had made in attempting to bring over England to his ambitious views, war was the only means by which he could extricate himself from his false position.

The English opened the war by putting an embargo on such French vessels as were in English ports. Napoleon revenged himself by a measure which M. de Melito designates as "*violente et inusitée, même dans les guerres les plus acharnées.*" He made prisoners of war of all the English at that time in France who were upwards of eighteen years of age. The order was put into force with extreme rigour, and those who were thus deprived of their liberty did not regain it till the year 1814. But, above all, Napoleon directed his whole energies, time and money, in making preparations for a descent in England. Boulogne was the centre of these works. Yet M. de Melito says:

It is doubtful if he ever seriously entertained the project of attempting that great enterprise; he was too enlightened a judge in such matters not to have seen the few chances of success that it presented; and under any circumstances, I do not think that he ever had an intention of going himself, and of risking his fortune and his life with so few probabilities of conquering.*

But he was obliged to occupy the imagination of the people: a pretence for assembling a large army at but a short distance from the capital, of surrounding himself with such a devoted force, and of having himself, if necessary, carried by it to the throne, was even still more essentially necessary.

The conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, of Pichegru, and others, gave rise, according to M. de Melito, to infinite anxiety and real trepidation in the mind of Napoleon. He felt how impossible it was to conjure such plots by the simple action of the law, and he resolved to raise an impassable barrier between France and the Bourbons by a *coup d'état*. Talleyrand was, as usual, the genius that presided over the details. The assassination of the Duke d'Enghien was a first step; the establishment of the hereditary principle a second; the assumption of the title of emperor the third.

Yet amidst these rapid strides, consecrated by the Pope's presence, the new Emperor had cause for annoyance, vexation, and anxiety enough, not only in the troubles inseparable from the purple, not only in the hostility of England and other countries, but, worse than all, in the embarrassments caused to him by the members of his own family. The petty interference of princes and princesses alike in what they could not prevent was more characteristic of a low-bred family than of a group destined to found a dynasty. The altercations with Joseph, prompted by the ladies, were often of the most violent character; and it was the same with

* In a conversation held with Joseph on the subject of the marriage of Lucien, on returning from one of his trips to Boulogne, he made use of the following remarkable words:—"You think you will be wanted whilst I am away? Well! what do I care for that? I shall not go to England, I will send Ney. Besides, I have another means: I shall only make an expedition into Ireland; I shall thus reduce everything within the bounds of an ordinary war; I shall give back Ireland for Malta, and make peace." This, however, might have been said merely to keep Joseph in check.

others. Napoleon offered the crown of Lombardy to the eldest son of Prince Louis, but the father refused the honour. "So long as I shall exist," he said, "I will neither consent to the adoption of my son before he has attained the age fixed by the *Senatus Consultus*, nor to any arrangement which, by placing him, to my prejudice, on the throne of Lombardy, *would give by so signal a favour further consistency to the rumours already in circulation on the subject of that child.* I will consent, if you wish it, to go into Italy, but on condition that I shall take with me my wife and children."

This refusal, and the tone in which it was made, so exasperated the Emperor, that he seized the prince by the body, and ejected him violently out of the room.

Napoleon, thwarted by the members of his own family, raised the young Beauharnais and Murat to the highest honours. "The honours conferred on these persons," M. de Melito remarks, "were looked upon by the Emperor's brothers as an insult to themselves; yet had they no right to complain: they were the necessary consequence of their refusal to abet Napoleon in his designs. Thus the grievances kept accumulating on both sides, the interior of the Bonaparte family became more divided than ever, and so many favours of fortune showered upon it could neither suffice to satisfy personal ambition nor to bring about harmony or unity of views. From the very first, unexpected opposition had arisen, pretensions had manifested themselves, and hateful passions had taken possession of hearts which Napoleon had hoped to attach to himself by great benefits conferred, and which entitled him at least to their gratitude."

The hostile attitude assumed by the Continent upon the Emperor's elevation to the throne led him to give a new version of his long-continued but infructuous demonstrations against England :

For now two years (he said) France has made the greatest efforts that can be demanded of her, and she has supported them. A general war on the Continent would not demand greater. I have the strongest army, the most complete military organisation, and I am already in the same situation that I should have to place myself in if a continental war took place. But in order to have been enabled to gather together such a body of troops in time of peace, to have twenty thousand artillery horses with their equipages complete, it required a pretext to create them and to bring them together, without alarming the continental powers; and this pretext has been furnished to us by the projected descent in England.

This was manifestly a misrepresentation. The Emperor continued his preparations at Boulogne long after this with renewed activity. He went thither himself to await the arrival of the combined fleets of France and Spain, who were to clear the Channel for the sailing of the expedition. Luckily, Admiral Calder fell in with the hostile fleet, and drove it into Corunna, after destroying the *San Rafaël* of 84, and the *Firme* of 74 guns. M. de Melito says, that although every possible attempt was made to pass off the engagement as one of dubious success, it was generally felt that the protection of the combined fleets to the expedition when crossing the Channel had been for ever put an end to; and if a descent in England was to be effected, it must be by the armament from Boulogne alone, which was equivalent to admitting that it was no longer feasible.

One day, August 21st, the *générale* was beaten at Boulogne, and all the troops were received on board the embarkations. It was said that the combined French and Spanish fleets had put out from Corunna, and were in full possession of the Channel—the descent was about to take place. A few days after (August 28th), the whole body of troops that were at Boulogne, or that were scattered along the coasts, were on their way to the Rhine!

As to the combined fleet, it had in the mean time got out of Corunna truly enough, and it still reckoned thirty-three ships of war; but instead of sweeping the Channel, it made the best of its way to Cadiz. There, when off Cape Trafalgar, it was met by the English fleet, who at once gave it battle. “This sanguinary engagement,” says M. de Melito, “annihilated the French navy, which from that epoch has not raised its head again under the Imperial rule.” It would hardly be believed that the *Moniteur* of the day preserved a total and most discreet silence as to the occurrence of so great a catastrophe as the destruction of twenty-two out of thirty-three French and Spanish men-of-war.

As far as the Emperor was concerned, the loss of his fleet affected him but little. It definitely postponed the descent on England, a project which, however much he may have wished to see carried out, he was, probably, never very sanguine of succeeding in; but the victory of Austerlitz more than indemnified him, by the halo of continental glory by which it environed him.

This victory and the loss of his fleet led him to direct his whole thoughts and attention to aggrandisement on the Continent.

He meditated (M. de Melito tells us) coming to Rome, assuming there the title of Emperor of the West, having himself again crowned in that quality by the Pope, to whom nothing should be left but the spiritual power, with a subsidy of some one or two millions; in fact, as had often been recommended to him by Fontanes, to enact the part of Charlemagne over again. These propositions, without having been officially made to the Pope, were privately disclosed to him. But no sooner was he made acquainted with them than he communicated them to the cardinals at a meeting to which they were all convoked with the exception of Cardinal Fesch. This assembly unanimously declared that it was better to die than to live under such harsh conditions, and the Pope wrote a letter to the Emperor, as firm as it was moderate, to refuse his consent.

M. de Melito was with Joseph Bonaparte when the prince was named King of Naples. The reign was inaugurated by a curious incident—the capture of Capri by the English.

Whilst the king was making his entrance into Naples, the English appeared in the Gulf with three ships of the line and several frigates, and an apprehension was entertained that they might mar the festival by bombarding the city. But such was not the object of their movements: they had a more serious project in view than the vain demonstration of an insufficient force against the forts that defend Naples. They attacked Capri on the night of the 11th and 12th of May, and obtained possession of the place. The small garrison which we had in that island defended it bravely. The captain who commanded was killed, and the survivors surrendered with an honourable capitulation.

This was followed up by a descent on the coast in the Gulf of Sainte-Euphémie, between Nicastro and Amato. General Reynier occupied the heights which dominate over the river, but he committed the error of descending thence into the plain, “to drive the English back into the sea.” The English waited to receive the onslaught, backed by their gun-boats.

“Our troops advanced with their customary ardour, but they were taken aback by an unexpected movement made by the English; the front ranks were thrown into disorder, and, falling back upon the rear, carried them away with them, and we were completely beaten.” This is, perhaps, the most naïve account of a defeat that we ever perused. The art of giving a colouring to such appears to have been long ago exhausted, but it is now superseded by a greater novelty, which is the art of giving to a handful of men the credit of victories won by the hard fighting of thousands. The consequences, however, of General Reynier’s defeat was a general insurrection throughout Calabria, which was not put down till Massena arrived with forces superior to those of the Italians, led by such men as Fra Diavolo and their Sicilian and English allies.

M. de Melito, in his quality of minister of the interior and chief of the municipal administration of Naples, “assisted” at the annual ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius. “Bad luck!” he says, “to the man who at that moment should have allowed the slightest manifestation of contempt for such a miserable piece of jugglery to escape, or who should have permitted himself to express doubts as to the reality of the miracle! he would most certainly have been torn to pieces by the mob.”

The second volume of these interesting Memoirs concludes with the abdication of Joseph and the succession of Murat to the throne of Naples. M. de Melito himself is preparing to follow Joseph into new countries—the Iberian peninsula. It only remains for us to say, that memoirs like these, with those of the Duke of Ragusa, the Emperor’s confidential friend and councillor, and those of M. Guizot, will do much to render a new biography of Napoleon a desideratum. It is manifest, that including even Scott and Thiers, no book with any real pretension to that character exists in the French, English, or any other language. It is at the same time a most mistaken notion that M. de Melito’s opinion of Napoleon is not deserving of much importance, on account of “its discoloration of contempt.” Any person who could have imbibed such an idea, or emitted such an opinion, cannot have carefully read, certainly not digested, the Memoirs before us. M. de Melito was pre-eminently Bonapartist. He was one of the first civilians, perhaps, in France who enjoyed the confidence of the rising young general; hence was he also enabled to detect the ambitious views of the future Emperor from their earliest dawn. He may have felt some partisanship for the brothers, both Joseph and Lucien, but he never appears to have entertained any regret either for republic or for monarchy. It has been said that Napoleon’s councillors professed their chivalrous devotion for him at the foot of his throne, and retired into their cabinets to write down their feelings of weariness, envy, and scorn. So it was to a certain extent with M. de Melito; admiring the man as he undoubtedly did, and carried away with thousands of others by his force of character and superiority of genius, he still was not blind to his faults, and he has not disguised the latter, whilst following out the course of the former, as his natural and legitimate theme. But “of discoloration of contempt” there is not a trace. There is throughout the whole of the first two volumes only one incident that we can see that is open to doubts as to discoloration of any kind, and that is the account of the *coup d’état* of the 18th and 19th Brumaire; but that account is among the few that were acknowledged obtained at second-hand.

THE EARL'S DILEMMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A RATHER good-looking man of four or five-and-twenty was strolling one morning in the park attached to a fine mansion. At a distance he might possibly have been taken for a gamekeeper: he wore a velveteen coat, and his boots were muddy: but a nearer approach would have done away with the impression, for his curiously fine shirt-front and the highly-finished chain, passed across it, bespoke him of a higher station. How high, the pocket-handkerchief might have decided, as he jerked it from his pocket, for it bore an earl's coronet.

He held a fishing-rod in his hand: he had been by the pond for an hour, but the fish did not seem inclined to bite, and he grew impatient and left. He carried the rod in its separate pieces, too careless or indolent to put them one inside the other, and he splashed along in a brown study, little heeding where he put his feet.

The brown study did not appear to be a pleasant one, for when he came to the ha-ha, he flung himself down on it with an ungracious movement, and a still more ungracious expletive. He began beating the wall with the thin end of the fishing-rod, and—broke it.

"That's the time of day! that's the way you use your fishing-rods, is it?" cried a free, pleasing voice, from a little distance. "I wouldn't mind being appointed fishing-tackle purveyor to your earlship."

The new comer was an active little man, some years older than the earl, his features thin, and his eyes dark and luminous. He had been a college friend, a close friend, of the earl's years ago, and was now paying him a visit at his new inheritance, having arrived the previous day. He came up, and leaned his arms on the wall. It was Thomas Carr.

"What is the matter, Hartledon?"

"Not much," returned Lord Hartledon. "Where are you off to?"

"I made an end of my letters, and came out to look for you. But don't say there's not much the matter, for there is. I can read you through, as readily as I used to do at Oxford."

"I wish you could, then, and do for me what you used to do there. I'm in a mess."

"Well, I have got you out of many a one. Let me know it."

The earl switched away, taking for the sport another joint of the fishing-rod. "There are some things one does not like to talk of, Carr, and you can do me no good in this."

"So you were wont to say, yet it generally turned out that I did do you good, and cleared you from your dilemma. And I don't understand your 'not liking' to speak of things to me. Wherefore?"

"Because I shall prove myself a regular fool."

"Never mind. I have heard queer things from you in my time. Fire away."

"Certainly, confessing to you is like confessing to one's second self,"

deliberated Lord Hartledon. "No one but you, Carr, ever had my good at heart."

"As I had it then, so I have it now, Elster. Hang your title, Hartledon: I can't get into it."

"I say hang it, too," returned his lordship; "I wish I had never come into it. But for poor Hart's death, I should not have got into this scrape."

"Come, what is it?"

"I have been such an idiot as to make an offer to two women—or let two think I am going to marry them, and how to get out of it I don't know. I can't marry them both."

"I imagine not," quietly replied Mr. Carr.

"The one——But you knew about Miss Ashton: I forgot that."

"I knew you were engaged to Dr. Ashton's daughter."

"I have been engaged to her ever since I was one or two-and-twenty. And I am sure I loved her with all my"—the earl seemed to hesitate for a strong word—"might and main; and do still. But I have managed to get into mischief elsewhere."

"What sort of mischief?"

"The worst sort, for it's on the square, and there can be no slipping out of it. Poor Edward died, you know, in August, and not long after that—misfortunes never come alone—low fever broke out in the neighbourhood, and it crept into Dr. Ashton's. I went to the rectory just the same, and should have continued to go: what did I care for low fever? it was not likely to touch me: but the countess dowager found out that I went——"

"Why does the Countess of Kirton stay with you so long?" interrupted Thomas Carr. "She has been here ever since your brother died."

"Before it. I don't know why she stays: likes her quarters, I expect: she makes a great merit of it, and says I ought to feel under eternal obligations to her and Maude for sacrificing their time to a solitary man and his household. But you should have heard the uproar she made upon discovering I had been to the rectory. She sent for a barrel of lime and a barrel of vinegar, and had my room fumigated and my clothes burnt."

"The foolish old creature!"

"Every individual thing I had worn that day, even to the hat. The best of it was, I pointed out by mistake the wrong coat, and the real one is in my wardrobe now. I shall show it her some day. She had a bonfire made of them in the stable-yard, and she and Lady Maude went out to look at it. Then she reproached me with holding her life and her daughter's dirt cheap, to go and do my best to bring the fever home to them; and she wormed out a promise that I did not visit the rectory, as long as the fever was in it."

"Which you gave?"

"She wormed it out of me, I tell you: and for thirteen lasting weeks afterwards, I never saw or spoke to Anne. Three of the rectory servants had the fever, one of them died, and the last to take it was Mrs. Ashton. Anne made herself head nurse, and never went beyond the

gardens the whole time; she did not even come to church, and I did not see her."

"Well? Go on, Percival."

"Well: how does that proverb run—about idleness being the root of all evil? During those weeks I was an idle man, wretchedly bored; and I got into a flirtation with Lady Maude. She began it; Carr, I protest she did; and I joined in it from sheer idleness, to kill time. But you know how one gets led on in those things—or I do, if you, you cautious fellow, don't—and we both dipped into it pretty deep. I know I did, on my side, and Maude did not check me."

"How deep?" interrupted Thomas Carr.

"As deep as I well could, short of committing myself by words, of saying, Will you be my wife? You see, the ill luck of it was, those two and I being alone in the house. When I would propose to invite friends, the countess dowager reproached me with forgetting the recent death of my brother. I had to send for you on the sly: did you notice their surprise yesterday when you arrived? So I and Maude had nothing to do but entertain each other, for the dowager chiefly kept herself up-stairs till evening: she had a cold, she said, and was afraid of the fever."

"Tush!" sounded from the throat of Thomas Carr. "And you, Hartledon, made love to the Lady Maude."

"I did; as fast as my tongue could make it," answered Lord Hartledon, contriving to push the broken point of the fishing-rod through his costly handkerchief. "But I only did it for amusement; I had no intention of her supplanting Anne Ashton. Now, Carr, you are looking as you used to look at Oxford: get your brow smooth again. You just shut yourself up with a fascinating girl, for a few months, and see if you wouldn't find yourself in an entanglement, proof against them as you think you are."

"As I am obliged to be, Hartledon. It is not improbable; if I laid myself out to the temptation. But I should take care not to do so: and there's where you were wrong."

"How was I to help it? They were staying in my house, my guests: I could not turn them out?"

"Why couldn't they leave as the rest of the visitors did, when the unfortunate accident overtook your brother?"

"There is a relationship between us, some sort of cousinship, and the countess dowager remained on the strength of it. A precious merit she makes of it, too."

"Then you should have gone away yourself, Percival."

"But I foresaw no danger. I was secure from my engagement to Anne Ashton. I did not care for Lady Maude then; never thought of her at all, except as one who had been in love with my brother."

"Was she in love with him?" quickly asked Mr. Carr.

"I used to think it, but Hartledon would never have it that it was so. I hinted it to Maude one day lately, when she offended me, and she turned red and white with indignation, and said she wished he could rise from his grave and refute me. Poor fellow! I wish he could rise from it."

"No man is so liable to fall into temptation, as he who prides himself on his security."

"There's no time to moralise," interrupted Lord Hartledon; "it is hard upon luncheon-time, and I have promised to ride with Maude afterwards. It will be awful work for me, between her and Anne."

"So I should think," returned Mr. Carr, with a twinkle in his bright eye. "The ass between two bundles of hay was nothing to it."

"He was not an ass at all, compared with what I am," gloomily assented the earl.

"I don't defend you. All you can do is to draw away by gradual degrees from Lady Maude. Begin at once, this very day. There is no actual entanglement, and——"

"Stop a bit," interrupted Lord Hartledon, twisting the rod into circles, "I had not come to the climax. One ill-starred day, when it was pouring cats and dogs, and I could not get out, I challenged Maude to a game at billiards. Maude lost. I said she should pay me, and put my arm round her waist and snatched a kiss.—I can't go on if you scowl so, Carr: there's no particular sin in kissing a girl, and they don't dislike it, for all their show of fighting. Upon lifting up my face, there stood the countess dowager. I believe she must have been at the keyhole."

"Not improbable," said Mr. Carr, significantly.

"Oh, you two dear turtle doves," cried she, in a great ecstasy; "oh, Hartledon, you have made me so happy! I have seen for some weeks what you were thinking of. There's nobody living that I'd confide that dear child to, but yourself: you shall have her, and my blessing shall be upon you both."

"Carr," continued the earl, "I was struck dumb. All the absurdity of the thing rose up before me. I was confused, and could not utter a word. Her ladyship had possessed herself of my hand and Maude's, and was linking them together; and the other hand was lifted up on high over our heads, the symbol, I supposed, of the blessing. A man with more moral courage might have spoken out; have acknowledged the shame and the folly of his conduct, and apologised. I could not."

"You never had the slightest spark of moral courage," returned Mr. Carr, in a pained tone. "What did you say?"

"Nothing. There's the worst of it. I neither denied the dowager's assumption, nor confirmed it. Of course I cannot now."

"When was this?"

"In January. And now it's April."

"And how have things gone on since? How do you stand with them?"

"Things have gone on as they did before; and I stand engaged to Maude, in her mother's opinion; perhaps in hers: never having said, myself, one word to support the engagement."

"Only continued to 'make love,' and 'snatch a kiss,'" sarcastically rejoined Mr. Carr.

"Once in a way. What is a chap to do, exposed to the witchery of a pretty girl?"

"Oh, Percival! You are worse than I thought for. Where was Miss Ashton?"

"Circumstances have been against me," said the earl, in a sullen tone.

"In January, when Mrs. Ashton was well enough, the doctor got leave from the bishop, and the family and servants went to the sea-side, while

the rectory was turned inside out—it wanted it, I should imagine, worse than my room did. They come home in a few days, and what on earth I shall do, I don't know. I might make sail to some remote tract of land, unknown to missionaries, and convert myself into a savage, where I should never be found, or recognised. I don't know anything else that I can do."

"Does Miss Ashton know of all this?"

"Of course she does not. Or do you think she would continue to write to me?"

"Lord Hartledon!" exclaimed Mr. Carr, in a startled tone.

Lord Hartledon whistled softly—to conceal his annoyance.

"Is it possible that you are carrying on a correspondence by letter with Miss Ashton, and your love-making with Lady Maude?"

Lord Hartledon nodded assent, looking more and more ashamed of himself.

"And you call yourself a peer of the realm! Why, you are the greatest humbug——"

"That's enough; no need to sum it up. I have been a flat, I know; but what's to be done?"

"Lord Hartledon, I think I must leave you to-day. Your conduct has been inexcusable."

"Don't 'Lord Hartledon' me: I won't stand it. Carr."

"What do you wish to say?"

"If you begin a string of reproaches that will last till night, will that mend matters? I am conscious of possessing but one true friend in the world, and that's yourself, and you must stand by me."

"I was your friend: but I believed you to be a man of honour."

"So I am," cried the earl, lifting his hat, and dashing his hair from his brow. "I did not go into this deliberately; I never meant to do wrong: I was drawn into it unawares, bit by bit."

"You correspond with Miss Ashton, while you——"

"If you go to the rights of the thing, it is Miss Ashton I ought to correspond with," said the earl, stopping Mr. Carr's words. "In January, when I heard they were going to the sea-coast, I ran the risk of a second burning and fumigating from the dowager, and went to the rectory. Anne was cool: I know she was thinking that no fever would have kept her so long from me: but I laid the blame where it was due, on Lady Kirton's fears, and we squared matters up, and agreed to correspond, as was usual during our absences. A week afterwards occurred the catastrophe in the billiard-room."

"May I ask which of the young ladies it is that you really care for?"

"Anne—I think."

"You *think*!"

"I believe my heart is hers: but Maude has managed to creep into a corner of it. She is very lovely, very fascinating; and then look how we have been thrown together: she has been present, Anne absent. And you know, Carr——*Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.*"

"I know nothing of the sort," angrily responded Mr. Carr. "Is it Lady Maude that you intend to marry?"

"No. Anne Ashton. The difficulty is, how I am to get clear of Maude."

"And of the formidable countess dowager. You must tell Maude the truth."

"Impossible, Carr. I might have done it once, but the thing has gone on so long. The dowager would eat me up."

"Let her try at it. I should speak to Lady Maude alone, and put her upon her generosity to release you. Tell her you presumed upon your cousinship; and confess that you have long been engaged to marry Miss Ashton."

"She knows that: they have both known it all along. My brother was the first to tell them, before he died."

"They *knew* it?" inquired Mr. Carr, believing he had not heard correctly.

"Certainly. There has been no secret made of my engagement to Anne. All the world knows of that."

"Then—though I do not defend or excuse *you*—your breaking with Lady Maude may be more pardonable. They are poor, are they not, this Dowager Kirton and Lady Maude?"

"Poor as Job. Hard up, I think."

"Then they are angling for the broadlands of Hartledon. I see it all. You have been a victim to earl hunting."

"There you are wrong, Carr. I can't answer for the dowager, one way or the other, but Maude is the most disinterested——"

"Of course: girls on the look-out for establishments always are. Have it as you like."

He spoke in a tone of ridicule, and the earl jumped down, and led the way home.

There was no doubt that the Earl of Hartledon had got himself into a very serious predicament. His great fault was irresolution. Good-natured, careless, and sensitive, he had an invincible repugnance to say No: face to face, indeed, he could not say it. Thomas Carr accused him of being totally destitute of moral courage, and his brother, the late earl, had once remarked to the Lady Maude, that, so easily was he led, one, with a strong will, might sway him any way. Both were right, and Percival, Lord Hartledon, was as a very reed in the hands of the wary Countess Dowager of Kirton. Let the reader judge, then, whether it was likely that he, with his timorous disposition and vacillating mind, would speak to Lady Maude in the manner advised by Thomas Carr.

II.

IN the large, well-furnished drawing-room of the substantial rectory—substantial both in its size and in the revenues attached to it—sat Mrs. Ashton. She was an elegant woman, tall and fair, but her black satin dress sat loose upon her shrunken figure, and her point-lace cap looked too rich for her pale, resigned face. Long an invalid, the fever had fatally shattered her, the change to the sea-side had not been productive of much benefit, and the conviction was gaining on her, gently and gradually, that her lease of life was drawing to its close.

Anne sat near to her: less tall than her mother, but an elegant girl, with a sweet countenance and dark brown eyes and hair. She was busy with some sort of work, but every now and then lifted her face to look at her mother.

"Mamma, do you feel tired?"

"Not particularly so, Anne. Why?"

"You have not spoken a single word since Mrs. Graves left."

"I was thinking over something she told me."

"Something fallen out of order in the parish or the schools? Never mind, mamma: I and papa will have it all right again by the time you are strong enough to come out. Mrs. Graves is very kind and good, but she is rather a fault-finder."

"Anne, are you doing that wrong?"

"I think not, mamma. It is the way I understood you to say."

She held out her work as she spoke. Mrs. Ashton saw it was right, and relapsed into silence.

"Anne," she presently began again, in a slow tone, "is it not strange that Percival Elster does not come?"

A momentary change of countenance, and then Anne looked up and smiled.

"Mamma, you never will remember his new honours."

"You are right, child. But the familiar name of a lifetime is not easily laid aside. This is the third day since our return, and he has never once been here."

"I cannot think but he is absent—or ill," replied Anne.

"Neither one nor the other," returned Mrs. Ashton. "Your papa saw him at a distance yesterday, and Mrs. Graves met him this morning. There is no coolness—no misunderstanding between you?"

"None whatever, mamma. How should there be? It was only two days before we came home that I heard from him."

"Anne"—Mrs. Ashton spoke in a low, uncertain voice, as if doubtful how her request would be received—"have you any great objection to let me read that letter?"

Anne looked startled for an instant, then blushed, smiled, and finally left the room for the letter. "I have no objection, mamma," she said, handing it to her mother on her return. "I suppose you had love-letters yourself once, and know what they are."

Mrs. Ashton read it rapidly, folded, and returned it to Anne.

"Very short," she remarked, "but not unsatisfactory."

"He knew we were about returning home, mamma, and could see me instead of writing."

"Yet he does not seem to avail himself of it," remarked Mrs. Ashton.

"Can you wheel my writing-table closer, child?"

"Is it anything I can write for you, mamma?"

"No. I want to write to Lord Hartledon."

"Mamma!" uttered Anne, in consternation. "You are not going to ask him to come?"

"Yes I am, my dear. But not to see you: to see me. I have something to say to him. There," said Mrs. Ashton, when she had written her brief note, "you can read it before I enclose it."

"'MY DEAR PERCIVAL,—Can you spare me a five minutes' visit? I wish to speak with you."

"'Ever sincerely yours,

"'CATHERINE ASHTON.'

Seal it for me, Anne."

Anne had the taper alight and the wax in her hand, when the door was thrown open by a servant.

"Lord Hartledon."

He came in in a hurried manner; talking too fast, making too much fuss: it was unlike him, and consequently unnatural. As he shook hands with Mrs. Ashton, she held the note before him.

"You have arrived fortunately, Percival. See what I was about to send you."

"I was coming in yesterday," said Lord Hartledon, "but was prevented. I am much occupied just now. An old college friend is staying with me. You have heard me talk of him, Anne. Mr. Carr."

"Anne, my dear," said Mrs. Ashton, "I have a few words to say to Lord Hartledon. Will you leave us?"

She took her work and quitted the room, wondering much, and not feeling altogether at ease. Mrs. Ashton turned to her visitor.

"Percival—I cannot forget the old familiar name, you see——"

"I hope you never will forget it," warmly interposed the earl.

"A strange report has reached me this morning. I know that there must be some mistake, and I thought it better to tell it you, plainly and confidentially, before it gets to any other ear. It was, that you were going to marry Lady Maude Kirton."

The earl's face became like the sun in a fog, cloudy and crimson. "Who on earth could have invented that?" stammered he, having no better answer at hand.

"Mrs. Graves mentioned it to me. She was dining at Hartledon last week, she said, and the countess dowager spoke about it openly."

Mrs. Ashton looked at the earl, and the earl, confused and conscience-stricken, looked down on the carpet. He was devoutly wishing himself in the remote savage regions he had spoken of to Mr. Carr, his unhappy body painted, and a tuft of peacock's feathers on his head. "What *am* I to do?" thought he, rubbing his hot face. "I will be true to Anne: I love her better than Maude, and—what can I say now?"

"You do not speak," said Mrs. Ashton.

"I was thinking," he answered—"thinking what had given rise to this. I believe the countess dowager would like to see her daughter mistress of Hartledon; and she must have given utterance to her thoughts."

"Very strange that she should," observed Mrs. Ashton.

"I think she's a little cracked sometimes," coughed the earl. "I hope you have not told Anne."

"I have told no one. And had I not felt sure it had no foundation, I should have told the doctor, not you. The report must be put a stop to, Percival, for Lady Maude's sake."

"Marry Lady Maude!" cried he, with a show of indignation. "The best way to stop the report, is to give me Anne. Why should we wait, Mrs. Ashton?"

"I should like to see her yours before—before——Percival, does it strike you that I am looking ill?"

Far worse than he had ever seen her. But he did not say so.

"I do not believe I shall ever be better. I grow weaker day by day. I am beginning to think, Percival, that a few months will end it."

"I hope not," he said, with feeling. "I hope you are mistaken."

She shook her head. "Anne has no idea of this, or the doctor either: every day they are talking of my recovery. I shall try and lead them to it by degrees, as it has come to me. But I should like to see Anne your wife before the end comes."

"And so you shall, long before that, I trust," eagerly answered the earl. "I thank you for saying this: you know how long and patiently we were waiting for each other, when I was a poor man."

"And the doctor wished to break off the engagement," smiled Mrs. Ashton. "Percival, how long are the Kirtons going to remain at Hartledon?"

"I wish they'd go to-morrow!" he heartily answered, and with sincerity. "But I cannot turn them away: they are my relations."

The earl said farewell to Mrs. Ashton, and went in search of Anne. He knew the ways of the house well, and crossed the hall to Mrs. Ashton's morning-room. There sat Anne.

"What a conference you and mamma have had," she said, smiling. "I hope it has been satisfactory."

"Partly yes, partly no," answered the earl, "but we wound it up all right. Shall I tell you the decision?"

"If you may," she unsuspiciously said.

"That a certain young lady of our acquaintance is to be soon converted into Countess of Hartledon."

Of course the words, and his looks, bent half saucily, half lovingly upon her, put her to the blush. She drooped over her work, and was rosy to her fingers' ends.

"Can you guess her name, Anne?"

"Yes," she replied, in a little spirit of mischief. "Lady Maude Kirton."

The earl winced, drew away, and looked almost savage. Anne was instantly angry with herself.

"Dear Percival, you know I only spoke in joke," she pleaded.

"I do not like such jokes; they are not agreeable," chafed he, for the words had struck home. "You have been told some officious nonsense about Maude."

"Indeed I have not. I have not heard her name mentioned since I returned, excepting that they were still at Hartledon, and I wondered very much. To have remained at all, after your brother's death, could not have been pleasant to Lady Maude."

"Why so, Anne?"

"From her having been engaged to him."

"Maude was not engaged to him."

"Indeed she was. The dowager told me so the very day Lord Hartledon lost his life, not two hours before the accident happened."

The earl scarcely understood. "Maude told you so?"

"Not Maude: her mother. You appear incredulous, Percival, but there was nothing surprising in its being so. You know how deeply she was thought to love him."

"It is my opinion that girls love on and off, just as the whim takes them, and there's no such a thing as true love at all," cried his lordship, speaking in a most angry tone, he could hardly tell for why.

"What have I done to you?" asked Anne, in a stifled voice.

"My darling, you have done nothing," he said, full of repentance, as

he sat down by her side. "I am annoyed to-day, and am venting my temper upon everybody. You must let me seal my pardon."

She only sighed an answer.

"And I cannot stop now for you to talk me into peace. I must go back home to keep an engagement. Oh, Anne, I wish you were my wife!"

"The time will come," she whispered.

"Carr, it's all up," cried the earl, seizing hold of that gentleman by the two shoulders, upon meeting him, as he was walking home from the rectory. "Mrs. Ashton had heard something about Maude, and spoke to me. I could only deny it, and—and—in short, I cannot long put off my marriage with Anne. What am I to do?"

"I told you once: I can only say the same again. Tell Lady Maude the candid truth, and take shame and blame to yourself, as you deserve. You can marry neither of them in strict honour, but it will be less dishonourable to break with Lady Maude than with Miss Ashton."

There was no help for it, and the earl strove to screw up his courage. He knew the countess dowager took a nap after dinner, and he thought he might get Maude by herself: so he left Mr. Carr alone in the dining-room.

He went up-stairs, feeling a desperate man. To those of the earl's constitution and temperament, the having to make that, or any other disagreeable communication, is almost as cruel as the parting with life. His very lips were white when he reached the drawing-room.

The dowager was comfortably stretched upon a sofa, feet up. Maude was in the adjoining room.

"Why! How soon you are up from dinner," she exclaimed, when he entered.

"I came up on purpose, Maude. I want to speak with you."

"You are not well," said she, leaving the window and sitting down near the earl. "What is it?"

"Maude," he answered, plunging into it blindfold, "I am a rogue and a fool."

Lady Maude laughed.

"I am. You know, all this time that we—that I—that we—that—that"—(the earl thought he could never flounder through it)—"that I have been going on so foolishly, I was—I was—almost as good as a married man."

"Were you?" said she, quietly. "Married to whom?"

"I said as good as married, Maude. You know I have been engaged for years to Miss Ashton. Otherwise I—I—would have *knelt* to ask you to become my wife, so earnestly should I have desired it."

"What is all this talking?" uttered the countess dowager, breaking in upon the conference, her face flushed and her head-dress half off. "Are you quarrelling?"

"Lord Hartledon was attempting to explain something about Miss Ashton," answered Lady Maude, drawing herself up to her full, stately height. "He had better do it to you, instead, mamma."

She retired to the further window as she spoke, and stood there in the rays of the setting sun. They fell across her dark smooth hair, her flushed cheeks, and her exquisite features. She was dressed in white, with jet ornaments, and Lord Hartledon, even in the midst of his per-

plexity, thought how very beautiful she was, and what a thing it was to lose her.

"The fact is, ma'am," stammered he, never having wished himself a savage for life half so much as at the present untoward moment, "that I—that I have been behaving very foolishly to Maude. I cannot marry two; and I am bound to Anne Ashton, and can't get off it."

"Won't get off it, do you mean?" said the countess dowager, who was courteous and smiling as she had rarely been before. "You engaged yourself to Maude, you know, in January."

Lord Hartledon cleared his throat and looked uncommonly foolish.

"Well—yes—but—but I couldn't do it, ma'am, legally; because Anne Ashton was in the way."

"Not at all in the way," said the countess dowager. "When you engaged yourself to the young woman, you were poor and obscure, and it was excusable. The Earl of Hartledon is not bound by the promises made as Per Elster. All the young women in the kingdom who have got parsons for fathers, could not force him to be so."

"I am, in honour."

"My dear lord, you are in honour bound to my daughter: you have for months sought her affections, and you have gained them. Marry her you must. A daughter of the house of Kirton cannot be taken up and thrown off at will."

"If people speak truth, they say her affections were first given to my brother," said the earl, his eye flashing, and half believing he could break through his trammels.

The dowager knew they were, and was a little taken aback, but she had ready wit and a fluent tongue. She leaned her face close to his, and whispered:

"Then don't you know that she refused him?"

"Refused Lord Hartledon? You told Miss Ashton, the very day of his death, that she was engaged to him."

"I spoke as I hoped, and *but* as I hoped; I vow and protest it, Percival. Maude loves you. Look at her. Does she look one to be trifled with?" asked the dowager, flourishing her arm towards Maude.

"I wish I knew what to do!" uttered the unfortunate earl, all his indecision returning upon him.

"Which is the more fitting to grace your coronet? Lady Maude, or a country parson's daughter? If Maude were not in the way, you would never, I hope, think of marrying that other one. Do yourself justice, my lord, and be true to your rank, as becomes a British peer."

"I'm sure, if this goes on, I shall shoot myself," bewailed the earl. "Taken to task at the rectory, taken to task here—shooting would be bliss to it."

"No doubt," returned the countess dowager. "Anybody, but you, would speedily put the thing at rest."

"I should like to know how."

"Marry at once, before another day's gone over your head. It will be the wisest way. So long as you remain a single man, they are all cock-a-hoop at the rectory with their fine visions for Anne. Make Maude your wife, and then you will be at peace."

The proposition took away the earl's breath. "They—they'd bring an action against me for crim. con."

"For what?" wrathfully uttered the dowager.

"I don't think I mean that. What's the other?—Breach of Promise."

"Breach of fiddlestick! You are no better than a boy in the ways of common sense, I can tell you that, Percival. Was such a thing ever heard of yet, as a doctor of divinity bringing an action of that nature? He'd lose his gown."

"I wish I was sunk in the bucket of a deep well," mentally aspired the earl, "never to come up again."

"Do—you—mean—to—marry—Maude?" enunciated the dowager. "Answer me, if you please."

"I wish I could; I truly wish it; but——"

"You have nothing to do with 'buts.' The Earl of Hartledon is not bound by what he did as Mr. Elster—how many more times would you like me to point that out to you? Only a simpleton would suppose him to be so. Marry Maude to-morrow, go abroad, and you will be free as air; and come back in a month or two when it has blown over."

"Weddings can't be got up in a day, can they?" asked the vacillating earl, caught by the promise "free as air," and the vision of that haughty beauty, standing there, being so soon his own.

"Yes, with a special license. It can be done in secrecy, and nobody be any the wiser till you are away. Have the dust swept out of the little chapel here, and the motheaten cushions shaken. Maude, step this way."

Lady Maude obeyed. She walked towards them, her head bent forward, her eyelids on the ground, and her colour deepening. A fair prize, very, very fair.

"Now," said the countess dowager, seizing her hand, and returning to her naturally sharp tones, which she had previously suppressed, "will you take her and cherish her, Lord Hartledon? Or will you forget yourself, your order, your honour, and be pointed at in the world, all the rest of your life, for a shuffling villain, as you shall be?"

What was the earl to do; he with his utter deficiency of moral courage? Far rather would he have submitted to be shot, than have had to confute the countess dowager: and he bent forward and kissed the Lady Maude.

"Keep your own counsel," whispered the countess dowager to him, in her glow of triumph; "do not even tell that Mr. Carr—he's as sharp as a two-edged razor. And leave all the arrangements to me."

Did Lady Kirton fear that if the intended marriage were made known to Mr. Carr, he might find means to stop it? Very likely. She was a perfectly unscrupulous woman, and poverty had rendered her wits keen. Lord Hartledon was caged: a tame lion in her fishing-net. Not quite so soon as the following day had she completed the arrangements; it was scarcely possible; but by the end of the week all was in readiness, the special license had arrived, and the young clergyman who was to officiate. Immediately after dinner on the Saturday, it was to take place.

An accident, or what may be called one, was very nearly delaying it. Two county friends of the earl's, jolly fox-hunters, dropped in on the Saturday at the dinner hour, and unceremoniously informed his lordship they had been detained in the neighbourhood, looking at some covers,

and had come to beg some dinner. The countess dowager fumed, and was not decently civil. By the time they left, the dark shades of evening had fallen on the earth.

Somewhere about that hour, Dr. Ashton was walking past Hartledon House, from a visit to a sick parishioner, when he was amazed at seeing a light inside the many years deserted chapel. His only thought was of fire. Hastily passing in at the stable-yard, he made his way through the inner passages, and entered it. The doctor's fear subsided, but his amazement increased, for several of the servants were doing their best to light it up, by means of lamps and candles.

"Hedges," said he, addressing the butler, "whatever are you doing this for?"

"It is going to be used to-night, sir," answered the man, respectfully taking off his hat.

"Used for what?"

"My lord's marriage, sir," continued the butler, dropping his voice to a whisper.

Dr. Ashton may be excused for believing that Hedges must be out of his mind. He intimated as much.

"It is quite the fact, sir," went on the whisper. "The servants had orders to clean out the chapel a day or two since, but they did not know for why. Half an hour ago, we found it was for his lordship's marriage with the Lady Maude. The carriage to take them away is already packed, and the horses have got their harness on. The marriage was fixed for an hour ago, but some gentlemen came in unexpectedly to dinner. Now it has got dark, and we are obliged to light it up."

Dr. Ashton, stunned at the intelligence, his feelings outraged and confused, drew away into the darkest corner of the little chapel. How should he act? What should he do? The thoughtless world will laugh at what he did do: he silently knelt down, and prayed for Christian calm, and for guidance. Only a few short, earnest words, yet, before they were ended, the servants had quitted the chapel and the bridal party had entered it. The young clergyman in his surplice, the countess dowager and Lady Maude, Lord Hartledon and Mr. Carr; the latter in a state of bewilderment.

"Forgive the surprise, Carr," whispered the earl to him. "Lady Kirton would have it kept secret till the last moment."

The clergyman directed them where to stand, and they were taking their places, when some one drew up, and touched the earl.

"Lord Hartledon, what is the meaning of this?"

The earl broke out into a cold perspiration as he recognised the voice of Dr. Ashton. There was a trap-door in the chapel somewhere—where was it? His gaze peered eagerly over the floor, and if he could have seen the place he would most probably have disappeared down it. *He* dared not answer, but the countess dowager made up for his silence: her temper, none of the mildest, had been considerably exasperated by the visit of the fox-hunters; and now another interruption, and one so formidable! Her face grew scarlet and yellow, her voice rose to a shriek, and she began a little dance of rage.

"You sneaking, prying parson, where did you spring from? Are you not ashamed to dodge Lord Hartledon in his own house? You might be taken up and imprisoned for it."

"Lord Hartledon," said Dr. Ashton, "I——"

"How dare you persist, I ask you?" shrieked the old lady, whilst the young clergyman stood aghast, and Mr. Carr folded his arms and resolutely fixed his eyes on the floor. "Because his lordship (like a fool as he was) once had something to say to your daughter, does that give you leave to haunt him as if you were his double?"

"Madam," said Dr. Ashton, contriving still to subdue his anger, "I must, I will speak to Lord Hartledon. Allow me to do so without disturbance. Lord Hartledon, I wait for an answer: are you about to marry this young lady?"

"Yes, he is," danced the dowager; "I'll tell it you. Now then!"

"Then, madam," proceeded the doctor, "this marriage owes its rise to you. You will do well to consider whether you are doing them a kindness or an injury in permitting it. You have deliberately set yourself to frustrate the hopes of Lord Hartledon and my daughter: will a marriage, thus treacherously entered into with another, bring happiness with it?"

"Oh, you wicked man!" cried the dowager, "you would like to call a curse upon them."

"No," shuddered Dr. Ashton; "if a curse ever attends them, it will not be through my wish. Lord Hartledon, I knew you as a boy; I once loved you: for your own sake, consider what you are about. A marriage entered into, as this has been, will scarcely bring a blessing."

A sorry figure the earl cut, standing there, like a coward, and not daring to answer; Lady Maude clinging to his arm.

"A few days ago you were at my house, speaking of your coming marriage with Anne——"

"And you would like him to go there again and fix it," interrupted the incensed dowager, who had begun to nod her head so vehemently that she could not stop it. "Oh yes, I dare say!"

"I mention this, not to recal Anne's claims upon you, but to say that nothing should induce me to allow her to marry you now," continued Dr. Ashton, disregarding the countess dowager. "I never deemed you worthy of her; you know it, Lord Hartledon: and you never were. But that is no excuse for your conduct, madam," he added, turning to her, "or for the Lady Maude's. You have separated Lord Hartledon from his long-intended wife; you have separated him from honour; only to gratify your covetous wish that you should reign at Hartledon. You were both in hopes of gaining the late earl: he died, and then you transferred your hopes to the present, regardless of who suffered."

"Will nobody put this disreputable parson outside?" raved the dowager. "Lord Hartledon——"

"I do not seek to say this as a reproach," interrupted Dr. Ashton, calmly; "let that, my ladies, lie between yourselves and your conscience; I only draw your recollection to the facts. Once more, Lord Hartledon, I advise you to reflect, ere it be too late. I speak for your own sake, free from personal motive, for I repeat that, be it as it may, you shall never marry Anne. Can you believe—I speak to you also, Lady Maude—can you *ask* that the divine blessing shall attend such a union? If not, pause and reflect, ere you take a step that binds you both for life."

Dr. Ashton turned and left the chapel, and Lady Maude looked after him, an expression on her face that ought not to have been there. It

spoke of triumph, and it spoke of evil: but perhaps the only one who saw it was Mr. Carr, as he raised his eyes from the ground, where they had remained bent. Mr. Carr unfolded his arms, advanced to the earl, and addressed him in a low but distinct tone.

"Lord Hartledon, you must excuse me, but I cannot remain to countenance your wedding. Before this scene, I could only have done so from being taken so thoroughly by surprise, for you know I do not approve of what you have done. I shall be away with my portmanteau before you have left the chapel. Farewell."

He held out his hand, and the earl mechanically shook it; and, with a bow to the others, Mr. Carr followed in the wake of Dr. Ashton. The earl turned to the clergyman, and spoke in a sharp tone.

"Proceed: get it over quickly."

And the countess dowager fanned herself complacently, and neither she nor Lady Maude cared in the least for the absence of a groomsman. And as Lord and Lady Hartledon drove away, they passed Thomas Carr on his way to the neighbouring inn, carrying his own portmanteau.

ONE DAY'S LONGINGS.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

ALL this day of golden sunshine
I have struggled with my heart,
Saying, "Vex me not so sorely,
Restless, wayward as thou art."
For the sky was clear and cloudless,
And I saw the sun pour down
Floods of glad and glorious radiance
On the hot and dusty town—
Glaring on the beaten footways,
On bowed forms, and haggard eyes,
Till I felt the air I breathed
As it were but human sighs.
Then I sighed, "Oh! for the power
Which the ancient Magii held;
Oh! for this one day's possession
Of the faëry spells of eld."
I would free those toiling wretches,
Send them forth to woods and fields,
Till their brows grew smooth and radiant
With the joy that Nature yields;
To the shell-strewn shores of Ocean,
Where the long swell breaks in foam,
To the wild and pathless mountains
Where the eagle makes his home;
To the margins of great rivers,
Where their weary limbs might rest,
Till the beauty round them lavished
Struck a chord in every breast;

One Day's Longings.

Till they lost the grime of labour,
 Till they knelt upon the sod,
 Soaring up with souls awakened
 To the mercy-seat of God.

Then I chafed against my fetters,
 Panting, *dying*, to be free,
 On some great storm-beaten headland,
 Looking o'er the trackless sea.

And I said, "Oh weary trammels,
 Chains that custom forges strong,
 Must I bear your weight for ever?
 I have borne and suffered long.

"Fevered hands are mine, and nerveless,
 Pale my cheek, and dim mine eye,
 Shall I waste my youth in longing,
 And my lips give forth no cry?"

For I saw the misty outlines
 Of the blue hills far away,
 Where I knew soft winds were blowing,
 And light shadows at their play.

Then the love within my bosom
 For wild Nature's wildest nooks,
 Grew a passion fierce and fervid,
 Till I loathed my lifeless books.

Books! I longed to tread the hill-side
 Breast-deep in its purple bloom,
 Crushing from the thyme and heather
 At each step a fresh perfume;

Toiling up the rocky channel
 Of some dried-up streamlet's course,
 Till I reached the king-ferns growing
 At its summer-wasted source;

Till I saw the far-off ocean,
 With its white sails gliding by,
 And heard waves sing in the distance,
 And the curlew's eerie cry;

Till I saw the wooded valleys
 Lying shadowed far below,
 And the silent glens and hollows
 Basking in the noontide glow;

Till I felt my curls uplifted
 By the west wind's breath of balm,
 And my cheek flush to its wooing,
 And my soul grow strong and calm.

Oh! to feel the full heart swelling
 With a rapture all its own,
 Breathing joy, and health, and gladness,
 Free, companionless, alone;

Or with one, but one heart near me,
 Of a sympathy so fine,
 As should need no aid from language
 To feel every pulse of mine;

One whose ear should hear rich music
 In the breeze that waved the bough,
 One whose eye could read the meaning
 Throned on Nature's mighty brow.

Oh! to be a wandering gipsy,
 With the green earth for my bed,
 With the forest's whispers round me,
 And the burning stars o'erhead;

To be lulled to sleep by murmurs
 From a hundred hidden streams,
 And in slumber still to hear them
 Mingling music in my dreams;

To be wakened by the carol
 Of the glad lark in the cloud,
 And the torrent's voice of power
 From the wild hill laughing loud.

Thus in vain and burning wishes
 Waned the day and came the night,
 Till above the dusky houses
 Rose a broad fair orb of light.

In her disk of pearl-pure splendour
 Came she sailing through the sky,
 And the calm light hushed my spirit,
 And my discontent went by;

And I felt that human creatures
 With as keen a love as mine,
 For the loveliness they see not,
 Silently in patience pine—

Pine beneath a heavier burden
 Than *my* soul has had to bear;
 Shut in darker, closer dwellings
 From the pure and blessed air;

Toiling for the scanty pittance
 Which must yield them daily bread,
 Hoping never more for respite
 Till they slumber with the dead;

With grim want's ignoble murmurs
 Crushing life from out the soul,
 Winning wearily from riches
 Grudgingly a scanty dole;

Bending all the nobler instincts
 To a task that dulls the brain,
 Past and present, thankless labour:
 And the future?—Nought but pain.

Then I wept to feel so lightly
 All the blessings largely giv'n,
 And I prayed for grace and pardon,
 And a grateful heart, to Heav'n—

Pardon for my thankless murmurs
 Against its high behest—
 Grace, to feel and own with patience
 That "Whatever *is*, is *best*."

READINGS IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.*

WHOEVER misses reading this book, will miss reading what is, in various respects, to the best of our judgment and experience, the most remarkable book of the day.

One, indeed, that no thoughtful, inquiring mind would miss reading, for a good deal. Let the reader be as adverse as he may to the writer's philosophy, let him be as devoted to the obstructive as Mr. Buckle is to the progress party, let him be as orthodox in church creed as the other is heterodox, as dogmatic as his author is sceptical,—let him, in short, find his prejudices shocked at every turn of the argument, and all his prepossessions whistled down the wind,—still, there is so much in this extraordinary volume to stimulate reflection, and excite to inquiry, and provoke to earnest investigation, perhaps (to this or that reader) on a track hitherto untrodden, and across the virgin soil of untilled fields, fresh woods and pastures new,—that we may fairly defy the most hostile spirit, the most mistrustful and least sympathetic, to read it through without being glad of having done so, or, having begun it, or even glanced at almost any one of its 854 pages, to pass it away unread.

An octavo volume of that number of pages is itself something out of the common way—the mere aspect, or announcement of which, might be held sufficient to scare, and warn off, that mixed multitude the reading world. Much more so, when the further fact is made known, that at the very last page the author has not got beyond his “General Introduction”—that he is still outside the threshold, and merely giving us glints and glimpses of what awaits us within. The prospect may seem appalling to the uninitiated, and some may deem it best to shrink at once from entering into such a “long engagement” as this. But the large plan proposed by Lord Macaulay, and the bulky form of *his* volumes, have daunted no one, we presume, from an eager perusal; while the noble historian's narrative power has held enthralled to the end those who began at the beginning. And thus, too, in spite of the yet vaster scope of his subject, and its seemingly less attractive features, for a miscellaneous public at least, we may reckon on Mr. Buckle's winning the attention of no inconsiderable company—and that attention once secured, the difficulty will be for them to relax in it, not for him to sustain it throughout.

Notwithstanding the prodigious amount of research and erudition displayed—ill nature will say paraded—in the work before us, it may be inferred that Mr. Buckle is a young man: the dedication implies this. “To my Mother I dedicate the first volume of my first work.” That his first work should also be his last, unless he tire of it, and turn to other labours, appears inevitable. That he should ever finish it, indeed, on the scale proposed, appears a moral, nay a physical impossibility, even should he live on, and keep on writing, until long past the age when man's

* History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

strength is but labour and sorrow. But we wish him the best of health to make as much way with it as he can, and to give us as many volumes as he will. Originally his scheme had been, to write the History of Civilization at large. That scheme he confesses himself to have long since, though reluctantly, abandoned. He entertains not the slightest doubt that the whole of the laws which regulate the progress of civilization will eventually be ascertained; but at present he complains that few of the necessary materials have yet been brought together, owing to the inadequate manner in which historians have performed their task. For his complaint against historians as a class is, that instead of telling us those things which alone have any value,—instead of giving us information respecting the progress of knowledge, and the way in which mankind has been affected by the diffusion of that knowledge,—the vast majority of historians fill their works with the most trifling and miserable details: personal anecdotes of kings and courts; interminable relations of what was said by one minister, and what was thought by another; and, what is worse than all, long accounts of campaigns, battles, and sieges, very interesting to those engaged in them, but to us utterly useless, because they neither furnish new truths, nor supply the means by which new truths may be discovered. This, he says, is the real impediment which now stops our advance: this want of judgment it is, and this ignorance of what is most worthy of selection, which deprives us of materials that ought long since to have been accumulated, arranged, and stored up for future use. “In other great branches of knowledge, observation has preceded discovery; first, the facts have been registered, and then their laws have been found. But in the study of the history of Man, the important facts have been neglected, and the unimportant ones preserved. The consequence is, that whoever now attempts to generalize historical phenomena, must collect the facts as well as conduct the generalization. He finds nothing ready to his hand. He must be the mason as well as the architect; he must not only scheme the edifice, but likewise excavate the quarry. The necessity of performing this double labour entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery, that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the task; and history, instead of being ripe, as it ought to be, for complete and exhaustive generalizations, is still in so crude and informal a state, that not the most determined and protracted industry will enable any one to comprehend the really important actions of mankind, during even so short a period as two successive centuries.” Hence Mr. Buckle’s discreet though reluctant resolve to renounce the plan he was at one time ambitious to carry out, and to confine himself to the history, not of general civilization, but of the civilization of a single people. His reluctance has been strengthened, however, by the consideration, that in curtailing the field of inquiry, we unfortunately diminish the resources of which the inquiry is possessed. For although it is perfectly true, he remarks, that the totality of human actions, if considered in long periods, depends on the totality of human knowledge, it must be allowed that this great principle, when applied only to one country, loses something of its original value. “The more we diminish our observation, the greater becomes the uncertainty of the average; in other words, the greater the chance of the operation of the larger laws being troubled by the operation of the smaller. The interference of foreign governments; the influence exercised by the opinions,

literature, and customs of a foreign people; their invasions, perhaps even their conquests; the forcible introduction by them of new religions, new laws, and new manners,—all these things are perturbations, which, in a view of universal history, equalize each other, but which, in any one country, are apt to disturb the natural march, and thus render the movements of civilization more difficult to calculate.” Having, then, to select some one country as the subject of his inquiry, naturally he looks out for that one, in which the movements of the governing laws in question have been least disturbed by agencies *ab extrâ*. If we could find some civilized people who had worked out their civilization entirely by themselves; who had escaped all foreign influence, and who had been neither benefited nor retarded by the personal peculiarities of their rulers,—the history of such a people, he argues, would be of paramount importance: because it would present a condition of normal and internal development; it would show the laws of progress acting in a state of isolation; it would be, in fact, an experiment ready made, and would possess all the value of that artificial contrivance to which natural science is so much indebted.

“To find such a people as this is obviously impossible; but the duty of the philosophic historian is, to select for his especial study the country in which the conditions have been most closely followed. Now, it will be readily admitted, not only by ourselves, but by intelligent foreigners, that in England, during, at all events, the last three centuries, this has been done more constantly and more successfully than in any other country. I say nothing of the number of our discoveries, the brilliancy of our literature, or the success of our arms. These are invidious topics; and other nations may perhaps deny to us those superior merits which we are apt to exaggerate. But I take up this single position, that of all European countries, England is the one where, during the longest period, the government has been most quiescent, and the people most active; where popular freedom has been settled on the widest basis; where each man is most able to say what he thinks, and do what he likes; where every one can follow his own bent, and propagate his own opinions; where, religious persecution being little known, the play and flow of the human mind may be clearly seen, unchecked by the restraints to which it is elsewhere subjected; where the profession of heresy is least dangerous, and the practice of dissent most common; where hostile creeds flourish side by side, and rise and decay without disturbance, according to the wants of the people, unaffected by the wishes of the church, and uncontrolled by the authority of the state; where all interests, and all classes, both spiritual and temporal, are most left to take care of themselves; where that meddlesome doctrine called Protection was first attacked, and where alone it has been destroyed; and where, in a word, those dangerous extremes to which interference gives rise having been avoided, despotism and rebellion are equally rare, and concession being recognized as the groundwork of policy, the national progress has been least disturbed by the power of privileged classes, by the influence of particular sects, or by the violence of arbitrary rulers.” That these are the characteristics of English history is notorious; to some men, as Mr. Buckle goes on to observe, a matter of boast, to others of regret. He lays stress, too, on England’s insular formation, and its consequent freedom, comparatively, from foreign visitors. In opposition to received notions,

he strenuously maintains that although we have been, and still are, greatly indebted to the French for our improvement in taste, in refinement, in manners, and indeed in all the amenities of life, we have borrowed from them nothing absolutely essential, nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered; while, on the other hand, the French have not only borrowed from us some very valuable political institutions, but even the most important event in their history, the Revolution of 1789, is due, in no small degree, to our influence—the leaders in that movement having learnt in England the philosophy and principles they turned to “such fearful and yet salutary” account at home.

Mr. Buckle, therefore, selects for especial study the progress of English civilization, simply because, being less affected by agencies, not arising from itself, we can the more clearly discern in it the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those great laws by which the fortunes of mankind are ultimately regulated. He selects England in preference to France, for the reasons just stated. And he prefers it to Germany, because the same objections are still more applicable to the Germans, among whom what he calls the protective principle has been, and still is, stronger than in France—even the best of the German governments constantly interfering with the people, never leaving them to themselves, always looking after their interests, and meddling in the commonest affairs of daily life. The German intellect he regards as stimulated by the French into a sudden growth, and thus irregularly developed—being in fact hurried into an activity greater than the average civilization of the country requires; whence it results, that in no European nation do we find so wide an interval between the highest minds and the lowest—the German philosophers possessing a learning, and a reach of thought, which places them at the head of the civilized world, while the German people are more superstitious, more prejudiced, more really ignorant and unfit to guide themselves, than are the inhabitants either of France or of England. In the only other country that might seem to claim our author's preference, America, a civilization precisely the reverse of this, the Germanic, is seen. For while the stock of German knowledge is immense, but confined to one class, the stock of American knowledge is small, but distributed through all classes—there being no country to equal America in the scarcity of men of great learning, and in the scarcity of men of great ignorance. As in Germany, then, we find a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge, so in America we find a no less serious one in its accumulation. Which failure is the more disadvantageous of the two, our author does not stay to decide. But he calls attention to the antithesis, with this comment on the state of the case: that as civilization is regulated by the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, it is evident that no country can even approach to a complete and perfect pattern, if, cultivating one of these conditions to an excess, it neglects the cultivation of the other. “Indeed, from this want of balance and equilibrium between the two elements of civilization, there have arisen in America and in Germany, those great but opposite evils, which, it is to be feared, will not be easily remedied; and which, until remedied, will certainly retard the progress of both countries, notwithstanding the temporary advantages which such one-sided energy does for the moment always procure.”

Such is Mr. Buckle's estimate of the relative value of the history of the world's four leading countries, as to the real greatness of which he offers no opinion. His conclusion is, as we have seen, that the history of England is, to the philosopher, more valuable than any other; because he can more clearly see in it the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge going hand-in-hand; because that knowledge has been less influenced by foreign and external agencies; and because it has been less interfered with, either for good or for evil, by those powerful, but frequently incompetent men, to whom the administration of public affairs is entrusted.

England is the country elect. And no vote of Englishmen will make the election null and void. But, inasmuch as the laws of society are not to be discovered by the exclusive study of a single nation's history, the present volume is given in the character of an Introduction, to obviate some of the difficulties with which this great subject is surrounded. In the opening chapters, the author attempts to mark out the limits of his theme considered as a whole, and fix the largest possible basis upon which it can rest—to define those generalizations which appear to him the essential preliminaries of history, regarded as a science. He there treats of civilization as broken into two vast divisions: the European division, in which Man is more powerful than Nature; and the non-European division, in which Nature is more powerful than Man. His inference is, the superiority of the mental laws over the physical, which conclusion he adopts as the groundwork of European history. His next step is to resolve the mental laws into moral and intellectual, and prove the superior influence of the intellectual ones in accelerating the progress of Man. His business then is to ascertain the fundamental condition of intellectual progress, as, until that is done, the annals of any people can only present an empirical succession of events, connected by such stray and casual links as are devised by different writers, according to their different principles. His subsequent chapters are occupied with investigating the history of various countries, in reference to those intellectual peculiarities on which the history of England itself supplies no adequate information. For example, he studies the laws of the accumulation of knowledge, in German history, and then applies them deductively to the history of England; the laws of diffusion he studies in America, as explanatory of certain phenomena in English civilization; the protective principle he studies in France, its obvious tendencies in that country serving to illustrate its occult tendencies in our own. This brings us to the close of the present volume, not of the General Introduction however, for various other inquiries and collateral issues remain for discussion, which Mr. Buckle indicates in his fifth chapter, but the mere mention of which we must here omit.

In the future volumes of this work he pledges himself to show, that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity; that the leading countries have now, for some centuries, advanced sufficiently far to shake off the influence of those physical agencies by which, in an earlier state, their career might have been troubled; and that although the moral agencies are still powerful, and still cause occasional disturbances, these are but aberrations, which, if we compare long periods of time, balance each other, and thus in the total amount entirely disappear.

Mr. Buckle's estimate of statistics is, of course, extremely high, and

the use he makes of them will be widely condemned as entirely unwarrantable. He pronounces statistics a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. He entertains little doubt that, before another century has elapsed, it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world. To ordinary men, unversed in the Positivism of Auguste Comte, statements like these are so many stumbling-blocks, staggering in the extreme. To average minds, still believing in such a thing as Free Will, nor yet rid of all docility to the teaching of the Church, and the traditions of their elders, the pervading principles of this book will seem against all reason as well as faith. There is no denying that the author's heterodoxy is of a far-gone kind: to be sceptical is, with him, a *conditio sine quâ non* to getting at the truth; to be treading the old paths is, by his reckoning, to be inevitably in error—walking in them, you *must* be wrong. Be it politics, philosophy, theology, or what you will,—if you are taking your stand on foundations consecrated by antiquity, if you are reposing on ground hallowed by the past, then are you putting up with what is not merely weary, stale, and flat, but unprofitable, and are belying, so far as you are concerned, the practical as well as poetical truth, that the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Rejecting, he says, the metaphysical dogma of free will, and the theological dogma of predestined events, we are driven to the conclusion that the actions of men being determined solely by their antecedents, must have a character of uniformity, that is to say, must, under precisely the same circumstances, always issue in precisely the same results. And as all antecedents are either in the mind or out of it, we clearly see that all the variations in the results, in other words, all the changes of which history is full, all the vicissitudes of the human race, their progress or their decay, their happiness or their misery, must be the fruit of a double action; an action of external phenomena upon the mind, and another action of the mind upon the phenomena. And these, he adds, are the materials out of which a philosophical history can alone be constructed.

He is careful to bring before the reader some of the most decisive proofs of the regularity with which mental phenomena succeed each other—laying stress upon the extreme value of these “proofs,” on account not only of the wide surface which the generalizations cover, but also of the extraordinary precautions with which they have been made. “For while most moral inquiries have depended on some theological or metaphysical hypothesis, the investigations to which I allude are exclusively inductive; they are based on collections of almost innumerable facts, extending over many countries, thrown into the clearest of all forms, the form of arithmetical tables; and finally, they have been put together by men who, being for the most part mere government officials, had no particular theory to maintain, and no interest in distorting the truth of the reports they were directed to make.” Among his illustrations, Mr. Buckle takes the crime of murder, as one which, of all offences, might well be supposed one of the most arbitrary and irregular: whereas the fact is, that murder is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides, and the rotation of the seasons. “We know from experience that every year

there not only take place nearly the same number of murders, but that even the instruments by which they are committed are employed in the same proportion.”* So said M. Quetelet three-and-twenty years ago; and later inquiries, adds Mr. Buckle, “have ascertained the extraordinary fact, that the uniform reproduction of crime is more clearly marked, and more capable of being predicted, than are the physical laws connected with the disease and destruction of our bodies.” Then again with suicide—than which no crime, among public and registered crimes, seems more completely dependent on the individual, or so much so. Yet all the evidence we possess respecting it points to one great conclusion, “and can leave no doubt on our minds that suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society, and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances.” Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. “Even the numbers of marriages annually contracted, is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority.” Mr. Buckle also cites a curious fact, to prove that even the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. “The post-offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter-writers forget this simple act; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.” On the whole, then, what our historian considers the great truth, which is at once the key and the basis of history, is this,—that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline, but of which, he entertains little doubt, before another century has gone by, the chain of evidence will be complete.

If this philosophy of history and of Man be true, what, it may be asked, with dismay, becomes of all our cherished convictions in matters of faith and practice? The answer is noway encouraging, as far as these are concerned. The new philosophy is sweepingly destructive. Clergy and creeds find small favour with our historian. The time for theological questions, he says, is gone by: disputes which, a century ago, would have set the whole kingdom in a flame, are now regarded with indifference, by the vast majority of educated men.† In one place he alludes to the “theological theory of disease,” as still lingering on among the vulgar, and traces of which “may be found in the writings of the clergy, and in the works of other persons little acquainted with physical knowledge. When the cholera broke out in England, attempts were made to revive the old notion; but the spirit of the age was too strong for such efforts to succeed: and it may be safely predicted that men will never return to their former opinions, unless they first return to their former igno-

* Quetelet, *sur l'Homme* (1835), i. 7.

† Cf. pp. 310, 320, 325, 327, 333-4 (note), 341-2, 356 (note), 371 *sq.*, 381, 524.

rance." In another he remarks, that, science not having yet succeeded in discovering the laws of rain, men are at present unable to foretell it for any considerable period; the inhabitant of rural districts, therefore, is driven to believe that it is the result of supernatural agency, "and we still see the extraordinary specimen of prayers offered up in our churches for dry weather or for wet weather; a superstition which to future ages will appear as childish as the feelings of pious awe with which our fathers regarded the presence of a comet, or the approach of an eclipse. We are now acquainted with the laws which determine the movements of comets and eclipses; and as we are able to predict their appearance, we have ceased to pray that we may be preserved from them. But because our researches into the phenomena of rain happen to have been less successful, we resort to the impious contrivance of calling in the aid of the Deity to supply those deficiencies in science which are the result of our own sloth; and we are not ashamed, in our public churches, to prostitute the rites of religion by using them as a cloak to conceal an ignorance we ought frankly to confess." Elsewhere he affirms that, "whatever theologians may choose to assert, it is certain that mankind at large has far more virtue than vice." And again: "To assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truth previously unknown, argues, on the part of the assertor, either gross ignorance or else wilful fraud." Of Gibbon's History he asserts, that, after having been jealously scrutinized by two generations of eager and unscrupulous opponents, it has gained fresh reputation by each successive scrutiny. "Against his celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, all the devices of controversy have been exhausted; but the only result has been, that while the fame of the historian is untarnished, the attacks of his enemies are falling into complete oblivion."* In the same tone he refers to the discoveries of geologists, as not only impugning the fidelity of the Mosaic cosmogony, but showing its accuracy to be "impossible." Mr. Buckle, then, evidences no nearer affinity to theological orthodoxy than do such writers as Carlyle, F. W. Newman, R. W. Mackay, G. H. Lewes, &c., some of whom he quotes† re-

* Cf. pp. 116, 164, 180-1, 201, 318 (note), 345 sq., 390 sq.

† We had nearly asked, But whom does he *not* quote? for such an array of citations was, perhaps, never before displayed, not even in the crowded pages of the late Sir William Hamilton. Prefixed to this volume is a list of some five hundred "authors quoted." And wherever an author is quoted, it is with exact particulars of the edition, the volume, and the page. The amount of industry involved in some of these elaborate references is astonishing. We would have the reader turn to pp. 661-4, in illustration of this feature of the work, where about one hundred and fifty names are given of French authors to whom the English language was known, as Mr. Buckle discovered "in the course of general reading"—the authority for each individual instance being carefully entered, one by one, in a century and a half of foot-notes. For the marvellous variety, too, of his researches, and the huge circuit they take, observe such examples as occur at pp. 195, 270, 288-9, 344 sq., 393, 584.

Considering the multiplicity of authors thus brought under contribution, one only wonders, here and there, that he has not drawn upon others, whom we miss in the crowd: that he should make no allusion, for instance, to Herbert Spencer, when treating of Over-Legislation; of Toulmin Smith, when attacking centralization; of Charles Bray, when dealing with the Philosophy of Necessity; of De Quincey, when concerned with the theory of rent; and so on, with a list which every reader's right of private judgment, or taste, or want of it, might expand *ad libitum*. To say that one is surprised at any such omissions, is to imply the enormous comprehensiveness of the actual *corps d'élite*.

peatedly in the course of this volume. But does he obliterate religion altogether from his map of humanity? Is he

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all?*

Does he, in fact, regard the religious sentiment as a mere morbid excrement, which impairs the vigour of man as he is, and hinders the proper development of man as he might be? That this is far from being the case, may be inferred from certain of the passages already quoted—which take for granted that there is such a thing as “impiety,” as “prostitution of the rites of religion.” And though the actual character of the author’s belief may be nowhere explicitly stated, we may approximate to some notion of it by observing what incidentally falls from him here and there. That there is no decisive criterion of religious truth, is, he says, “a melancholy, and, as I firmly believe, a most inaccurate conclusion.” And though he holds it to be necessary that men should learn to doubt, before they begin to tolerate, he is also convinced that “when we shall have learned to estimate men solely by their character and their acts, and not at all by their theological dogmas, we shall then be able to form our religious opinions by that purely transcendental process, of which in every age glimpses have been granted to a few gifted minds.” In further allusion to the “scepticism which is now gathering in upon us from every quarter,” and which “an immense majority of the clergy—some from ambitious feelings, but the greater part, I believe, from conscientious motives, are striving to check”—he thinks it “time that these well-intentioned, though mistaken, men should see the delusion under which they labour”—scepticism† being, he contends, the intermediate step from superstition to toleration, a stage through which the higher order of

We may here mention the tribute paid by Mr. Buckle, to the extent and accuracy of Lord Macaulay’s historical researches. A more competent witness is rarely indeed to be met with, and his testimony is thus expressed, apropos of the noble historian’s account of the clergy after the Restoration—which account our author pronounces “perfectly accurate.” “From evidence which I have collected, I know that this very able writer, of whose immense research few people are competent judges, has rather under-stated the case than over-stated it. On several subjects I should venture to differ from Mr. Macaulay; but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of his unwearied diligence, of the consummate skill with which he has arranged his materials, and of the noble love of liberty which animates his entire work. These are qualities which long survive the aspersions of his puny detractors—men who, in point of knowledge and ability, are unworthy to loosen the shoe-latchet of him they foolishly attack.” (Buckle, i. 360, *note*.)

Of other contemporary historians, we may remark, Mr. Buckle makes honourable use of Hallam, quotes Grote with admiring acquiescence, is alive to the solid worth of Ranke, and makes a warning and a standing jest of Alison, whose local habitation in History is at the antipodes to his own.

* Wordsworth: “A Poet’s Epitaph.”

† By “scepticism” Mr. Buckle means hardness of belief; so that an increased scepticism is an increased perception of the difficulty of proving assertions. This feeling of hesitation and suspended judgment is indispensable, he reminds us, to all progress and civilization: in physics, it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration. Hence “in religion the sceptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes, because he sees that both are incapable of proof.” (Buckle, i. 327-8, *note*.)

minds have passed, in their advance to what he supposes will be the ultimate form of man's religious history. "But the people at large, and even some of those who are commonly called educated men, are only now entering that earlier epoch in which scepticism is the leading feature of the mind. So far, therefore, from our apprehensions being excited by this rapidly increasing spirit, we ought rather to do everything in our power to encourage that which, though painful to some, is salutary to all, because by it alone can religious bigotry be effectually destroyed. Nor ought we to be surprised that, before this can be done, a certain degree of suffering must first intervene. If one age believes too much, it is but a natural reaction that another age should believe too little. Such are the imperfections of our nature, that we are compelled, by the very laws of its progress, to pass through those crises of scepticism and of mental distress, which to a vulgar eye are states of national decline and national shame; but which are only as the fire by which the gold must be purged before it can leave its dross in the pot of the refiner. To apply the image of the great allegorist"—for Mr. Buckle can admire Bunyan as well as Comte, and can sympathise as well with the Pilgrim's Progress as with the Positive Philosophy—"it is necessary that the poor pilgrim, laden with the weight of accumulated superstitions, should struggle through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Death, before he can reach that glorious city, glittering with gold and with jewels, of which the first sight is sufficient recompense for his toils and his fears." To this very note-worthy extract we might add occasional fragments of a corroborative tendency—as where the godless favourites of Charles II. are said to have "exhausted the devices of their ribald spirit, in mocking a religion, of the nature of which they were profoundly ignorant;" or where renewed mention is made of "that transcendental view of religion which is slowly but steadily gaining ground among us;" or where an indignant protest is uttered against "that accursed spirit" which, no longer having the power to persecute to the death, "still continues to dogmatize on the most mysterious subjects, tamper with the most sacred principles of the human heart, and darken by its miserable superstitions those sublime questions that no one should rudely touch, because they are for each according to the measure of his own soul, because they lie in that unknown tract which separates the Finite from the Infinite, and because they are as a secret and individual covenant between Man and his God."* How complete the distinction between this author and your cold-blooded dogmatic deniers, or flippant scoffers and sneerers, of Mephistophelean descent, the foregoing excerpts make clear enough. Still more explicit is what he says in a later chapter, when treating of the results of ecclesiastical despotism and clerical intolerance: "What we think of the clergy will depend upon themselves; but will have no connexion with what we think of Christianity. We look on the clergy as a body of men who, notwithstanding their disposition to intolerance, and notwithstanding a certain narrowness incidental to their profession, do undoubtedly form part of a vast and noble institution, by which the manners of men have been softened, their sufferings assuaged, their distresses relieved. As long as this institution performs its functions, we are well content to let it stand. If, however, it should be out of repair, or if it should be found

* Pp. 323, 324, 327-9, 332, 343, 469.

inadequate to the shifting circumstances of an advancing society, we retain both the power and the right of remedying its faults; we may, if need be, remove some of its parts; but we would not, we dare not, tamper with those great religious truths which are altogether independent of it; truths which comfort the mind of man, raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life."* This is said in the course of an argument, that the "destruction of Christianity" in France, at the Revolution, was the necessary result of those opinions which bound up the destiny of the national priesthood with the destiny of the national religion.

Having thus far glanced at his "theological" stand-point, let us, before venturing further into the subject-matter of this History, lend an ear to his "political" opinions. His doctrine is, that, in politics, no certain principles having yet been discovered, the first conditions of success are compromise, barter, expediency, and concession. He warns "presumptuous" legislators—those "superficial men, who, raised to temporary power, think themselves bound to guarantee certain institutions, and uphold certain opinions"—that their best measures are but temporary expedients, which it will be the business of a later and riper age to efface. He would have them clearly to understand, that it does not lie within their function to anticipate the march of affairs, and provide for distant contingencies. "In the present state of knowledge, politics, so far from being a science, is one of the most backward of all the arts; and the only safe course for the legislator is, to look upon his craft as consisting in the adaptation of temporary contrivances to temporary emergencies. His business is to follow the age, and not at all to attempt to lead it. He should be satisfied with studying what is passing around him; and should modify his schemes, not according to the notions he has inherited from his fathers, but according to the actual exigencies of his own time. For he may rely upon it, that the movements of society have now become so rapid, that the wants of one generation are no measure of the wants of another; and that men, urged by a sense of their own progress, are growing weary of idle talk about the wisdom of their ancestors, and are fast discarding those trite and sleepy maxims which have hitherto imposed upon them, but by which they will not consent to be much longer troubled."† Indeed, the volume at large is one great protest against the "protective" spirit, and exposition of the fallacy in theory, and mischief in practice, of "paternal" legislation.

Mr. Buckle is admirable at stating an argument (whatever be the merits of it), and then illustrating it by miscellaneous instances. He is always lucid in enunciation, and fertile in multiform exemplification. Take his exposition of the accumulation of wealth, as being the earliest, and in many respects the most important of all the results which are produced among a people by their climate, food, and soil. For although the progress of knowledge eventually accelerates the increase of wealth, it is nevertheless certain that, in the first formation of society, the wealth

* Pp. 694 *sq.* With which compare also pp. 785 *sq.*

† Pp. 458-9, 555. See also pp. 262-4; and, on the "protective" spirit of "paternal" governments, pp. 213 *sqq.*, 240, 244, 354, 461-2, and chapters ix. to xii. inclusive, pp. 558-700, for an historical résumé of its operations.

must accumulate before the knowledge can begin. "As long as every man is engaged in collecting the materials necessary for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits; no science can possibly be created, and the utmost that can be effected will be an attempt to economise labour by the contrivance of such rude and imperfect instruments as even the most barbarous people are able to invent.

"In a state of society like this, the accumulation of wealth is the first great step that can be taken, because without wealth there can be no leisure, and without leisure there can be no knowledge. If what a people consume is always exactly equal to what they possess, there will be no residue, and therefore, no capital being accumulated, there will be no means by which the unemployed classes may be maintained. But if the produce is greater than the consumption, an overplus arises, which, according to well-known principles, increases itself, and eventually becomes a fund out of which, immediately or remotely, every man is supported, who does not create the wealth upon which he lives. And now it is that the existence of an intellectual class first becomes possible, because for the first time there exists a previous accumulation, by means of which men can use what they did not produce, and are thus enabled to devote themselves to subjects for which at an earlier period the pressure of their daily wants would have left them no time."

The influences of soil and climate on the creation of wealth are then explained—the soil regulating the returns made to any given amount of labour; and the climate regulating the energy and constancy of the labour itself. Then come the historical illustrations—to show that no country has ever been civilized by efforts of its own, unless it has possessed one of these conditions in a very favourable form. "In Asia, civilization has always been confined to that vast tract where a rich and alluvial soil has secured to man that wealth without some share of which no intellectual progress can begin. This great region extends, with a few interruptions, from the east of Southern China to the western coasts of Asia Minor, of Phœnicia, and of Palestine. To the north of this immense belt there is a long line of barren country which has invariably been peopled by rude and wandering tribes, who are kept in poverty by the ungenial nature of the soil, and who, as long as they remained on it, have never emerged from their uncivilized state. How entirely this depends on physical causes, is evident from the fact that these same Mongolian and Tartarian hordes have, at different periods, founded great monarchies in China, in India, and in Persia, and have, on all such occasions, attained a civilization nowise inferior to that possessed by the most flourishing of the ancient kingdoms. For in the fertile plains of Southern Asia, nature has supplied all the materials of wealth; and there it was that these barbarous tribes acquired for the first time some degree of refinement, produced a national literature, and organized a national polity; none of which things they, in their native land, had been able to effect. In the same way, the Arabs in their own country have, owing to the extreme aridity of their soil, always been a rude and uncultivated people; for in their case, as in all others, great ignorance is the fruit of great poverty. But in the seventh century they conquered Persia; in the eighth century they conquered the best part of Spain; in the ninth

century they conquered the Punjab, and eventually nearly the whole of India. Scarcely were they established in their fresh settlements, when their character seemed to undergo a great change. They, who in their original land were little else than roving savages, were now for the first time able to accumulate wealth, and, therefore, for the first time did they make some progress in the arts of civilization. In Arabia they had been a mere race of wandering shepherds; in their new abodes they became the founders of mighty empires,—they built cities, endowed schools, collected libraries; and the traces of their power are still to be seen at Cordova, at Bagdad, and at Delhi.* Precisely in the same manner, there is adjoining Arabia at the north, and only separated from it elsewhere by the narrow waters of the Red Sea, an immense sandy plain, which, covering the whole of Africa in the same latitude, extends westward until it reaches the shores of the Atlantic. This enormous tract is, like Arabia, a barren waste; and therefore, as in Arabia, the inhabitants have always been extremely uncivilized, acquiring no knowledge, simply because they have accumulated no wealth. But this great desert is, in its eastern part, irrigated by the waters of the Nile, the overflowing of which covers the sand with a rich alluvial deposit, that yields to labour the most abundant, and indeed the most extraordinary returns. The consequence is, that in that spot, wealth was rapidly accumulated, the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and this narrow strip of land became the seat of Egyptian civilization; a civilization which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which have been able to work out their own progress, or emerge, in any degree, from the ignorance to which the penury of nature has doomed them."

Again. To illustrate the economical proposition, that there is a strong

* We have omitted, from want of space, the various annotations which Mr. Buckle annexes to his text—though they certainly constitute, not unselfd, the most curious and characteristic portion of his great work. One specimen, at once of the matter and the manner of them, we must, however, find room for; and it shall be the one appertaining to the above sentence ending "at Delhi."

"The only branch of knowledge which the Arabians ever raised to a science was astronomy, which began to be cultivated under the caliphs about the middle of the eighth century, and went on improving until 'la belle ville de Bagdad fut, pendant le dixième siècle, le théâtre principal de l'astronomie chez les orientaux.' Montucla, *Histoire des Mathématiques*, vol. i. pp. 355, 364. The old Pagan Arabs, like most barbarous people living in a clear atmosphere, had such an empirical acquaintance with the celestial phenomena as was useful for practical purposes; but there is no evidence to justify the common opinion that they studied this subject as a science. Dr. Dorn (*Transactions of the Asiatic Society*, vol. ii. p. 371) says, 'of a scientific knowledge of astronomy among them no traces can be discovered.' Beausobre (*Histoire de Manichée*, vol. i. p. 20) is quite enthusiastic about the philosophy of the Arabs in the time of Pythagoras! and he tells us, that 'ces peuples ont toujours cultivé les sciences.' To establish this fact, he quotes a long passage from a life of Mohammed written early in the eighteenth century by Boulainvilliers, whom he calls 'un des plus beaux génies de France.' If this is an accurate description, those who have read the works of Boulainvilliers will think that France was badly off for men of genius; and as to his life of Mohammed, it is little better than a romance: the author was ignorant of Arabic, and knew nothing which had not already been communicated by Maracci and Pococke. See *Biographie Universelle*, vol. v. p. 321.

"In regard to the later Arabian astronomers, one of their great merits was to approximate to the value of the annual procession much closer than Ptolemy had done. See *Grant's History of Physical Astronomy*, 1852, p. 319."

and constant tendency in hot countries for wages to be low, and in cold countries for them to be high,—our author reminds us that in Asia, in Africa, and in America, all the ancient civilizations were seated in hot climates; and that in all of them the rate of wages was very low, and therefore the condition of the labouring classes very depressed; while in Europe, for the first time, civilization arose in a colder climate: hence the reward of labour was increased, and the distribution of wealth rendered more equal than was possible in countries where an excessive abundance of food had stimulated the growth of population. The one instance, and only one, of a great European people—the Irish—possessing a very cheap national food, though an apparent exception to what has been stated, Mr. Buckle claims as in reality a striking verification of the general law. The evil condition of the Irish he traces as the “natural result of that cheap and abundant food,” the too reproductive potato, “which encouraged the people to so rapid an increase, that the labour-market was constantly gorged.” And then, proceeding to examine other nations, to show the intimate connexion between the physical and moral world, and intimate the reasons why so many ancient civilizations reached a certain stage of development, and then fell away, unable to resist the pressure of nature, or make head against those external obstacles by which their progress was effectually retarded,—he takes India for an example; in which country, from the earliest period, the most general food has been rice, that most nutritive of all the cereals, containing an enormous proportion of starch, and yielding to the labourer an average return of at least sixty-fold. What the physical peculiarities of the country would lead the philosopher to anticipate its national food would be,—and so to anticipate, on that account, a long train of ulterior consequences,—that, in the instance of Hindostan, is seen to be the case. There is an unequal distribution of wealth: the upper classes are enormously rich, the lower classes miserably poor. Hence an unequal distribution of power; and as “there is no instance on record of any class possessing power without abusing it, we may easily understand how it was that the people of India, condemned to poverty by the physical laws of their climate, should have fallen into a degradation from which they have never been able to escape.” And stress is naturally laid on the “undoubted fact,” that their annals furnish no instance of their having turned upon their rulers, no war of classes, no popular insurrections, not even one great popular conspiracy. “In those rich and fertile countries there have been many changes, but all of them have been from above, not from below. The democratic element has been altogether wanting. There have been in abundance, wars of kings, and wars of dynasties. There have been revolutions in the government, revolutions in the palace, revolutions on the throne; but no revolutions among the people, no mitigation of that hard lot which nature, rather than man, assigned to them.” The same line of argument is applied to Egypt, to Mexico, and to Peru. In Egypt, with its dates, as in India, with its rice, the people multiplied rapidly, because while the soil increased their supplies, the climate lessened their wants. In both countries there was an immense and impassable gulf between the upper and the lower classes. The Pyramids, “which inconsiderate observers admire as a proof of civilization,” are evidence, in reality, of a “state of things altogether depraved and unhealthy.” We are “startled by the reck-

less prodigality with which, in Egypt, the upper classes squandered away the labour and the lives of the people." It is highly probable that Central America, too, was the ancient seat of a civilization, "in all essential points similar to those of India and Egypt; that is to say, similar to them in respect to the unequal distribution of wealth and power, and the thralldom in which the great body of the people consequently remained." So with Mexico and Peru—where maize is one substitute for the rice of Asia, and the dates of Africa,—another being the banana, of whose nutritive powers it is enough to say, that "an acre sown with it will support more than fifty persons; whereas the same amount of land sown with wheat in Europe will only support two persons;" while, as regards the exuberance of its growth, it is calculated that, other circumstances remaining the same, the produce of the banana is "forty-four times greater than that of potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times greater than that of wheat." The same frivolous waste of labour is observable as in Egypt—both the Mexicans and Peruvians erecting immense buildings, which were "as useless as those of Egypt, and which no country could produce, unless the labour of the people were ill-paid and ill-directed." In such countries, the home of one-sided and irregular civilizations, society, being divided against itself, could not stand.*

In connexion with this subject Mr. Buckle further inquires, in a very striking manner, into the influence exercised by the external world, by those physical agents to which he gives the collective name of Aspects of Nature, in predisposing men to certain habits of thought, and thus giving a particular tone to religion, arts, literature, and, in a word, to all the principal manifestations of the human mind. He shows that whatever natural phenomena inspire feelings of terror, or great wonder, or suggest the vague and uncontrollable, have a special tendency to subject the understanding to the imagination, and to curb the practical energies of man,—who, contrasting himself with the force and majesty of Nature, becomes painfully conscious of his own insignificance, and finds from every quarter innumerable obstacles that hem him in, and limit his individual will. "On the other hand, where the works of Nature are small and feeble, Man regains confidence; he seems more able to rely on his own power;" and, as the phenomena are more accessible, it becomes easier for him to experiment on them, or to observe them with minuteness; "an inquisitive and analytic spirit is encouraged, and he is tempted to generalize the appearances of Nature, and refer them to the laws by which they are governed." In the tropics, accordingly, where Nature is, in every respect, most dangerous to Man, the imagination is most likely to triumph; and there grow up among the people those feelings of awe and helplessness, on which all superstition is based, and without which no superstition can exist. The old tropical civilizations "had to struggle with innumerable difficulties unknown to the temperate zone, where European civilization has long flourished. The devastations of animals hostile to man, the ravages of hurricanes, tempests, earthquakes, and similar perils, constantly pressed upon them, and affected the tone of their national character. For the mere loss of life was the smallest part of the inconvenience" (except, we presume, to the losers themselves). "The real mischief was, that there were engendered in the mind associa-

* See pp. 58-107, *passim*.

tions which made the imaginations predominate over the understanding," and encouraged a disposition to neglect inquiry into natural causes, and assume the operation of supernatural ones. The civilization of Europe has diverged from all others that preceded it, from the comparative absence of phenomena of this order—so that we here see Man confident in his own resources, and encouraged in that bold, inquisitive, and scientific spirit, which is constantly advancing, and on which all future progress must depend.

The argument is illustrated by references to Indian literature, where reason is set at defiance, and imagination runs riot, luxuriantly wild. In Greece, where the aspects of nature are entirely different, the human mind was less appalled, and less superstitious; natural causes began to be studied; physical science first became possible. The mythology of India is based upon terror, and that of the most extravagant kind. In Greece, the causes of fear being less abundant, the expression of terror was less common. The gods in Hindostan had all something monstrous about them—Vishnu had four hands, Brahma five heads, and so on. But the gods of Greece were always represented in forms entirely human—the artist might make them stronger than men, and more beautiful, but still they must *be* men, and to present them in any other shape would be inartistic and irreligious. In Greece, too, we first meet with the deification of mortals—everything, in fact, tending there to exalt the dignity of Man, while in India everything tended to depress it.—But we cannot follow the historian further in his particular exposition of the general doctrine, that everywhere the hand of Nature is upon us, and that the history of the human mind can only be understood by connecting it with the history and the aspects of the material universe.*

We have alluded to Mr. Buckle's strenuous opposition to the "protective" spirit of "paternal" governments; and considering how large and prominent a place this topic shares in the present volume, and will occupy in those which are to come, it becomes us to take some further notice of his manner of dealing with it. The spirit of protection, then, he regards as forming the most serious obstacle with which advancing civilization has to contend. When it is carried into trade, he argues, manufactures are forced into existence which otherwise would never arise, and which, for that very reason, are not required; it disturbs the ordinary march of industry, and, under pretence of protecting native labourers, diminishes the produce of labour by diverting it from those profitable channels into which its own instincts always compel it to flow. When it is carried into politics, he continues, there is formed what is called a paternal government, in which supreme power is vested in the sovereign, or in a few privileged classes. And when it is carried into theology, the result he attributes to it is a powerful Church, and a numerous clergy, who are supposed to be the necessary guardians of religion, and every opposition to whom is resented as an insult to the public morals. These, he submits, are the marks by which protection may be recognized. And it is in France, from a very early period, much more than in England that these marks of the protective spirit have displayed themselves. "This, which may truly be called an evil spirit,

has always been far stronger in France than in England. Indeed, among the French, it continues, even to the present day, to produce the most mischievous results. It is, as I shall hereafter point out, intimately connected with that love of centralization which appears in the machinery of their government, and in the spirit of their literature," as well as in those restrictions on trade which in England are effectually destroyed.

The historical review which follows, involving a comparison of the protective spirit in France and in England, is replete with interest, and pregnant with instruction. To complete the comparison, Mr. Buckle proceeds, in his eleventh chapter, to examine how this same spirit influenced the purely intellectual history of France, as well as its social and political history. On the overthrow of the Fronde, everything was prepared—as he shows in full—for that singular intellectual polity, which during fifty years characterized the reign of Louis XIV., and which was to French literature what feudalism was to French politics. "In both cases, homage was paid by one party, and protection and favour accorded by the other. Every man of letters became a vassal of the French crown. Every book was written with a view to the royal favour; and to obtain the patronage of the king was considered the most decisive proof of intellectual eminence." What were the effects of this system?

Now the "delusion," that royal patronage is beneficial to national literature, that there is some magical power in the smiles of a king, which stimulates the intellect of the favoured author whose heart they are permitted to gladden, is not, in Mr. Buckle's view, a mere innocent fallacy,—is not to be despised, as one of those harmless prejudices that still linger round the person of the sovereign—but is in its practical consequences very injurious. After a careful study of the history of literature, he thinks himself authorized to say, that for one instance in which a sovereign has recompensed a man who is before his age, there are at least twenty of his recompensing one who is behind it. In no age have literary men been rewarded with such profuseness as in the reign of Louis XIV.; and in no age have they been so mean-spirited, so servile, so utterly unfit to fulfil their great vocation as the apostles of knowledge and the missionaries of truth. "The reputation of Louis XIV. originated in the gratitude of men of letters; but it is now supported by a popular notion that the celebrated literature of his age is mainly to be ascribed to his fostering care. If, however, we examine this opinion, we shall find that, like many of the traditions of which history is full, it is entirely devoid of truth." And Mr. Buckle then goes on to prove, that the literary splendour of the Grand Monarque's reign was not the result of the Grand Monarque's efforts, but was the work of that great generation which preceded him; and that the intellect of France, so far from being benefited by his munificence, was hampered by his protection; that, in short, the so-vaunted Age of Louis XIV. was an age of literary decline and decay, which decline and decay we may directly and distinctly trace to his majesty's condescension in taking literature under his wing—too warm a place, and too close an atmosphere, to be good for it—where it could not breathe freely, or speak out, but must needs dwindle, peak, and pine—a sickly thing, and a stunted, so long as the overshadowing influence remained.

There are two leading circumstances on which our historian relies, to

prove his case. The first is, that the immense impulse which, during the administrations of Richelieu and Mazarin, had been given to the highest branches of knowledge, was suddenly stopped. "In 1661 Louis X V. assumed the government, and from that moment until his death, in 1715, the history of France, so far as great discoveries are concerned, is a blank in the annals of Europe. If, putting aside all preconceived notions respecting the supposed glory of that age, we examine the matter fairly, it will be seen that in every department there was a manifest dearth of original thinkers. There was much that was elegant, much that was attractive. The senses of men were soothed and flattered by the creations of art, by paintings, by palaces, by poems ; but scarcely anything of moment was added to the sum of human knowledge. If we take the mathematics, and those mixed sciences to which they are applicable, it will be universally admitted that their most successful cultivators in France during the seventeenth century were Descartes, Pascal, Fermat, Gassendi, and Mersenne. But, so far from Louis XIV. having any share in the honour due to them, these eminent men were engaged in their investigations while the king was still in his cradle, and completed them before he assumed the government, and therefore before his system of protection came into play. Descartes died in 1650, when the king was twelve years old. Pascal, whose name, like that of Descartes, is commonly associated with the age of Louis XIV., had gained a European reputation while Louis, occupied in the nursery with his toys, was not aware that any such man existed. His treatise on conic sections was written in 1639 ; his decisive experiments on the weight of air were made in 1648 ; and his researches on the cycloid, the last great inquiry he ever undertook, were in 1658, when Louis, still under the tutelage of Mazarin, had no sort of authority. Fermat was one of the most profound thinkers of the seventeenth century, particularly as a geometrician, in which respect he was second only to Descartes. The most important steps he took are those concerning the geometry of infinites, applied to the ordinates and tangents of curves ; which, however, he completed in or before 1636. As to Gassendi and Mersenne, it is enough to say that Gassendi died in 1655, six years before Louis was at the head of affairs ; while Mersenne died in 1648, when the great king was ten years old.

"These were the men who flourished in France just before the system of Louis XIV. came into operation. Shortly after their death the patronage of the king began to tell upon the national intellect ; and during the next fifty years no addition of importance was made to either branch of the mathematics, or, with the single exception of acoustics, to any of the sciences to which the mathematics are applied. The further the seventeenth century advanced, the more evident did the decline become, and the more clearly can we trace the connexion between the waning powers of the French, and that protective spirit which enfeebled the energies it wished to strengthen. Louis had heard that astronomy is a noble study ; he was therefore anxious, by encouraging its cultivation in France, to add to the glories of his own name. With this view, he rewarded its professors with unexampled profusion ; he built the splendid Observatory of Paris ; he invited to his court the most eminent foreign astronomers, Cassini from Italy, Römer from Denmark, Huygens from Holland. But, as to native ability, France did not produce a single man who had made even one of those various discoveries which mark the

epochs of astronomical science. In other countries vast progress was made; and Newton in particular, by his immense generalizations, reformed nearly every branch of physics, and remodelled astronomy by carrying the law of gravitation to the extremity of the solar system. On the other hand, France had fallen into such a torpor, that these wonderful discoveries, which changed the face of knowledge, were entirely neglected, there being no instance of any French astronomer adopting them until 1732, that is, forty-five years after they had been published by their immortal author. Even in matters of detail, the most valuable improvement made by French astronomers during the power of Louis XIV. was not original. They laid claim to the invention of the micrometer; an admirable resource, which, as they supposed, was first contrived by Picard and Auzout. The truth, however, is, that here again they were anticipated by the activity of a freer and less protected people; since the micrometer was invented by Gascoigne in or just before 1639, when the English monarch, so far from having leisure to patronise science, was about to embark in that struggle which, ten years later, cost him his crown and his life." Evidence is also adduced to show that French workmen were unable to construct the tools required for accurate investigation, and that the improvements effected in French manufactures were few and insignificant, and available rather for luxury than use.

So again in other departments—in physiology, anatomy, medicine,—“we look in vain for any men equal to those by whom France had once been honoured. The greatest discovery of this kind ever made by a Frenchman, was that of the receptacle of the chyle; a discovery which, in the opinion of a high authority,* is not inferior to that of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. This important step in our knowledge is constantly assigned to the age of Louis XIV., as if it were one of the results of his gracious bounty; but it would be difficult to tell what Louis had to do with it, since the discovery was made by Pecquet in 1647, when the great king was nine years old.” Riolan, too, published his last work in 1652, and died in 1657. Then there came a pause, and, during three generations, the French did nothing for these great subjects. They had formerly produced men of great eminence in the practical and speculative parts of medicine, and in the arts connected with surgery—illustrious physicians like Fernel and Joubert—skilled and scientific surgeons like Ambrose Paré, who was “one of the founders of comparative osteology”—and pathologists like Baillou, the value of whose services in morbid anatomy the modern faculty freely allow. “Under Louis XIV. all was changed. Under him, surgery was neglected, though in other countries its progress was rapid. The English, by the middle of the seventeenth century, had taken considerable steps in medicine; its therapeutical branch being reformed chiefly by Sydenham, its physiological branch by Glisson. But the age of Louis XIV. cannot boast of a single medical writer who can be compared to these;† not

* Sprengel, “*Hist. de la Médecine*,” iv. 208.

† It is unnecessary, Mr. Buckle observes, to adduce evidence respecting the services rendered by Sydenham, as they are universally admitted; but, he adds, what perhaps is less generally known, is, “that Glisson anticipated those important views concerning irritability, which were afterwards developed by Haller and Gorter. Compare *Renouard, Hist. de la Médecine*, vol. ii. p. 192; *Elliotson's*

even one whose name is now known as having made any specific addition to our knowledge. In Paris, the practice of medicine was notoriously inferior to that in the capitals of Germany, Italy, and England; while in the French provinces, the ignorance, even of the best physicians, was scandalous. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, during the whole of this long period, the French in these matters effected comparatively nothing; they made no contributions to clinical literature, and scarcely any to therapeutics, to pathology, to physiology, or to anatomy." The case is shown to be similar as regards zoology, chemistry, and botany—in which last study, rapid progress was made in England during the reign of Charles II., by Henshaw, Hooke, Grew, and Millington; while in France, during the same period, and "under the munificent patronage of Louis XIV.," things were at a stand-still, quite.

On the whole, then, it is Mr. Buckle's deliberate verdict on the age of the great king, that, in all matters of real importance, in questions requiring independent thought, and in questions of practical utility, it was an age of decay; an age of misery, intolerance, oppression; an age of bondage, of ignominy, of incompetence. "Even at the risk of exposing myself to the charge of unduly estimating my own labours, I cannot avoid saying, that the facts which I have just pointed out have never before been collected, but have remained isolated in the text-books and repertories of the science to which they belong. Yet without them it is impossible to study the age of Louis XIV." Not only, thus far, is the historian's a deliberate verdict, but it is strictly upon the evidence.

But there is a second intellectual characteristic of the same reign, upon which he also dilates, and which, in importance, he holds to be almost equal to the one just reviewed. The first consequence, he contends, of the patronage of Louis XIV. was, to diminish the field for genius, and to sacrifice science to art: the second consequence was, that, even in art itself, there was soon seen a marked decay. "For a short time, the stimulus produced its effect; but was followed by that collapse which is its natural result. So essentially vicious is the whole system of patronage and reward, that after the death of those writers and artists, whose works form the only redeeming point in the reign of Louis, there was found no one capable of even imitating their excellences. The poets, dramatists, painters, musicians, sculptors, architects, were, with hardly an exception, not only born, but educated under that freer policy, which existed before his time. When they began their labours, they benefited by a munificence which encouraged the activity of their genius. But in a few years, that generation having died off, the hollowness of the whole system was clearly exposed. More than a quarter of a century before the death of Louis XIV., most of these eminent men had ceased to live; and then it was seen to how miserable a plight the country was reduced under the patronage of the great king. At the moment when Louis XIV. died, there was scarcely a writer or an artist in France who

Human Physiol. p. 471; *Bordas Demoulin, Cartésianisme*, vol. i. p. 170. In *Wagner's Physiol.* 1841, p. 655, the theory is too exclusively ascribed to Haller."

We might multiply instances of this kind, illustrative of Mr. Buckle's diversified reading, whence his often exercised ability to put forth a something "not generally" or "less generally known," as a corrective, or alternative, to act on received opinions. Such instances occur not only when he is treating of medicine, but of politics, ethics, history, belles lettres, or whatever else.

enjoyed a European reputation." Examining this long reign of fifty-four years (1661—1715), Mr. Buckle dwells on the remarkable fact, that everything which is celebrated, was effected in the first half of it; while more than twenty years before its close, the most eminent masters all died without leaving any successors.

Thus, in the first place he looks into the history of the fine arts. Of the six greatest painters in the reign of Louis XIV., Le Brun died in 1680; the elder Mignard in 1668, and the younger in 1695; Claude Lorraine in 1682; Lesueur in 1655; and Poussin ten years later. "The two greatest architects were, Claude Perrault and Francis Mansart; but Perrault died in 1688, Mansart in 1666; and Blondel, the next in fame, died in 1686. The greatest of all the sculptors was Puget, who died in 1694. Lulli, the founder of French music, died in 1687. Quinault, the greatest poet of French music, died in 1688. Under these eminent men, the fine arts, in the reign of Louis XIV., reached their zenith; and during the last thirty years of his life, their decline was portentously rapid. This was the case, not only in architecture and music, but even in painting, which, being more subservient than they are to personal vanity, is more likely to flourish under a rich and despotic government. The genius, however, of painters fell so low, that long before the death of Louis XIV., France ceased to possess one of any merit; and when his successor came to the throne, this beautiful art was, in that great country, almost extinct.

"These are startling facts; not matters of opinion, which may be disputed, but stubborn dates, supported by irrefragable testimony. And if we examine in the same manner the literature of the age of Louis XIV., we shall arrive at similar conclusions. . . . Racine produced *Phèdre* in 1677; *Andromaque* in 1667; *Athalie* in 1691. Molière published the *Misanthrope* in 1666; *Tartuffe* in 1667; the *Avare* in 1668. The *Lutrin* of Boileau was written in 1674; his best Satires in 1666. The last Fables of La Fontaine appeared in 1678, and his last Tales in 1671. The *Inquiry respecting Truth*, by Malebranche, was published in 1674; the *Caractères* of La Bruyère in 1687; the *Maximes* of Rochefoucauld in 1665. The *Provincial Letters* of Pascal were written in 1656, and he himself died in 1662. As to Corneille, his great Tragedies were composed, some while Louis was still a boy, and the others before the king was born. Such were the dates of the masterpieces of the age of Louis XIV. The authors of these immortal works all ceased to write, and nearly all ceased to live, before the close of the seventeenth century; and we may fairly ask the admirers of Louis XIV. who those men were that succeeded them? Where have their names been registered? Where are their works to be found? Who is there that now reads the books of those obscure hirelings, who for so many years thronged the court of the great king? Who has heard anything of Campistron, La Chapelle, Genest, Ducerceau, Dancourt, Danchet, Vergier, Catrou, Chaulieu, Legendre, Valincour, Lamotte,* and the other ignoble compilers, who long remained the brightest ornaments of France? Was this, then, the con-

* Perhaps Mr. Buckle is a little hasty in including one or two of the names in this list,—Lamotte, for instance. "Who has heard anything of" him? Rather, who has *not*? that has heard anything of French literary history at all, and knows who Mme. Dacier was, and the fortunes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau. So again with l'Abbé Chaulieu. But Mr. Buckle's argument is irrefragable in the main.

sequence of the royal bounty? Was this the fruit of the royal patronage? If the system of reward and protection is really advantageous to literature and to art, how is it that it should have produced the meanest results when it had been the longest in operation? If the favour of kings is, as their flatterers tell us, of such importance, how comes it that the more the favour was displayed, the more the effects were contemptible?—Nor was this almost inconceivable penury compensated by superiority in any other department. The simple fact is, that Louis XIV. survived the entire intellect of the French nation, except that small part of it which grew up in opposition to his principles, and afterwards shook the throne of his successor. Several years before his death, and when his protective system had been in full force for nearly half a century, there was not to be found in the whole of France a statesman who could develop the resources of the country, or a general who could defend it against its enemies. Both in the civil service and in the military service, everything had fallen into disorder. At home there was nothing but confusion; abroad there was nothing but disaster. The spirit of France succumbed, and was laid prostrate. The men of letters, pensioned and decorated by the court, had degenerated into a fawning and hypocritical race, who, to meet the wishes of their masters, opposed all improvement, and exerted themselves in support of every old abuse. The end of all this was, a corruption, a servility, and a loss of power more complete than has ever been witnessed in any of the great countries of Europe. There was no popular liberty; there were no great men; there was no science; there was no literature; there were no arts. Within, there was a discontented people, a rapacious government, and a beggared exchequer. Without, there were foreign armies, which pressed upon all the frontiers, and which nothing but their mutual jealousies, and a change in the English cabinet, prevented from dismembering the monarchy of France.” The author’s annotations upon this text, comprising excerpts from various writers, to indicate the depression, and indeed utter exhaustion of France at this period, are painfully exact in the corroborative evidence they afford.

In the succeeding chapter, Mr. Buckle traces the reaction against the protective spirit, and preparations for the French Revolution. Of particular interest is his inquiry into the kind and degree of the influence our country exercised on France during the two generations which elapsed between the death of Louis XIV. and that convulsion. He doubts if, at the end of the seventeenth century, there were, either in literature or in science, five persons in France acquainted with the English language—for we were considered a barbarous horde, possessing nothing worthy the attention of enlightened men. Whereas, during the two generations in question, there was hardly a Frenchman of eminence who did not either visit England or learn English; while many of them did both. We have already referred to the curious proof which the author’s erudition enables him to establish of this fact. He is minute upon the subject, because he wishes to show that the impetus to which the reaction (against protective policy) owed its strength, proceeded from England; and that it was English literature which taught the lessons of political liberty, first to France, and through France to the rest of Europe. One great consequence of this union between the French and English minds, he then shows to have been, the establishment of a complete schism between the literary men of France, and the classes who exclusively

governed the country. As examples, amongst those who suffered either confiscation, or imprisonment, or exile, or fines, or the suppression of their works, or the ignominy of being forced to recant what they had written, he finds, besides a host of inferior writers, the names of Beaumarchais, Berruyer, Bougeant, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Duclos, Freret, Helvétius, La Harpe, Linguet, Mably, Marmontel, Montesquieu, Mercier, Morellet, Raynal, Rousseau, Suard, Thomas, and Voltaire.

The last-named author ranks very high in Mr. Buckle's estimate of historical genius. Voltaire is honoured as the first historian who wrote history as it should be written—with attention fixed on matter of real importance, to the neglect of those idle details with which history had formerly been filled; as the first historian who recommended universal freedom of trade; the first who dispelled men's "childish admiration for the Middle Ages," and represented them as "what they really were,—a period of ignorance, ferocity, and licentiousness; a period when injuries were unredressed, crime unpunished, and superstition unrebuked." We may remark, too, that Mr. Buckle "can say with confidence, after a careful comparison of both writers, that the most decisive arguments advanced by Niebuhr against the early history of Rome had all been anticipated by Voltaire; in whose works they may be found, by whoever will take the trouble of reading what this great man has written, instead of ignorantly railing against him." For a methodical proof of this allegation, and for a thousand others, we must refer the reader to our author himself—of whose extraordinary research this fragmentary notice of ours can give only the faintest, feeblest idea. *Ex pede Herculem* is all very well; but if your space only admits a tiny fraction of the foot, not even the little toe complete, your presentment of Hercules is out of the question. The brick offered as a sample of the house, nearly enough typifies what we have been about.

We have made no kind of attempt to controvert the leading principles of Mr. Buckle's work—though, unless they are radically wrong, the received opinions and cherished convictions of the world, on the questions here in debate, are false, and must sooner or later die out. Were we just as capable, as in reality we are *not*, of controverting those principles, it would yet be preposterous to venture on such a task in this place, and within the limits at our disposal. We should have treated such a work, by such a man, with the same "distinguished consideration," had it been written—supposing such a thing possible—by a Dr. Wiseman, in behalf of the Roman communion; or by a Mr. Newdegate, in favour of the protective spirit and practice; or by a Mr. Gladstone, on principles of high-church liberalism; or by a Sir Cornwall Lewis, as an exponent of golden medium Whiggism; or by any one else—supposing any one else to have the power—in any other cause, supposing any other cause to be worth the pains. One thing we feel assured of—that even granting this *History of Civilization in England* to be based on fallacies, nobody will or can read through Vol. I. without having his attention absorbed, and his mind kept vividly on the alert,—or will close it without such an eagerness to see Vol. II., so soon as ever it shall be ready, as seldom indeed is experienced by readers of a long Introduction—never before, of an Introduction thus bulky and thus discursive.

A VISIT TO ICELAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1857.

BY J. WILLIAM BUSHBY.

PART IV.

ON coming to Öefjord we determined to visit Myvatn and the northern sulphur mines; therefore, having packed our clothes in a small port-manteau, stowed away some provisions and liquor in a tin case, and with our tent and sleeping gear strapped up, E. and I started at nine o'clock in the morning of the 29th of June on our trip to the above-named lake, the sulphur mines of Namafjall, Laxamyri, and Husavik Bay. Our eight horses were sent over to the opposite side of Öefjord, the frith being fordable a little above the town, and we rowed across to meet them; the water was very shoal some sixty or seventy yards from the shore, and the sailors had to get out, when the boat, thus lightened, was pushed by them to the opposite side. We had with us Geir Zoegà, and another guide from Akureyri, Olafur by name, a little wiry fellow, who never was tired, and was always ready and obliging.

We commenced our journey by ascending the mountain opposite Akureyri by a winding path; the ascent occupied an hour and a half; on the other side flows the river Fújoska, which empties itself into Öefjord by the farmstead Laufas. Crossing the river at a ford which took our horses up to the belly, we ascended the other side through perhaps the forest *par excellence* of Iceland, a quantity of brushwood or species of thorn-trees from four to seven feet high. This shrubbery, which thinly covered the sides of the mountains, and ran along the valley through which the Fújoska flows, was taller and more approaching a plantation than any I had seen elsewhere in Iceland. Winding round several barren sandy mountains, and passing by two farms situated amidst green patches of herbage in the valleys between them, we came to a long and fertile-looking plain, shut in by two ranges of mountains, whose snow-clad summits gave evidence of their height. Pursuing our way at full gallop, after passing several farms, we reached a good-sized lake called Ljosavatn, whose still, pure-looking water invited us to take a bath. I had much inclination to do so, the day being oppressively hot, but a kind of suspicion of insecurity, and fear of these volcanic waters, that I cannot account to myself for feeling, prevented my stretching my limbs in a swim in any of them.

We stopped on the banks of Ljosavatn (*vatn*, I have before mentioned, means lake) to allow our horses to rest, and to take our frugal lunch of sea-biscuit and water, for, in order to travel fast, as we proposed doing, we had brought with us but a very limited supply of provisions. The banks of Ljosavatn are in some places very steep, and of a crumbling kind of black clay, mixed with lava, and hard red clay. I picked up some very beautiful specimens also of round balls of yellow clay and ashes mixed, in which pieces of lava had become embedded.

From Akureyri to Ljosavatn we had seen no signs of lava, but now along this lake it became apparent, and at the end of the lake we came

on a very curious mass of rocks, or what I took to be cinders, so black and burnt-looking were they. The mass of rocky cinders stood overhanging the path, and seemed to threaten the passer-by, frowningly warning him to turn back. Leaving the lake and its dark-looking sentinel rock, we emerged on an extensive plain, where the pasturage would have been pretty good but for the numerous ruts and the mounds upon mounds with which these plains invariably abound. After a couple of hours' ride we came to the Skjalfandafljot, a broad and rapid river, with many small islands in it, having several tributaries in this valley, and running from its source some fifty miles into the sea. When we arrived at its banks and looked on the broad, strong stream, I expected certainly to have a swim for it before it should be fairly crossed. Our Akureyri guide, Olafur, went first, not quite confident; the baggage and spare ponies were next driven in, and Zoegà and we followed them cautiously. With a tight rein we toiled across, an occasional stumble into a hole or uneven part of the river-bed, which our ponies, sure-footed as they were, could not avoid, wetted us half way up the leg, but otherwise we escaped without the sousing I had made up my mind to undergo in crossing the noble Skjalfandafljot.

Having passed the river, we ascended much higher ground, and entered on a large plain alternately of green meadow and sandy barren ground, with a few farms dotting it here and there where the land was best. Great numbers of curlew and plover continually tempted E., but having shot a ptarmigan, he now despised commoner game. Passing plain after plain, encumbered with the everlasting little tumuli, among which almost all the roads in Iceland are made to wind, knocking our toes at every ten yards, and being frequently nearly sent out of the saddle by an extra hard collision, as the ponies galloped or paced full pelt along, we at last came to the river Laxà, where it winds, serpent-like, round and round, forming innumerable little islands, amidst which the clear water rapidly flows, or leaps in mimic Niagaras. This would have been a delightful place, and I think we would have pitched our tent here, and remained all night, as it was already nine o'clock, and we had been the whole day in the saddle, but the myriads of flies, which nearly drove us mad, prevented our stopping in this otherwise charming spot. The flies came into our mouths, our eyes, our noses, and ears; I never saw, I never felt anything like their attacks.

The Laxà here is pretty deep in some parts, and in fording it Zoegà and his pony tumbled into a hole, and we thought the latter would have been killed. Olafur quickly waded to his comrade's assistance, and together, up to the middle in the water, they pulled the poor pony, who was nearly done up, out of the place where he was struggling with only his nose above water. *Lax* means salmon, and *à* river—so there are several Laxàs in Iceland. This river comes from Myvatn, and, after innumerable windings, empties itself into the sea. We stopped for an hour or two by one of the waterfalls of the Laxà, and E. got out his fishing-tackle and tried to take some trout, but they would not rise to fly or minnow—a sore trial to his patience. I had my trials too, for on carrying E. his landing-net, my pony got out of his depth, and I had a good ducking.

Having determined to push on to Myvatn, we were soon again in full trot, and passed large masses of lava amidst the grass, which was of a

beautiful green. The ground was undulating, with alternate basins and mounds of bright grass, to which the piles of dark lava formed a striking contrast. At about the distance of four miles from our last halting-place we encountered a black, forbidding mountain of cinders, around whose inhospitable base we wound, and then emerged upon a plain with marshy ground and small lakes or ponds, in which quantities of ducks were swimming about, apparently the only inhabitants of this lonely region. Farther on we again came upon large quantities of lava amidst the green sward, wearing at a distance the appearance of castles and villages. Several times I thought and exclaimed, "Now that must be the home-stead near which we are to stop," only to find that it was a delusion of lava. I took the trouble to ride out of our way to visit one of these curious piles of lava, and found it to be in shape a veritable grotto, with an opening like a door, and a high vaulted roof. Moreover, though I neither saw people nor other habitation near, it was evidently used, for dried fish hung from numerous cords stretched across it and all round the sides. I had to gallop hard to regain my party, who had been trotting on.

Arrived at Myvatn, we found it a very extraordinary-looking and beautiful sheet of water, studded with green islands, the resort of innumerable birds and water-fowl of every kind. The turf here was of the greenest and most luxuriant I had yet seen to within three or four yards of the lake, which space was composed of sand of a very dark brown tint, and in many places of a jet black. The water was exceedingly clear, and we saw the black bottom through it. It would seem that it deepened very much a few yards from the bank. We followed the left-hand side of the lake along its shore, meeting enormous masses of lava of every imaginable shape at every ten or twenty yards, generally rising from an eminence of green turf, with a corresponding hollow or basin near it. There were no trees, no shrubs, nor any of the softer features of nature here; all around bore the stamp of its wild volcanic origin. These lava masses, surrounded by the rich green turf, were amongst the most curious of the sights I had beheld in Iceland. Many of them resembled the ruins of castles, the crumbling, brittle lava standing up thirty or forty feet high, looking like the remains of the tower, while around one could trace gates, and loopholes, and all the marks of a decayed fortress. It was a strange spectacle.

Gladly did we halt at eleven o'clock, and pitch our tent near the farmhouse of Grimstadir, at the northern end of Myvatn, and gladly did we prepare for supper; but, alas! the case which had contained our provisions had been so well shaken, *chemin faisant*, that never was there bill of fare so uninviting. The salt and pepper had broken loose from their receptacles, the butter had entirely escaped from the sweetmeat-jar, in which we had fondly hoped it was secure, and had smeared everything in the case, having been itself churned into a blue mess; the biscuit was pounded into little bits, and the ham, when tumbled out upon the ground, might have suited the delicate appetites of cannibals or ostriches. Hungry as I was, I could not bring myself to touch anything but some sherry and broken biscuit.

We had placed our tent on a grassy mound near the lake, with its door towards the sun, which lingered on the horizon, for there was no night,

and about two o'clock we got to rest. I had not, however, enjoyed more than two short hours' repose, when, at four o'clock, I was awakened by a voice at the door. The sun was shining gloriously, and at first I thought it was much later, and that it was one of the guides calling us, so I said, "Come in;" and presently a shock head was poked through the opening, and a body struggled in after it. The individual, saying "I speak English, my lord," stretched himself by my side, whereat I recoiled, remembering Grimsöe. I waited for my disturber to state his errand, but no more English being forthcoming, I asked what he wanted in Danish, which he understood. He replied that he wanted to buy an English book. I told him I had none either to give or to sell, but he still bothered me for one. E., awakened by the noise, asked what the man wanted, *blessed* him, and went to sleep again; but I, feeling at first interested in one who was so anxious to learn English in this desolate, out-of-the-way region, bore patiently for some time with his desperate attempts to make himself understood in that language, and his earnest appeals for an English "*Istoria bog*" to be sold him. At length, being wearied and bored, I gave the persevering petitioner a dram of whisky, which he did not like, finding it too strong, and turned him out, still demanding an English "*Istoria bog*." I afterwards heard from the guide that this fellow was a joiner and farmer living on the other side of the lake; he had been once to Copenhagen, so spoke a little Danish, and had become possessed of an English grammar and dictionary, whence his English. He had seen our cavalcade while fishing, and had rowed over to our tent. His untimely visit deprived me of an hour's sleep.

It is surprising how anxious the Icelanders are to become acquainted with the English language, and how they labour to acquire it. They are much more desirous to learn English than French. With very limited means of instruction, we found that some of the clergymen and the magistrates spoke English a great deal better than many foreigners who have resided for years in England, yet they had never been regularly taught the language, and had seen but few English books. The higher class among the Icelanders are extremely well informed, and they all seem to have great capabilities for being good linguists. No presents are so much valued by them as those of books. Several of the best educated Icelanders understand, besides the dead languages, which are much studied in their remote island, Danish, French, German, and English; and Icelandic translations from modern works in these languages are to be met with. Milton has been translated into Icelandic, so also have some of Pope's and Burns's poems. Poetry is still, as of old, a favourite branch of literature among the inhabitants of this distant place, though the Skalds, like the Welsh bards, have passed away. The Eddas, or mythological writings, of which the first, or Elder Edda, is a collection of poems, the other, or Younger Edda, of prose discourses, attributed to Snorro Sturleson, who lived between the years A.D. 1178 and 1241, and the Sagas, or historical and biographical writings, belong to the ancient literature of Iceland. These, however, are still in vogue among a people whose geographical position severs them considerably from those countries which are in constant intercourse and collision with each other, and where the phases of all affairs, political, domestic, literary, are, in their changes, almost as rapid as are the footsteps of time.

Although, with the exception of the college at Reykjavik, where there are some very learned professors, and the students have every possible advantage, there are scarcely any schools in Iceland, education is by no means neglected, and every one almost, both male and female, can read and write. Some means of in-door amusement is absolutely necessary in a place where, during a portion of the winter months, the sun is not more than three or four hours above the horizon, and the rest of the day is as dark as night. In their domestic circles it is then customary for one individual to read aloud, while the rest occupy themselves in some kind of handicraft. The young women are great adepts in embroidery. I brought from Iceland with me, as a specimen of their work, a beautifully embroidered belt, ornamented with silver; and I remember that a little girl, to whom I had made a present of a pair of small scissors, was so grateful for it, that she kissed my hand repeatedly.

I must not omit to mention that newspapers are published in Iceland, and not only at the capital, Reykjavik, but in other parts of the island. The *Nordri*, of eight pages, containing principally local intelligence, advertisements, &c., comes out regularly at Akureyri. I was amused to see, from a paragraph in a number of the *Nordri*, that homœopathy had actually found its way to these unsophisticated islanders! Next morning, leaving Zoegà with the baggage at Grimstadir, we started with Olafur and two spare horses for the sulphur mountains, which we could see in the distance, and which appeared, even far off as they were, covered with yellow patches. A ride of two hours brought us to the Namafjall range of hills, over which we passed, and came to a valley on the other side, amidst many lofty mountains, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. They were very picturesque, and all gave evidence of sulphur, but there was no sign of any habitation near, or anything to lead to the supposition that these sulphur mines had ever been worked. Beyond the Namafjall lie the Krafla Mountains, where also there are large deposits of sulphur. An attempt, however, was made in the sixteenth century to work these mines, and renewed at a later period, but they did not pay on either occasion, and have, of course, been abandoned. The Krafla and Namafjall sulphur beds are situated at about thirty-eight miles from Husavik Bay. We found round about the sulphur beds many boiling mud-springs; one of these was very large, perhaps the third of the size of the Great Geysir, and it cast up every now and then the blue boiling clay to the height of seven or eight feet. It was dangerous to approach this natural caldron, which was seated in a hollow, surrounded by clay of a light blue colour and mounds of sulphur. While stepping cautiously along, one of my legs suddenly sank, and was embedded up to the knee before I got it out, when I sprang on a hard-looking place; a jet of steam issued immediately from the spot where I had sunk in. Luckily I had on thick jack-boots up to my knees and waterproof leggings over them, or I should have been burned, for the sulphur was very hot. At another place, where I was busy poking into the mounds of sulphur with my riding-cane, and turning up pure lumps of it to cool, I suddenly felt the foot which was bearing my weight, and which had sunk a little into the ground, though it was tolerably hard there, burn as if dipped in boiling water. I expected to have found the sole of my boot burned off, but it was only blistered, doubtless from the steam acting on it.

We stayed some time examining these deposits of sulphur, and the wonderful boiling clay-springs, of which there were several in this sulphureous valley. It is no easy task, and requires a little nerve to walk over the hot sulphur and among those awful looking mud-springs. A single false step, or the giving way of the treacherous piece of clay on which one is standing, and one might be pitched headlong into the seething pit. On all sides the ground opened and emitted steam; in fact, I suspect the whole valley must be undermined, and in a state of perpetual steam. One could not stick a cane down anywhere, without, on its being withdrawn, a little column of steam rising up. I brought away specimens of many different coloured clays—bright red, brown, white, and blue; also some of the sulphur. Near the large mud-spring was an extensive sheet of beautiful blue clay, which had evidently been discharged by this Namafjall Geysir, and had spread in layers along that part of the valley. I should think this clay would be valuable in pottery.

On returning to the place where we had left our horses, we found that they had never moved from the spot where we had dismounted and thrown our bridles over their heads; there was no grass for them there, poor animals, and they stood with their heads hanging down and their eyes half closed, as if the horrid smell of sulphur which pervaded the air had made them stupid and sleepy.

It must have been a stupendous convulsion of nature which rent the earth here and formed Myvatn, for that this lake was formed by some volcanic agency, no one can doubt who looks at the enormous masses of lava, the black sand, and the mountains of cinders around it. It is about eight miles long, and varies from one to four miles in width. The lava here seems very old, and has quite a different appearance to that which we saw in the south. Immediately around Myvatn are large quantities spread over the flat parts of the land, layer upon layer, and lying in regular mounds, where the condensed air has exploded and blown up the solid lava, which now remains, as it doubtless has done for ages, in piles like children's houses of cards or piled muskets, one large black slab resting against the other in a complete circle. One might also liken these lava mounds, when seen at a distance, to a camp of dark tents pitched in regular order. At the northern end of Myvatn are many hills of cinders, and one peculiar shaped mountain of considerable length, oblong in form, and having a deep crater the whole extent of its summit. I think the country about this lake is more curious, and the lava more terrible-looking than anywhere else in Iceland. In this wild region around Myvatn full thirty craters can be counted from one spot. Lava caves—among which Surtshellir,* 839 feet in length, deserves especial mention—deep fissures and crevices in the masses of lava, and crater lakes, are often to be met with; and the basalt colonnades, with their regular rows of natural pillars, which are to be found in many places, are very beautiful.

The small islands in Myvatn do not exhibit any signs of lava; they

* Surtshellir, the Cave of Surtur. Surtur, or "The Black One," was the Satan of the Northern Mythology; he was represented as wielding a flaming sword, and as ruler in Muspellheim—a luminous, glowing place, impervious to strangers—the world of elementary fire. Through *his* agency the universe was, in fulness of time, to be consumed by fire.

are covered with verdure and wild flowers of many colours, and are the resort of immense quantities of wild-fowl. The lake also abounds with trout; but here, as almost everywhere else in Iceland, they are indifferent to the seductions of the fly or minnow of the professed angler. E. hired Mr. Jon Jonsson, our nocturnal visitor, with his boat, and went over the lake, but not a trout caught he, and he returned much disgusted at his want of success, and with Jon, who was half tipsy, and annoyed him by his reiterated demands for a book.

After paying and bidding adieu to the farmer of Grimstadir, and telling Mr. Jon Jonsson that our names were Lords Smith and Gooseberry, we started at seven o'clock in the evening for Husavik Bay, near which, at a place called Laxamyri, we intended to pitch our tent. Our road, for perhaps the first ten miles, lay over barren undulating land, covered entirely with black sand, or fine cinders; not a sign of vegetation, as far as the eye could reach, was to be seen over these vast solitary wastes. The track was marked for a long way by stones on either side. Our horses went at a rapid pace in the cool evening air; indeed, the little animal I bestrode literally ran away with me a dozen times, though the ground was more than fetlock deep in heavy sand; I did not much relish his going so fast, as I had a loaded gun bumping behind my back.

After leaving this arid waste, we came upon fields green and fresh-looking, and wound round hills covered with verdure, at whose base ran a beautiful mountain stream, in one place forming a lovely cascade. Pursuing the course of this stream we reached Langavatn, a long, still lake, on which numerous ducks were swimming, while fish were constantly darting to the surface. We then entered a valley, where were some boiling springs, but we did not stop to inspect them; on our left rose high hills, whose summits were white with snow. I think our guides must have here lost the proper track, for we passed over a wild and dreadfully wearying tract of heath, without any indication of a path. Our horses by this time were becoming jaded, and we ourselves were cold and tired, and a drizzling rain added to our discomforts. Up and down over this endless prairie we wended our way, crossing a fatiguing succession of mounds of short, rough heather, with deep ruts between them, into, over, and up and down which we scrambled as best we could. I never was so tired of any piece of road in my life as of the last three miles' ride to Laxamyri. Most thankful we were to strike upon the right road again, and, after crossing the Laxà, to arrive at the home of the hospitable Johannes Kristiansyni. We pitched our tent on a hill near the house, and having awoke some of the inhabitants, procured some straw to throw on the ground under our sleeping gear, for the soil was very wet. It is only wonderful that we did not get severe colds, or be attacked by rheumatism in consequence of these frequent damp "lodgings on the cold ground," according to the old song. By-the-by, rheumatic affections appear to be the most general class of complaints in Iceland, and, next to these, liver complaints are the most prevalent. I make this statement on good medical authority.

Though it was two o'clock in the morning before we had reached Laxamyri, we were up betimes next day, and had a capital breakfast, Herr Johannes sending us some delicious smoked salmon, cakes, and hot coffee. E. then set off to examine Husavik Bay, but my foot being very painful I remained in the tent, and some half-dozen little children

soon surrounded it. Being fond of children, I began to play with them, and draw little things for them. I made a happy likeness of one pretty little girl, with which she ran home, and presently four or five young women came peeping into the tent, and gave me to understand that they wanted their portraits taken too. I am no hand at taking likenesses, but I put the prettiest in position, and proceeded to make a face on cardboard, the Iceland cap being the only resemblance; my subject was rather good-looking, and I would have kept my likeness under execution some time, but the prudent matron called them all back to the house, and reluctantly they left the tent and the strange man without their pictures. I could not understand their language, nor they mine, but we got on famously for all that. Soon I had another eruption of visitors; five men came and looked with curiosity and amazement into the tent. They had never seen such a contrivance *en grand* before; one addressed me in Danish, and we had a long talk. He was, I afterwards found out, a clergyman. He was a very good-looking, jovial kind of fellow, nothing starched about him; he taught me the Icelandic for "pretty girl"—"fragarar konur"—and divers other sentences of a like nature, of which I meant to make use if opportunity offered.

Laxamyri seemed to be a kind of half-way house, and its good proprietor being very hospitable, numbers of travellers (natives) stopped and had refreshments there, paying nothing. They had smoked salmon to eat and milk to drink. Johannes's house boasted of a comfortable room, wainscoted, and with a boarded floor, where the travellers, without reference to rank, took their passing meal. I was surprised to find so good a habitation in this remote part of the island, for the march of improvement in house-building has not yet reached the shores of Iceland. Since the twelfth century the other people of the North have been acquiring a taste for more comfort and convenience in their dwellings, but the Icelanders have never participated in this impulse; they have adhered with wonderful tenacity to old habits and usages, and thus their dwellings and household arrangements are very nearly the same as they were so far back as when the Sagas were written. The best room is generally "the guest chamber;" the few other apartments are almost always dark and dismal, with low sloping roofs. An Icelandic farm-house has, invariably, small outhouses near it, which are used as smithies, cow-houses, stables, and places for drying fish in. In the abodes of the lowest classes there is generally but one room for eating and sleeping in; the bedsteads serve also as tables and seats; yet even in these there is frequently, if not always, a wooden shelf laden with books.

I saw in the *parlour* at Laxamyri a rough-headed Icelfander and a little girl hard at work eating; it was curious to observe how the two shovelled the salmon down their throats, using their fingers and a knife. They have no forks here. After devouring their food more like wild beasts than human beings, they got up, and the man, drawing his arm across his greasy mouth, kissed Herr Johannes two or three times heartily. This is a horrid habit they have in Iceland; the men kiss each other to no end. On the arrival of a travelling party, a general kissing takes place; the men kiss all the males and females indiscriminately; however ugly or repulsive-looking the individual may be, he or she is kissed all the same. I was afraid this hungry Icelfander would offer to salute me, so I advanced my hand well and rigidly to the front, to prevent any nearer approach.

Round Laxamyri were large quantities of the plant they call "*Fefea*," like a small water-lily, bearing a top with a little tuft of cotton; the people use this as wick for their lamps, and it seems admirably adapted for burning.

The salmon in the Laxà at this point are of enormous size, many thirty to forty pounds in weight, and full a yard long. They smashed up all E.'s tackle, making nothing of it. The salmon here would not touch the flies or minnows, of which E. had laid in a large stock at Edinburgh. The natives never attempt to take them by tackle; the way they manage is this: a man walks into the stream up to his hips, and plants a long pole, with a large sharp hook at the end, in the stream, with the hook upwards. When a salmon swims by, he jerks up the hook, and fixes him; then ensues a struggle between the two, the fisherman often bringing the salmon to land firmly locked in his sturdy arms. There must be an immense quantity of salmon in the Laxà here. E. saw thirty salmon swimming up stream, and a sheet would have covered them; in fact, he saw countless numbers, and dreadfully vexed he was that he could only land one. He caught some twenty fish by the tail, by simply trolling his minnow across the stream as they were swimming in the clear water, but they were too strong, and moved off with his tackle as if it had been only packthread.

After having dined in our tent on some salmon supplied us by the worthy Johannes, we repaired to his comfortable house to take coffee. They make excellent coffee in Iceland. I should be ashamed to hint at the number of cups of this refreshing beverage we disposed of, much to the delight of the good matron, who vied with her husband in hospitality. We were the very first foreign travellers who had ever visited Laxamyri, and to commemorate this proud event, and as a souvenir of his English guests, we presented "Yow, yow," as we called old Johannes, because he was always laughing, and saying, "Yow, yow" (Yes, yes), with our two silver forks. He was highly pleased with the gift, and carefully locked them up in his bureau, for he actually possessed such a piece of furniture.

Bidding adieu to our kind hosts of Laxamyri, we prepared for our long ride: we intended to travel all night, and reach the ship the next morning, from which we were distant about sixty-five miles. We started at half-past ten o'clock in the evening, in a drizzling rain, clothed in our waterproofs, and prepared for water from above, and water from below, for we had several broad and deep rivers to cross *en route*.

On the first part of our way back, our route lay over the road we had come, but this time we kept the bridle-track, and our guide did not experimentalise as on the previous night, consequently we saved some ten miles at least of road. Our horses were fresh, and we galloped on, after crossing a ford of the Laxà, until we came to the boiling springs we had seen on our right coming from Grimstadir. We then turned off to the left, and traversed the plain of Reykadal, where were large masses of lava, covered with the grey moss, which gives such a venerable appearance to the lava to which it clings. Again we had to cross the Laxà, where it widened into a breadth of some two hundred and fifty yards, this sheet of water looking as if it would give us a swim before we reached the other side. Cautiously one of the guides went first, feeling his way, or rather his pony doing it for him; then the baggage and

spare horses followed; and *we* came last, keeping close in the wake of the animals before us. Happily we got over without any catastrophe; nor can I truthfully say that I swam my pony across a single river in Iceland. At times they may be swollen and dangerous, but this must be in the spring, when the melting snow finds its way to them, and increases their body of water. The rivers where the banks are low, are generally fordable in particular places, but the smaller high-banked streams are deep, and one may get in them a good sousing, as I found out when carrying E. his landing-net across a rivulet not wider than a good-sized dining-room; my pony took one step, and I found myself with his nose and my shoulders only above water.

Soon after we recrossed the Laxà we came to Reykadalsvatn, a lake very prettily studded with green islands, on which, though it was in the middle of the night—or what ought to have been night—we saw several men searching for the wild birds' eggs, which they use for food. The people seem to have no fixed hour for bed in summer. You find somebody up wherever you go, at any hour of the night, and constantly meet travelling parties with their long strings of ponies, laden with wool, going to the town, or with planks—two each side a pony—and other necessaries, coming from the town. This was the time of the year for the peasants to go and exchange their commodities with the merchants, and hence our meeting so many parties travelling. They did not proceed at the rate we did, however; we generally went at a gallop or trot, and the Icelanders wended their way quietly along when with merchandise.

I may here mention that travelling, as far as the deeds of mankind are concerned, is perfectly safe in Iceland; one never hears of robberies with or without violence; honesty being as much a characteristic of the people as is their passionate love for their own wild country. A census of the population taken in 1855, gives only two prisoners in the island out of 64,603 inhabitants.

Having crossed a river which flows from Reykadalsvatn, we came to a steep hill, where we dismounted, and up which we led our horses. Glad sight! a beautiful cascade leaped down from rock to rock, and we were thankful to quench our thirst with its clear water, for our last bottle of sherry had got broken on the way. We then traversed a large plateau of uneven ground, a soil of lava, clay, and heather, with the track—for there was not even a bridle-path—marked by little pyramids of stones, the common mode in Iceland, which saves all road-making. This plateau passed, we came to the descent of the mountain, and I found that we looked down on the extensive valley through which the Skjalfandafljot, with its tributaries, pursues its serpentine course to the ocean. It was now about half-past three o'clock in the morning, and the snow-storm and heavy clouds which were rapidly coming up from the northward, obscured the magnificent view we should otherwise have had. Even as it was, the prospect was inexpressibly grand and wild. In the distance, to the left, we saw the spray rising from a point where the river bounded over a splendid fall, and dashed itself around and amid the rocks at the bottom; far in front rose a long range of snow-topped mountains, which were every moment becoming whiter with the falling snow; on the right, the river wound in many tortuous folds through the green pasture, and round numerous black, lava-covered islands, which reared their volcanic bulk high out of its waters. Immediately below us was a farm-house,

and a solitary peasant turning out the sheep towards the mountains, down whose steep and rocky sides we were slowly descending by constant tacks every two minutes. It was the most magnificent view I had seen in Iceland, and on a sunny day would have been enchanting.

It had now become very cold—my fingers could scarcely hold the reins. We stopped at a farm, called Fliotsbakki, and had some milk; then riding on the margin of the Skjalfandafjot for some distance, we came to a fordable place, where we happily crossed its turbulent waters in safety. Then came meadow lands and lava wastes alternately, until we got to Ljosavatn, and struck into the same road by which we had come. It was bitterly cold, and a drizzling rain added to our discomfort; but riding hard, we reached Öfíord at eleven o'clock in the morning, having been from half-past ten o'clock the preceding night on the road. On coming over the last mountain we had to cross, the snow drove in our faces, and hung on our whiskers; and chilled, tired, and hungry, we were in no enviable plight.

We were not expected back so soon, the natives at Akureyri having calculated that it would take us six days to do what we accomplished in three. Very impatient we were that they did not see us at once from the ship, as we rode down, under the mountain, to the shore opposite Akureyri. We fired several shots—there being no eider-ducks near to be scared away—which at last attracted attention, and gladly did we see the boat sent off for us. Our anxiety now was to know if Clarke had got any breakfast for us, as we were famishing. He had none! Oh, Clarke—economical Clarke! It was too bad—we had to wait a full hour, and then go nothing but ham and eider-ducks' eggs!

We found there had been a ball on board the previous evening; and I heard rumours of the doctor (who never takes anything but water) having danced an Irish jig *vis-à-vis* to the boatswain, who executed a hornpipe, both to the admiration of the ladies of Akureyri. Notwithstanding his exertions in the dancing line, the doctor, Mr. W., and I, had to take supper with Mr. Havstein, and it was five o'clock in the morning before we rose from table! E. had gone to bed instead of joining Mr. Havstein's party, and I had to sustain his credit: it was hard work to drink till five o'clock, after having passed the previous night on horseback, and ridden not less than sixty-five miles; but I hope that I did not comport myself unworthily, notwithstanding the, to me, unaccustomed quantum of libations. This farewell drinking-bout, and the purchase, after much trouble, of two ponies which were sent on board to be taken to England, were our last achievements on the shores of Iceland. The next day we had half Akureyri on board to see the ship under weigh, and to make a short trip down the fiord. Never having before seen a steamer, great was the delight of all our guests, and doubtless the 3rd of July, 1847, will long retain a place in the remembrance of these good people.

Off Skípalone, jolly old Danielsen's farm, we landed all the party, some in the cutter, and some by boats of their own in waiting, and dipping our ensign, we steamed away from Öfíord, round by the east coast. We passed Cape Langenaes, a long black promontory, and the high mountainous country on the eastern coast, and thus, having almost circumnavigated its wild and interesting shores, we bade, not without regret, a final adieu to the extraordinary scenery of Iceland.

THOMSON AS A POET OF NATURE.

THE enduring popularity of Thomson, as a descriptive poet, is a living proof that the English people are essentially a poetical people. This love of the purest intellectual gratification of which our nature is susceptible is a very satisfactory feature in our advanced civilisation. It assures us that, notwithstanding the practical character of our daily life and our exciting politics, there is still a national taste to appreciate and to enjoy the pure creations of the imagination. A people in whom the love of poetry, and especially the poetry of Nature, is still strong, is assuredly very far from approaching that downward path in the career of nations one of the indications of which is often exhibited in a loss of sensibility and in the extinction of the imagination. This love of poetry is, we believe, very generally diffused. We hear of working-class poets, minstrels of the anvil and the loom. No cheap periodical is complete without its original poetical effusion, which is often read with keener relish by the honest, hard-working mechanic than the most exciting tale or the most stimulating political essay. A man of genius knew the most effectual way to the hearts of the labouring population, and by clothing his reasoning in the garb of poetry, and intermixing his lessons in political economy with vivid pictures of Nature, produced that remarkable work, "The Corn-Law Rhymes," which was long not only a political text-book for the million, but a manual of poetry and a source of pleasure to multitudes pent up in dismal towns, which the pure breath of Nature never enters, and who can rarely visit even the uninviting fields and bleak moors of their own unfavoured localities.

It is undoubtedly the poetry of Nature rather than the poetry of passion that has ever most strongly affected the English mind. Tennyson, the most popular of our modern poets, with all his strong feeling and deep pathos, is most appreciated for his exquisite delineations of Nature, and for the interest which he has contrived to throw over some of the most ordinary and even repulsive features of our English landscape. In this respect he resembles, in no inconsiderable degree, the Poet of the Seasons.

Thomson produced his most popular work at a period when the better qualities of our nature, at least in the upper ranks of society, were in a very dormant state. Scepticism in religion, corruption in public, and licentiousness in private life were the prominent characteristics of our social condition; yet the success of the Seasons was instantaneous and complete.* It seemed as if a fountain of emotion which had been long overgrown and hidden by the weeds of a corrupt civilisation, had been unexpectedly revealed and shot its bright and sparkling waters into the light of day. All classes participated in the sensation of a new pleasure, and the eyes and hearts of many were for the first time opened to the attractions and enjoyments of Nature. Thomson discovered that he had touched a chord of humanity that vibrated in unison

* Winter, as is well known, was published first; but the other parts followed in quick succession.

with his own. Praise and enthusiastic approbation poured in upon him from all quarters, and more substantial testimonials were tendered and pressed upon his acceptance. Quin the actor, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude and delight, presented him with a hundred guineas, "as a poor equivalent for the pleasure he had derived from a perusal of the *Seasons*."

It would be "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," to eulogise or criticise so well-known and popular a poem: there are, however, portions of Thomson's works which have been comparatively neglected, but which equally illustrate his great powers as a descriptive poet, and abound in beauties even of a higher order than any that are found in the *Seasons*; and this is more especially the case with the *Castle of Indolence*.

Upon this poem Thomson put forth all the powers of his genius, and lavished all the riches of his imagination. It is the most finished of his works. His most genial hours must have been employed in its elaboration, and it embodies his happiest inspirations. It is one of the most artistic and thoroughly complete poems in the English language. The interest is sustained, the versification faultless, the unity complete. The boundless love of Nature is nowhere more prodigally displayed, and the descriptions of scenery are such as a painter might study with profit and delight. Nevertheless it is a strange but undoubted truth that this poem, so rich in everything that can delight the fancy and satisfy the moral taste, was but coldly received at its first appearance, and is, at this day, as remarked by Wordsworth, "the delight only of a few!"

It has been said by a great critic that the poetry of the *Castle of Indolence* can only be described in poetry. The moral is simple—namely, the necessity of labour to the happiness and elevation of man. The poem opens with a description of the valley in which the *Castle of Indolence* is placed, and no painter has ever conceived or represented a scene of more perfect loveliness:

In lowly vale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there, a season atween June and May,
Half decked with Spring, with Summer half embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living soul could work, nor cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between,
And flowering beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:

And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forests deep,
 And still a coil the grasshopper would keep,
 Yet all these blended sounds inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

This beautiful scene fills the mind with sensation of voluptuous enjoyment and dreamy repose. It was, probably, not entirely a creation of the poet's imagination. Thomson must at some period of life have visited the north coast of Devon, for the landscape which he has so exquisitely portrayed has its exact counterpart in some of those lonely valleys, or combes as they are provincially called, which open out upon the coast. Shut in by lofty hills crowned with woods, a bright stream flows through them, the meadows are rich in flocks and herds, and the sea is audible before it is seen. No one can have wandered through one of these beautiful sylvan vales (rarely explored by the tourist, but often haunted for weeks by the delighted artist) without having the descriptive poetry of the *Castle of Indolence* brought to his recollection. There, more perhaps than anywhere in England, is felt the impression of perfect solitude and perfect beauty. There is, moreover, a solemnity in the aspect of Nature which strongly affects the imagination. On a calm summer evening, when the sun shoots its horizontal beams up the valley and throws a flood of amber light over the pine-clad hills, the scene is inexpressibly lovely; it is more impressive in the "grim and breathless hour of noon," just before the thunder breaks over the heights, or on some stormy afternoon when the wind makes mournful music as it sweeps through the woods. These romantic valleys generally terminate in a small sandy bay, shut in by precipitous and picturesque rocks, the abode only of the gull and the seagull. No fisherman's cot relieves the solitude, and no sign of civilisation is visible except, perhaps, a white sail gliding along the distant horizon.

Thomson has allegorised *Indolence* as a wizard dwelling in a paradise of terrestrial beauty, and ceaselessly striving by the charms of his song to entice mankind into his voluptuous but enervating retreat. The happiness of a life exempt from toil and care is exemplified in the freedom and joy of the insect and feathered tribes :

Behold! ye pilgrims of the earth, behold!
 See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
 What youthful bride can equal her array?
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The feathered songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats, that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God and carol sweet of love ;
Such grateful, kindly raptures them emove,
They neither plough, nor sow, nor fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill or smiles along the vale.

Then follows a beautiful allusion to the statesmen and heroes of past ages, who 'found that happiness in rural peace which the fevered excitement of public life had failed to bring :

The best of men have ever loved repose,
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embittered more and more from day to day :
Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away ;
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joys he never felt before.

Descriptions of the interior of the Castle, of the amusements of its inmates, of the voluptuous banquets, of the music which attended them, of the pictures collected for the gratification of refined taste, of the gardens, the fountains, the luxurious ease of the days, the dreams by night, the magic mirror in which all the turmoil of the world without was viewed by the residents of the Castle, succeed, and resemble the imagery which Tennyson has employed so lavishly in his fine poem the *Palace of Art*. Tennyson's object was to depict the misery and despair of a cultivated mind which had lived long in a state of intellectual and moral isolation, and found its enjoyments in the solitary indulgence of meditation and in the contemplation of artistic beauty. Thomson describes the pernicious consequences of that indolence which Wordsworth says is "so dear to native man," enervating the body and paralysing the soul. Thomson enforces his moral chiefly by the representation of horrible forms of physical suffering, Tennyson by portraying the more fearful agonies of the soul :

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name.

In the second part of his fine allegorical poem Thomson represents in stanzas of inimitable beauty the education and career of Industry, the power destined to destroy the influence of Indolence, and to dispel the charms by which mankind had been enslaved. He describes him, after civilising the barbarous regions of the ancient world, as taking up his final abode in Britain, upon which the poet bestows some graceful praise :

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries) ;

This, whilst my labour Liberty sustains,
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
 Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
 To freedom apt and persevering pains,
 Mild to obey, and generous to command,
 Tempered by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

He chooses, like Indolence, a beautiful and secluded valley for his abode :

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long alleys peeped upon the main ;
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mixed the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train ;
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walked his rounds, and cheered his blest domain :
 His days, the days of unstained nature, rolled
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

But here, instead of slothful ease or enervating enjoyment, all the rural arts are cultivated by which a country is enriched and adorned. The progress of agricultural improvement, in its more poetical aspect, is sketched in a few lines of striking beauty :

Nor from his deep retirement banished was
 The amusing care of rural industry.
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
 New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
 And all the enlivened country beautify :
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;
 O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly ;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
 And woods imbrown the slope, or wave along the shore.

The moral of the poem is then wrought out by an animated narrative of the success of Industry in his encounter with the demon Indolence, and in a succession of fine stanzas, containing an appeal to his victims and to the feelings and principles that had been temporarily stifled in the voluptuous retreat :

Ye hapless race,
 Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestioned sway ;
 What is the adored supreme perfection, say ?
 What but eternal never-resting soul,
 Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll,
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
 The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass,
 With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?
 Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
 Gay dancing on the putrid pool disgrace ?
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

But our limits forbid further quotation ; and it is not for the purpose of critical analysis that we have selected this beautiful production of Thomson's genius as a subject of a brief disquisition, but in the hope of recalling attention to certainly the not least attractive of his delightful works. The Spenserian form in which the poem is cast, and the occasional use of obsolete language, are now, as they probably were at first, obstacles to its general popularity ; but no mind with any poetical sensibility can fail to receive abundant gratification from its sparkling diction, glowing imagery, and rich and diversified descriptions.

Johnson, notwithstanding his noble praise of Thomson's poetry, coldly says of his *Liberty* : " When it first appeared I tried to read it, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure." The poem is not the brightest emanation of Thomson's genius, but it contains many fine thoughts. The sentiments are somewhat overlaid by the diction, but gleams of beauty occasionally break through the cloud of words, and cast a transient splendour upon the page. The poem, as a whole, is neglected, but it contains passages of considerable descriptive power. Take, for example, the following of mountain scenery in *Switzerland* :

From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs thick rolled into romantic shapes ;
The flitting cloud against the summit dashed,
And by the sun illumined, pouring bright
A gemmy shower ; hung o'er amazing rocks
The mountain ash, the solemn sounding pine ;
The snow-fed torrent in white mazes tossed
Down to the clear ethereal lake below ;
And high o'ertopping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky, where shines
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

Mountain scenery was not that in which Thomson chiefly delighted or was most competent to describe. His genius recoiled from the sublime, and loved to expatiate amidst softer scenes and yield itself to gentler impressions. We find in his poetry none of those personifications which, occasionally, give such wonderful sublimity to Shelley ; nor does he invest the mountains with awful and mysterious attributes like Wordsworth. He simply describes them, and other scenes, as they appear to him, and to others with minds of ordinary poetical cultivation ; and this is probably one cause of his extensive and enduring popularity. He was incapable of conceiving a magnificent prosopopœia like Shelley in his *Prometheus* :

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind.

Yet he occasionally employs imagery of a high order. Thus *Liberty* is represented, on approaching Britain, as encountering the Genius of the Deep :

As o'er the wave resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steered
With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge
Stalked the tremendous Genius of the Deep :

Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung,
Thick-flashing meteors crowned his starry head,
And ready thunder reddened in his hand,
Or from it streamed compressed the gloomy cloud.

His description of Liberty as a personification is very beautiful :

The Goddess whose staid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn ;
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion.

One of the best features of Thomson's character is his thoroughly English feeling. A noble spirit of patriotism is constantly breaking forth in the midst of his worship of Nature, and he mingles the praises of his native land with eulogies of her people and institutions :

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

The English character is admirably described :

Courage of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and till provoked,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;
But on just reason once his fury roused,
No lion springs more eager to his prey :
Blood is a pastime ; and his heart elate
Knows no depressing fear.

Thomson is the poet who has first awakened in thousands that love of Nature which is to many an ample equivalent for the absence of more stimulating enjoyments. To none do we oftener repair for the refreshment of our spirits, jaded by "the dreary intercourse of daily life," or exhausted by its artificial excitements. No poet so effectually revives that moral sense which polished life, with its endless round of frivolities and conventionalities, is so apt to obliterate. These influences we owe to the purity and simplicity of his feelings, to his goodness, and to the cheerful persuasion he felt that "all which we behold is full of blessings." The tenderness of his nature is shown by an affectionate sympathy, not with his own species only, but with the whole animal creation. The fleecy wanderers of the downs, "the labourer ox,"

he whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest ;

the varied songsters of the woods and groves, the swarming myriads of the atmosphere, are all objects of his deep, inexhaustible love. What can be more tender than his lament over the annual destruction, and the "ruined commonwealth," of the bees :

And was it then for this you roamed the spring
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toiled

Ceaseless the burning summer heats away?
 For this in autumn searched the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation?

This tenderness for organised life in all its varied and minutest forms is an amiable peculiarity in the character of poets in general, but by none is it more exquisitely expressed than by Thomson. Shelley possessed it in an equal degree, and repeatedly gave it utterance, as in his *Alastor*:

If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
 I consciously have injured, but still loved
 And cherished *these my kindred*.

Cowper's fondness for animals is familiar to all, and Wordsworth overflows with affection for the whole race.

In other poets we often meet with choice scenes and exquisite descriptions of Nature, but Thomson takes us abroad to survey the whole horizon, and view her in all her vicissitudes. Wordsworth was never fully inspired but when wandering among his native hills; his genius never expanded to its full dimensions in the presence of beauty alone. It was amidst the mountains that he poured forth his noblest song, and there, like them, his spirit will always dwell in solitary and perpetual grandeur. Thomson rejoiced in the streams and woods, and gently-swelling hills and dewy meads. He found charms even in the wild common, where the plovers

Sing their wild notes to the listening waste,

and in the dreary regions, where the bittern haunts the stagnant pool, or "shakes the sounding marsh" with his hoarse and melancholy cry. He trod the fresh-turned furrows and the breezy downs, roused the lark from its resting-place and caught its song, in sympathetic rapture, as it soared into the azure sky, "Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood;" and the winds and storms of winter made as grateful music to his ears as the melodies of the opening spring. He inhaled with delight every scent with which the summer breeze was charged; and the furze blossom, the bean-flower, the wild rose, and the woodbine, formed a combination of odours more precious to his sense than the rarest of exotics, and sweeter than all the perfumes of Arabia. He paced the lonely shore in lofty meditation, and watched

The cloud stupendous from the Atlantic main,
 High towering, sail along the horizon blue,*

or observing the omens of approaching tempest, walked serene amidst the elemental strife, his spirit raised and solemnised by the thunder's voice and the glare of the illumined sea. Or he would turn into the woods at noon, lulled by the hum of insect life, himself murmuring gratitude for the innumerable and varied delights which Nature has everywhere provided for her unsophisticated children. But he peoples his sylvan recesses

* Beattie.

with no fantastic beings—the creations of the “classic” age. In *his* groves are no fauns, no dryads, no satyrs, no nymphs, no gods, no goddesses. Even the traditional English fairy is disowned. He rejects the supernatural when associated with the grotesque or the profane. But he makes his woods and groves the occasional haunts of beings who have once partaken of the same nature as his own. Some of his finest thoughts are founded on a belief of their presence and of their sympathetic interest in man:

Here often at the visionary hour
When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard;
And voices chaunting from the wood-crowned hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade.

And he supposes himself, in some awe-struck moment, thus addressed:

Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures we
From the same Parent Power our beings drew.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toiled tempest-beaten ere we could obtain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind.
Then fear not us, but with responsive song
Amid these dim recesses, undisturbed
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.

This purity from classic fables is one of the great attractions of Thomson. Cowper and Beattie are equally free from them, but Pope, Thomson's immediate predecessor as a popular poet, is a great offender in this particular whenever he affects a pastoral style or aims at elaborate description. Scenery is generally made subservient to some silly fable. Even the Thames, which perpetually flowed before the windows of his villa, appears in his poetry chiefly in the form of an ugly impersonation—a river-god with an inverted urn; and the Twickenham meadows are complimented as the chosen abode of Pan, Flora, Ceres, and Pomona. But Pope had no real love for Nature. He looked out from his grotto upon rich fields and woods, and his imagination probably never travelled beyond their limits, nor wished for any higher order of natural beauty. His trim garden gave him more pleasure than the finest landscape could have afforded; and if he ever deviated from its well-kept walks, it was probably only into some familiar paths, in silk stockings and with his gold-headed cane.

Contrasted with Pope, Thomson's poetry is a treasury of pure thought and natural feeling. He may not always, as a poet of Nature, possess the sublimity of Wordsworth, but his pages are not disfigured by the puerilities, and often wilful absurdities, of that great man. There is in his poetry no mysticism, no transcendentalism, no attempted identification of the world with its Author. He looks upon the universe as a spontaneous, not a necessary, creation; upon the world as one of the most beautiful of the works of the Great Architect; and upon man as a creature especially formed to comprehend and to enjoy it. He derived his cheerful faith less from “the dread magnificence of heaven” than from the woods and

fields and streams of this green earth, and the enjoyments of its multitudinous and happy population. The "meanest flower that blows" was to him not less than to the not more spiritual, although profounder poet of Nature, as much a demonstration of boundless power and universal love as the countless orbs that roll in space and the suns that illumine and sustain them. Cowper, who as a poet approaches in descriptive power nearest to Thomson, possesses this religious spirit in a high degree, but it is saddened by his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and often throws a shadow over objects which to Thomson's more serene and cheerful eye were clothed with beauty and brightness. Thomson lived in Nature; his feelings never lost their freshness. His love for her continued to the last

like the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.

He uttered his orisons from the green meadows and the purple heaths, and his rapt spirit caught responses from the smiling and approving heavens. As he chiefly derived his piety from Nature, so he found her enjoyments all-sufficient for his happiness. He was a poor man, but his poverty gave him little concern. He cared not for the superfluities, he sometimes jested at his want of the common necessities, of life.* The independence of his mind is visible in his poetry. He breaks from his subject, in the *Castle of Indolence*, into a strain of noble egotism, proclaims his indifference to wealth, and displays a sublime contentment with his lot. He must have been a happy man who could have thus written and felt :

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve :
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave.
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Thomson is a poet for all time. His productions are the creations of a mind of exquisite sensibility, and pure as the morning dew. He is emphatically the poet of Nature as she manifests herself in England, and her people will turn to him with increased sympathy and affection as often as, seduced for a season into the admiration of some unworthy professor of the divine art, they regain the purity of their taste and return to the living fountains which have been so abundantly opened up for them ; or, to adopt the imagery which Thomson has so well employed in his *Castle of Indolence*, as often as, released from the magic spells of some false enchanter who may have bound and held them captive for a while, they are reawakened to the superior attractions of simplicity and truth.

H. T.

* He once admitted to Lyttleton, who had made some kind but delicate inquiries into his circumstances, that his affairs were certainly just then in "an unusually poetical position."

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

III.

J E N A.

IN November, 1792, I arrived in Jena to begin my college life. I had previously secured my lodgings in a street not far from the market-place, situated in the middle of the town, and by leaning out of one of the windows I could just obtain a glimpse of the famous clock which ornamented the grey Rathhaus, that venerable building the dark walls of which had frowned with mock solemnity upon many a student's brawl enacted beneath it with daring effrontery. On the morrow after my arrival I was inscribed by the rector of the university as student. The independence of being entirely my own master, the possessor of rooms actually for the time being my own, was charm enough at first for me, and I began my college life (as many have done before) with rules for study and hours which no man but those of the strongest resolution could keep. I attended Schiller's lectures, besides many others, sat up half the night, studied botany and anatomy with a diligence that astonished even myself, and brought a large amount of ridicule on me from my wild fellow students. I was looked upon with contempt; a good fighter and beer drinker was their standard of excellence, and so far I had avoided showing my powers in either capacity.

One day, a fortnight after my arrival, I was on my way to attend an historical lecture; my thoughts doubtless far from the narrow, though cleanly streets of Jena, when I was roused by a young man brushing somewhat rudely past me. I looked up and perceived a mocking expression on his face, but concluded that our collision had been purely accidental, and walked on without taking any notice of the occurrence. I had not gone far, however, when I again felt a push stronger and rougher than the preceding one, accompanied at the same time by a loud laugh from a knot of students close to me. On turning sharply round I confronted the same dissipated-looking youth.

"This street is wide enough to admit of two persons passing each other," I said, coldly. He looked at me with an impudent expression, and I felt my anger rising as he planted himself directly in my path, to prevent me from continuing my route.

"This behaviour is very strange," I said, beginning to wonder if he were sober. "May I ask for an explanation?"

"Most certainly," replied my adversary. "I mean it for an affront, which, between gentlemen, is usually and best explained by the sword."

"I never fight those with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance," I said, shortly.

"That difficulty can be obviated instantly. I am Franz Rosenthal, the cousin of Ida Hannemann, with whom I believe you are well acquainted."

"Impossible!" I ejaculated, knitting my brow at the mention of her name by one to all appearance so despicable.

"Not at all, it is a simple fact," rejoined he, with a nonchalant shrug of his broad shoulders. "And this difficulty arranged, you will doubtless do me the honour to fight me. I am perfectly prepared."

His coolness irritated me. I could have fought him there and then, but I was late for the lecture, so postponed the duel till the following morning, half an hour before sunrise.

"Faith, a most conscientious student! he will make a professor at least," said my adversary, in a jeering tone, as I walked away.

Many conflicting feelings agitated my mind that night. I had not yet learned to divest myself of the prejudices of my early isolated education. I call them prejudices, for so they would have been regarded by the students of Jena in those days, when duelling was one of the objects of life, and a scar an honour, one certainly not easy to efface. I had not learned that fighting was an occupation, an amusement, and I had my scruples as to whether I was acting rightly when I had consented to fight a man with whom I had no actual quarrel. For some time I paced the room, and the boards groaned beneath my heavy tread. I thought of Ida—what she would think of the step I had so hastily taken. At one moment, I was prepared to go in search of Rosenthal that I might accept an apology if he were ready to make one; then my pride came to my relief: I had been insulted, it was he who had sought the quarrel, the consequences must rest on his own head, I could not withdraw now without dishonour, I must fight, but I would content myself by acting on the defensive; no one could blame me then, not even Ida. And with these comforting reflections I sat down to write to her, in case I might be disabled from doing so on the morrow.

The sun rose late, for it was a December morning. The spot we had chosen was on rising ground amid some tall pines. Arriving first, I seated myself on a fallen trunk, and though the air was cold, I enjoyed the quiet prospect of the valley below, with the grave little town of Jena, that looked as if its inhabitants were always asleep and nothing could ever disturb its monotonous repose. Presently a jovial "Good morrow!" roused me, and, starting up, I grasped the hand of a friend who had consented to meet me here and witness the contest. We had not been long together when we were joined by the rest of the party, and the necessary preliminaries were gone through.

Rosenthal and I stood face to face. He was a tall, athletic youth, to all appearance my senior by a year or so. His dress was in the careless fashion of the students of that day, when untidiness was a virtue; he wore a high-pointed cap, with a large tassel hanging down one side and mingling with his long curling hair, which flowed luxuriantly over neck and shoulders, a loose grey jacket somewhat torn and shabby, lined with scarlet stuff, and a pair of riding trousers, the inner sides of leather. I had scarcely noticed his face till now, but it struck me forcibly in the brief moments that I stood opposite to him inactive. His features were sharply cut and regular, there was a fire in his hazel eyes that drew me strangely to him; and though the expression of the whole was wild and wanton, yet there was something in it which spoke of a noble nature under the surface, and attracted me strongly. I felt as if I would

willingly throw down my sword and grasp his hand; but he stood, cold and impassive, as if waiting for me to speak.

"You offer no apology?" I asked. He shook his head, and pointed to the sword which he held loosely in his hand. "Then we must fight; but before engaging, let me affirm that this quarrel did not originate in me." My adversary bowed, but made no attempt to speak, and in another moment our swords clashed.

Rosenthal was evidently a practised duellist, and it required all my dexterity to ward off his thrusts. We paused.

"You act on the defensive only," said Rosenthal. "This must not continue."

Again we closed, but this time more fiercely. I clenched my teeth together, and felt that I possessed full command over myself. I brought all Burkhardt's lessons into play, but still I acted more on the defensive than otherwise.

Rosenthal's sword grazed my arm. I made one blind cut and drew a long breath. I felt my left hand seized, the veil that had momentarily dimmed my sight was removed—it was Rosenthal. I rested my sword-point on the ground; there was blood on it.

"You are a brave fellow!" exclaimed my adversary. "You are the first man that ever disabled my sword-arm. I have sworn to be friends with the man who should do so; will you agree? You shall never find Franz Rosenthal wanting."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and we were friends from that hour. Our wounds were quickly attended to. Mine was trifling, Rosenthal's was deeper; but I have to thank that blind cut for one of the truest college friends that ever breathed. We parted on reaching the town, but not before I had promised to spend the evening at Rosenthal's room.

It was night when I wended my way to his abode; the moon was up and lighted me on my road, for the narrow streets of Jena were very dark, and depended at that time entirely upon Nature's lantern for light.

Rosenthal was stretched on his bed when I entered, but he jumped up immediately, and, to my infinite surprise, extinguished the tallow candle burning on the round deal table in the centre of the apartment. We were left in total darkness.

"What next?" I asked.

"Hist! you shall see." And taking my hand, he led me to the window, drew back the blind, and let the moon stream in. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the way, was a room illumined by two candles, placed on a writing-table, over which leaned a man.

"Well!" said I, "is this the exhibition I have come to see?"

"Patience," replied my companion; and we waited long. I gazed up at the moon, which shone upon our side, and wondered what was to take place, when suddenly a nudge from Rosenthal made me look at the house opposite. The bent figure was now erect, standing by the window. I could not recognise the features, for the form came out dark from the light behind.

"Who is your friend?" I inquired, but received no answer. Presently the man started back from the window, threw out his arms, strode rapidly up and down the room, seeming to fight some imaginary enemy

in the air, then suddenly stopping short, he ran his hand through his hair, and stood as motionless as a statue; this repose lasted but for a moment, however, and again he strode rapidly from side to side, now standing on tiptoe, now in one attitude, now in another, till his excitement seemed to reach a climax, and he went through a variety of evolutions at once; then, with a sudden spring, he was leaning half over his writing-table again, and his hand went as fast as his lips had done. "Is the man mad?" I asked. But a loud laugh from Rosenthal was my answer. "Come, tell me what it means."

"Why, that is Schiller, whose lectures you attend."

"Oh! How very droll!"

The candle was lighted again, and we sat down by the table, each with a long clay pipe.

"Well, what do you think of my opposite neighbour, the professor?" asked Rosenthal, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Geniuses are permitted to be eccentric," I replied.

"He has caused me many an hour's amusement, but, like you, the first time I was introduced in this way to his home life I took him for a madman. He has been diving into philosophy of late years, and has become quite a convert to Kant. Reinhold has talked him over, I suppose; they are intimate friends. Have you seen Schiller's articles in the *Thalia*?" And he tossed me some numbers of that publication.

I said I had not read them.

"You may take them away with you, then; I am sick of philosophy." And Rosenthal yawned, stretched himself, then uttering a sudden exclamation of pain, he added, "You have put your mark on me, young man; this scratch is a good deep one. Now tell me what on earth induces you to be so studious; you very nearly ruined your character by it, and if it had not been for me, this morning, it would have been lost entirely. You ought to be very much obliged to me, Mitterkamp. I have got you neatly out of a scrape, and take my word for it you will have to fight a dozen duels before another week is out. A fine thing that for a young man; it gives him a standing. You have a great deal to thank me for, and I have not done benefiting you yet."

I laughed heartily, and inquired what next he intended to do.

"Come along with me now, and you shall see."

I agreed to accompany him wherever he chose to lead, and we threaded our way through the streets till we stopped before a house much frequented by the students, being famed for its superior tap.

"Comport yourself well, that I may be proud of my pupil," said Rosenthal, jocosely, as he pushed open a door, and we found ourselves in a large assembly of wild-looking young men of every variety of costume and figure.

Our entrance was greeted with a shout of welcome. We were in a Studenten-Kneipe. I need not picture all that passed, or how I was initiated into the dark side of student life; suffice it to say that I came out sober, to the great admiration of the assembly and to the satisfaction of Rosenthal, who had undertaken my *reformation*. I was introduced to the senior of a Landsmannschaft, but, to the disgust of all, refused stoutly to become a member of a body which professed to hold law, order, and decency at defiance. Three duels were the consequence of my refusal, from all of which I escaped comparatively unscathed.

The friendship between myself and Rosenthal increased, despite the wide difference in our characters, and though he sometimes led me with him into dissipation, he was generally content to pass an hour of study with me, or to take a quiet walk up the hill-sides, or along the rushing stream of the Saale.

"I wonder what makes me take to you?" said Rosenthal, as he stretched himself beside me on the bank by the river one sultry evening in summer. "You are the opposite of all I like, excepting that you handle the sword well."

I looked at him in some surprise, for we had been silent a long while, and I was not prepared for this sudden attack.

"I am afraid I cannot solve the mystery, but might I not evince equal surprise with regard to my partiality?" I asked, laughing.

"You! oh, I believe you would like Mephistopheles himself, if he were only to put on a respectable garb. Now mind, that is meant for a compliment, so do not be angry; and, to tell the truth, I fancy that just explains why I like you. There is something very original in a man that shuts himself up to study medicine whilst he retains all the ingredients of a good fellow."

"You are coming round to agree with me, Franz. I maintain that manliness does not depend on the extent of debauchery the health will withstand."

"Tush! you're one of the reform party. Jena is a different place since Schiller came. You ought to be set up as a model, Hans; you would look very well on a pedestal."

"I would rather not be peculiar in any way, and you mistake if you think that is the reason I do not join your set. There is many a harder worker than I am in Jena."

"That I do not dispute, but if you were like them, why, good-by to you. I can't bear the regular bookworm, the book-slaver, the drone; he has not an ounce of spirit in him; he is a regular drone as regards the world, and, take my word for it, a fellow is none the worse for having led a smart life at college."

I shook my head; it was no use arguing with Rosenthal on that point, so I changed the subject.

"What do you think of the step the rector has taken?"

"Why, he has made a blunder; the men are up in arms, and I should not wonder if there were not a riot amongst them. Such measures won't go down with us."

"A gentleman of the name of Franz Rosenthal will be in the midst of the affair, whatever it should be," said I, jokingly.

"And so shall Hans Mitterkamp, if I get my way."

"No easy matter to stir me up."

"No, that it is not," said my comrade, cutting off some dandelion-heads with a whip he held in his hand, which was his general companion, either riding or walking. "Schiller was at his garden-house to-day, in rural retirement, enjoying the luxury of being alone; I met him in the 'Xenien-gasse,' ruminating on some new philosophical theory. I should like to be a professor, if it were not for the bother of climbing the tree; and if one could be quite sure of being petted by a grand-duke as Goethe is, why I should not mind turning poet. By-the-by, what a handsome man he is; I saw him the other day when he was over here. Some one

told me that he has taken up his abode in the 'Tanne.' The girl there said he was a troublesome visitor when he did come, and that he makes use of the white walls as paper, and scribbles all over them. Some paltry aspirant to celebrity will be appropriating ideas from them one of these days. Goethe has that corner room with the beautiful view."

"Lucky man," I said; "the river looks well from there. If I could get lodgings looking upon the Saale or Leutrabach, I would change to-morrow. There is something inexpressibly soothing in the never-ceasing flow of a river; I like to hear the eternal ripple, it makes one think, and there are times when I should be grateful to anything that did that."

"Humph! the noise irritates me, and if I were condemned to be always within hearing of it, it would have the effect of driving me mad. By-the-by, that reminds me what is the matter now, it is this river that is giving me a headache. I can quite enter into the feelings of a cat when it has its hair rubbed the wrong way, for the noise of flowing water has just the same effect on me."

Thus saying, Rosenthal jumped up, and, singing a wild student song in a loud voice, he continued the walk, leaving me to follow him at my leisure.

To me the valley of Jena is very lovely, but it may not appear so to every one. I like the rushing stream and the high hills clothed with the pine-trees of the forest which enclose the view on all sides. The Hansberg, with its ruins of robber-towers, and the Landgrafenberg opposite the town, are so familiar to me that they feel like relations; perhaps this is the secret of my admiration. We are not capable of judging what has, as it were, been part of our education, for scenery has great influence on the mind, and we cannot help becoming attached to the country we have always lived in. The mountaineer admires his mountains, the dweller in the lowlands his wide expanse of flat, verdant plain.

We sauntered on leisurely, enjoying the quiet evening. Rosenthal was some way in advance of me, but I heard the crack of his whip and the loud song, varied at times by a joking remark made to some peasant-girl returning to Jena after the day's work; at length, as if for the first time remembering my existence, he stopped short, exclaiming,

"Hollo there, Hans! what is the latest news from Cloudland?"

"Condé and Valenciennes have surrendered to the allies," I replied, to his great amusement.

"That's a substantial truth, not an airy vision; and I may add that the Duke of York has failed on Dunkirk."

"I wish we had half the naval power of England," I said, musingly.

"That is impossible. Germany has no port, whereas England is all port, we may say."

"Do you ignore our Hamburg?" I asked.

"Not at all; but what is it for a country such as Germany? Why, it is positively nothing."

"A small outlet; but Austria and Prussia have their ports: Trieste must not be overlooked. What a rascal that Robespierre is; I liked the daring of the French republic till he became its tyrant. I begin to fear there is no such a thing as liberty to be found on earth; still it is a glorious chimera, and worth the striving for. I would have been the first to cry 'Vive la République!' and the first to shout 'A bas Robespierre!'"

"Always provided you were safe out of his clutches," Rosenthal said,

laughing, and cracking his long whip vigorously. We were silent for some time; then changing the subject somewhat suddenly, he said, "I am going to drive into Weimar to-morrow; you must come, Hans. We will call on the Hannemanns."

I had never told him of my engagement to his cousin, but I believe he guessed there was an attachment between us, for he often joked me about her, and tried to excite my jealousy with regard to himself, which I need hardly say he failed to do.

It was dark when we entered Jena; the outskirts of the town were quite deserted. This did not, however, attract our attention, for it was not at all an unusual occurrence, but on reaching one of the principal streets we were met by a large body of students marching irregularly in a mass. We were not slow in perceiving them to be in a riotous humour, and found that they were intent upon breaking the windows of any house where the inhabitants refused to put out their candles when required by the arbitrary crowd of young rioters. We were immediately pressed into the service; Rosenthal was nothing loth, but it went much against me, though I took care to appear to take it in good part. The revolt was occasioned by the untimely severity of the pro-rector. We encountered many bands of students like ourselves parading the streets. I made my escape as soon as I could, and learned from Rosenthal on the following morning that Schiller's windows had been broken; but, to make amends, a deputation had been despatched to beg his pardon.

We hired a calèche and started off upon a very dusty road for Weimar. Near the town we encountered a troop of soldiers. Rosenthal, who was driving, put the horse into a gallop, cracked his whip over their heads as we passed them, and shouted out, "Hist! Tree-frogs, hiss!" They pointed their guns at us in a threatening manner, but we were round a corner of the road and out of sight in an instant.

"Ha! ha!" laughed my boisterous companion, "the army of the Tree-frogs discomfited by a Jena stripling!"

As this scene may appear strange to those who are not of our part of Germany, I must add, by way of explanation, that a war between the soldiers and students was perpetually being carried on, and that they were nicknamed Tree-frogs on account of their uniform.

The rapid pace at which we whirled over the bridge and into the town made the dogs bark, children run out, and many a face, from the prettiest to the ugliest, peer at us from all sides.

I had not been at home for several weeks, and a beard and moustache had considerably changed my personal appearance.

"Why, Hans, you do not look like the same creature!" was the exclamation with which my mother greeted me; and then perceiving my companion, she feared lest she should have committed some indiscretion in alluding to the possibility of my ever having been without the appendages of hair to my face, but I reassured her by saying,

"Not a bad crop for seven weeks, eh, mother?"

Rosenthal took great notice of Veronica, who had grown quite a tall girl, and she seemed fully to appreciate the attentions of my handsome friend. Not so my father, however; he looked at Franz with suspicion, and scarcely spoke to me. The reason of this I discovered as we were going away.

"Hans," said my mother, gently, "I want to speak a word with you. Come into my room for one moment."

I followed her, and she looked up at me anxiously.

"What is it, mother?"

"I scarcely know how to say what I want, Hans, but it is for your good, and I have undertaken to warn you instead of your father, for he is apt to speak sharply, and the occasion does not require that; but you must listen to me, Hans, and not be angry. Your father does not wish you to bring that young man here again, he has the character of being very wild and dissipated. Think one moment, my boy, and then tell me candidly if you consider this youth a good friend for you to associate with."

I would not think so much as a second, but replied immediately, "Yes, mother, he is a very good fellow."

I was hurt by my father's suspicions, and went away without wishing him good-by. Chancing to look back before we turned into the street in which Ida lived, I saw a face looking after me: it was my mother's. I knew she was anxious about me, and felt vexed and angry at their doubting as to the respectability of my course of life, for I knew there was no ground for any suspicion, at least I could see none; but I forgot that men are often and rightly judged by their associates.

All my vexation was speedily drowned in joy at passing one hour with Ida; she did not expect us, and as we entered the room, I saw her make a hasty movement as if to spring to greet me, but recollecting herself in time, she strove vainly to compose herself, and met me with unnatural restraint, whereas her manner to Rosenthal was cordial. I could not help feeling a little piqued, although I knew her meaning, and revenged myself, as I thought, by addressing my whole conversation to her mother; but I believe it was a greater punishment to me than to Ida.

"The French revolution has made a great stir in Germany," said Frau Hannemann. "For my part, I think it a pity we do not look to ourselves, instead of spending money on a war with the French. What business had our Prince Karl August to meddle in the matter? If our neighbours the French choose to have a dog or a cat on the throne, it is all one to us."

"But when they murder their king?" I suggested.

"Well," continued Frau Hannemann, shrugging her shoulders, "it is not our affair. What does Goethe mean by always taking the side of the aristocrats and making himself so exclusive? He is always currying favour with the great."

I listened to her conversation, but my eyes watched Ida's movements and expression. Rosenthal had not seen her for a long while, and I could see the admiration her beauty excited; this gave me pleasure, for I knew she was mine, but the light, easy manner with which she took his compliments displeased me, I could not tell why, and taking the first opportunity to escape from politics, I sought her side and stood leaning over the back of her chair, whilst Rosenthal was forced, for the sake of politeness, to take the place I had vacated beside Frau Hannemann, his aunt.

"Take this," said Ida, offering me a letter secretly. "It explains something you must know." Then, in a louder tone, she added, "Franz says you are an incorrigible bookworm; I am glad to hear it, but he is a very bad judge, for I do not believe he ever opens a learned book himself."

"You judge him harshly," I replied, trying hard to seem indifferent and at my ease with her, for Rosenthal was looking at us, and I knew he was suspicious with respect to our attachment. "My future hopes of subsistence depend chiefly on my profession, whereas your cousin is a gentleman at large."

"What do you mean?" asked Ida.

"Have you not heard of his good fortune lately in coming into possession of six hundred thalers a year?"

"No, indeed, he never told me. Franz," said she, turning to him, "I find I must congratulate you upon your easily won fortune."

The young man did not respond immediately, and a shade of melancholy passed over his countenance as he said, "I liked the man who left it to me, and he is now dead."

Ida was sorry she had been so abrupt in her congratulations, but I changed the subject, and the affair was soon forgotten.

"How is the canary-bird I gave you before going to Jena?"

Ida held up her finger warningly. "Hush! I never told them who gave it to me, but I will bring down the cage; it hangs outside my window on fine days."

She went away to fetch the bird, and when she returned she showed me some pretty tricks she had taught it; we both leaned over the cage, and I took the opportunity to ask her to tell me something about herself.

"I am quite well, but my heart is heavy sometimes," she said. "I want you to be near me as you used to be, and even the knowledge of your love does not altogether console me for having lost you."

I was in ecstasies. "We are always near each other in thought," I said. "Think this, Ida, and we shall both bear our long separation better. I am to go to Strasburg when I have completed my terms at Jena."

Her downcast look distressed me, but she soon brightened up, and when I asked her why this was, she said, "Because I forget sorrow when I have you by me."

"May my presence always shield you from it," I said, fervently; and a smile that dimpled Ida's soft cheek was my reward.

Rosenthal rose to leave; they all accompanied us to the door of the house, and Ida said, carelessly, as if addressing both of us, "Good-by! Do not forget us, but repeat this visit soon again." Rosenthal raised his cap in reply, but Ida looked at me, and I was satisfied.

I was very taciturn on the way back, and my companion joked me about it. To escape his importunities, I told a lie, and said my mother had communicated some bad news to me; but I was thinking of the letter Ida had placed in my hand, and I was longing to be alone that I might read it.

"What a pretty wife my little cousin would make," said he.

"If you think so, you had better try and get her," I said, rather pettishly.

"What next, I wonder! No, Hans, I am not going to give up freedom yet awhile. When one is old and grey-headed it is all very well to have somebody to look after one; till then—freedom and the jovial society of men!" And he chanted the last verse of Claudius's *Rheinweinlied*:

So trinkt ihn denn, und laszt uns alle Wege
Uns freu'n und fröhlich sein!
Und wüssten wir, wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den Wein.

It was not till evening that I found a fit opportunity to read Ida's letter, but I lost no time in perusing it then, and it ran as follows :

"Your letters are like sunshine to me, Hans; they come and brighten my gloomy life with a ray of future happiness, and like the sunshine they greet me early in the morning, illumining my whole day : but I must not have any more, or our secret will be discovered. Heaven knows how deeply it pains me to give up this little comfort, but it must be done, or all will be lost. I shall think of you when the sun peeps through my window wishing me a happy day, and will imagine that it brings messages from you such as I have hitherto received. Do not grieve, Hans, over this little privation ; I forget it when I think that I really possess your love, and my heart remembers only the joy you have bestowed on it. Come as often as you can whilst you are within reach of me ; soon many a long mile will separate us. It will feel like a world to me, for I know how far away Frankfort is, and Strasburg is still farther. But enough of this: I must tell you why I can receive no more letters, that you may see how necessary this hard step is. My father saw me with a letter in my hand; I tried to conceal it, but this only caught his attention the more, and he stopped to ask me from whom it came. 'Veronica Mitterkamp,' I replied ; but the falsehood cost me a pang.

" 'Let me see it ?' my father again demanded.

" 'I cannot, father ; she tells me a secret which you shall know some day, but not now.'

"He was very angry, and told me he should not allow of my corresponding with silly young girls, it was a bad thing both for me and them. Thus you see, Hans, it would be impossible to continue to receive your letters. I will always keep the last one, and it will comfort me, however old the date may become before I have another to replace it. You shall often hear from me, as that entails less risk, and do not doubt for a moment that the heart of your Ida is as true as ever. Heaven bless you, and give me strength to look forward to the end, which I never cease to pray may be happy and peaceful to us both ; would it might have been attained without all this deceit !"

I kissed the letter, and rejoiced in the thought she was mine. I did not see that the joyous girl I had once known was changed into the anxious woman, or if I did, it never occurred to me to say within myself, "Hans, this is your doing ; were you justified in taking the step you did ?"

We formed a poetical association in Jena amongst some of the students, and held our meetings at a tavern in the town on certain days. Shakespeare's plays were read aloud and commented on. One member of the association tried to introduce Racine's works, but we hissed them so severely that they were never attempted again. Molière was more successful. From reading plays we proceeded to act them ; Rosenthal distinguished himself in this branch, but our incongruous dresses entirely spoilt the effect of the piece we happened to perform. Who knows but that we might have made a sensation had we had more advantages and carried on our amateur performances to a greater extent ?

THE WILD-FOWL HUNTER.

AT a distance of some two and a half miles from the mouth of the Vire, a little river of Normandy which loses itself in a marshy delta before reaching the sea, is the village of Maisy, built, like most of its contemporaries in the same province that are on the coast, so that the sea at high tide washes the thresholds of the houses. A mile beyond this village again, in the direction of Isigny, renowned for its butter, is a farm called La Cochardière, which in the year 1820 belonged to one Jean Montplet.

Jean Montplet from a cowherd had become a farmer and grazier, and was reputed worth some 500,000 fr. He had lost his wife, and had been left with an only son, at once his comfort and his misery. Alain Montplet was allowed to do precisely as he liked, and the consequence was that, when at ten years of age he was sent to the college of Saint-Lo, the discipline of the establishment was so utterly unsuited to his habits that his health gave way, and his father was obliged to let him return to his old pastimes, seeking birds'-nests in the downs, or buffeting the sea waves; for, as a mere child, Alain was renowned as a swimmer. He had become, indeed, partly amphibious, and was as much at home in the sea as on land.

There lived at this period of our history, somewhere about 1830, in a tumble-down, isolated hut near the mouth of the Vire, an aged hunter of wild-fowl. No one knew who he was or whence he came. He had arrived some twenty years before from the Manche, with his fowling-piece on his shoulder and his game-bag by his side, and he had installed himself in the deserted hut. He did no harm to any one, lived by the produce of his sport, and was left to follow his wild and dangerous avocation undisturbed. Like a Montmorency or a Coucy, he was known by the name of his property—Le Gabion.

The ubiquitous and inexhaustible Alexandre Dumas would have us believe that he was once wrecked off the coast of Calvados, and that he was sheltered for the night in this sea-side cabin. It was not tenanted at that time by "Le Gabion," but by Alain Montplet, who had grown up a man, and had succeeded the old huntsman in his property and his adventurous career. How this came to pass was, however, best known to a friend of his, M. Cherville, the narrator of that admirable story "The Enchanted Hare." M. Cherville, we are told, also penned the equally interesting history of Alain Montplet, the *Chasseur de Sauvagine*, as the romancer calls him; the only omission he made was the dot over the "i." A. Dumas supplied it. This, to mystify the reader, or as a sop to those who give credit for all to his colleagues and none to himself, is, he avers, all that he did towards editing the romance with the above title.

Le Gabion was for some time the tutor of Alain Montplet. He taught him how to lay in ambuscade at night for wild-duck, how to wait till a snipe had made its third curve before he pulled the trigger, and never to fire at any wild-fowl till he could see its eye.

But even this exciting shore life did not satisfy the ardent nature of the youth. As time elapsed new wants made themselves felt. He would attend all the fairs of La Manche and Calvados to procure wherewithal to win the favour of beauty, and after his shooting, fishing, and swimming expeditions he would stand treat to all his male acquaintances at public-houses. His father was liberal, but the rate at which Alain lived terrified even him. He was obliged to put a limit to his extravagance by stopping the supplies. But this only made Alain get into debt. When the creditors applied to Jean Montplet he discharged their bills, but he advertised in the departmental paper that he would pay no more. The resolve was heroic, but it failed in its effect.

Wherever a young man with prospects is concerned there are persons who will advance him money, even if they cannot be paid by father or son. They look to the property, and can calculate almost to a nicety when it will fall into their hands. There was such a man to be found even in so insignificant a place as Maisy. This man's name was Thomas Langot, but he was more commonly called Le Bancroche, for he was lame and deformed. The son of a fisherman, Langot had spent his life in making money. It was the only means by which he felt he could retort upon the world for the spite which he bore it. He had gone to Paris with two five-franc pieces in his pocket. He there became shoe-black, messenger, and finally a dealer in old clothes. The latter business he pursued steadily for ten years. He had only one object in view, and he never lost sight of it. He never spent one sou in procuring aught but the bare necessities of life. At the end of the ten years he returned to Maisy the owner of 15,000 fr. He returned, as he went, on foot, and in appearance a pauper. He even sought and obtained hospitality at La Cochardière, which he left to take possession of an old ruinous habitation, the repairs of which he set about effecting himself. This accomplished, he opened a kind of grocery and general store, but his chief business was from the beginning directed in that channel in which shame for the transaction is the safeguard for the discretion of the borrower.

It was in such hands that Alain Montplet fell as naturally as a lark takes to a mirror. Langot had long had his eye upon him, and speculated as to where his education and habits would lead him. He advanced him money, and accepted his recognisances. As a means of payment, he recommended the youth to claim the maternal portion of the property. Alain for the first time shuddered as if he had been bitten by a viper. He was thoughtless, but not bad at heart, and the idea of really injuring his parent had never crossed his mind. He therefore for a time rejected the idea as not to be entertained for a moment. But necessity has no laws, his demands must be satisfied, new loans were effected, Langot became more pressing. The young man, driven to desperation, asked for his share of the property. The farmer, exasperated at this last act of ingratitude, cursed his son, and forbade him the house.

Alain repaired in this conjuncture to the village Shylock, who was not at that moment in the best of humours. The mayor of the place had been interceding in favour of a niece, whose husband, a fisherman, had lately perished; and Langot, out of respect for his own criminality, which it was so necessary to cover with a veil of decency, had been

obliged to receive the widow Jeanne-Marie and her orphan son into his house.

Langot recommended the young man to go to law with his father, and he did so. The father, in his immeasurable grief, divided his property into two parts; one part he turned into money, and the proceeds he handed over to a designing attorney of Isigny, Richard by name, and to whom Alain Montplet had been introduced by the usurer.

Between the two—usurer and attorney—they left but little for the spendthrift, but it was enough to induce him to go and see the metropolis—the capital of the world to every true provincial. Langot encouraged his proceeding there; the more rapidly Alain spent his money, the better for him; and as to the poor father, heart-broken by the loss of his wife, and still more so at the ingratitude of his son, he had shut himself up in La Cochardiére, and it was manifest to all that he would never come out again a living man.

Alain was, in the mean time, leading a joyous life in Paris with the crowns of Jean Montplet. It is not our object here to describe that life; the career of prodigals is always the same,—“*la table, le jeu, les femmes.*” Alain passed a year in Paris; if you divided four months for the *Maison d’Or*, four months for *Frascati*, and four months for the quartier *Breda*, you would have the topographical history of his life during that year.

A spoiled child, accustomed as a youth to have his own way, and with coarse, vulgar manners, Alain was sure to pick up many quarrels in the capital. Two of these entailed serious results.

The first occurred at a ball at the Opera. Being drunk, he struck a young man who had given his arm to a lady whose favours he was himself seeking to win. At seven o’clock next morning Alain was woke up by the announcement that two gentlemen wished to see him. He only grumbled. He had supped afterwards at the *Maison d’Or*, and had forgotten the ball at the Opera, the lady, and the quarrel. The strangers civilly reminded him of the facts of the case. They politely insinuated that things were not done in Paris as at *Maisy*; that M. Hector de Ravennes recognised the superior strength of the young countryman, but he claimed his revenge in his own fashion, and M. Alain Montplet was invited to find two witnesses, and to be at nine the next morning in the *Allée de la Muette*. He could bring his swords, his adversary would bring his. They would draw lots as to which should be used.

A light gradually burst upon the intellect of the young man as the explanation proceeded; he felt that it was a serious matter, and that his life was concerned. Above all, he had never handled a sword, and the prospect, therefore, of a combat with such weapons was not inviting. He had not even practised with pistols, but he was an excellent shot with a gun; a pistol came nearest to it, and he proposed pistols. But thereupon it was observed to him that he had given the blow, and the choice of weapons lay with the party insulted. Alain had no alternative but to seek for two friends. He was not long in finding them. Most people have less repugnance to act as seconds than as principals in a duel. He consulted them as to what was to be done in such a dilemma. Their counsel was to go at once to a certain *Grisier*, maître

d'armes, Faubourg Montmartre, No. 4, who gave what he himself designated as lessons of defence.

Alain was as obstinate with the professor as he was with every one else. M. Grisier intimated that M. Hector de Ravennes, upon seeing his ignorance of the art of fencing, would not assassinate him, he would simply wound him, and, if he would abide by his instructions, he might even make it a scratch. But Alain insisted upon being taught to place himself on guard in a scientific manner. He did not care, he said, if he was killed, so long as he was not laughed at for his ignorance. "Well, it will be a pity if he kills you," said the dabbler in foils; "let us try a little."

Thanks to his rustic muscles, Alain was able to take a lesson of three hours' duration, and at the expiration of that time he could put himself on guard as if he had had ten years of a *salle d'armes*. From the fencing-master's he went to Devisme's, where he purchased two swords, of the description vulgarly known as *colichemardes*.

The next morning, at eight, he was up and dressed, awaiting his friends.

They came in a hack, bringing with them a young surgeon, their friend.

At a quarter before nine, Montplet, his two witnesses, and the surgeon, entered into the Allée de la Muette.

The appointment was for nine o'clock.

At five minutes before nine a carriage made its appearance at the end of the avenue.

It came on at a rapid pace.

Three young men got out of the carriage.

These three young men were M. Hector de Ravennes and the young men who had waited the day previously upon M. Alain Montplet. Witnesses and adversaries saluted one another courteously.

Then the witnesses met, examined the weapons, recognised their efficiency, and tossed a louis in the air for the choice.

The witnesses of Alain Montplet won the choice. They naturally selected the swords purchased at Devisme's.

One of the witnesses presented them, the one crossed over the other, to M. de Ravennes.

He took one, the other remained for Alain Montplet.

M. de Ravennes took the sword and tried its metal on his boot.

Then turning to his witnesses:

"It is an excellent sword," he said. "I prefer it to my own."

"Permit me then, sir," said Alain Montplet, "before we know what we shall each do with the one we hold, that I present you with the pair."

M. de Ravennes bowed without answering. The blow he had received weighed too heavily upon him to permit him to be more than ordinarily civil.

One of the witnesses brought the two points of the swords in contact, and as the ground had been fairly allotted in respect to the sun, he took a step backwards, saying:

"Go on, gentlemen!"

Alain Montplet, unmindful of the professor's lesson, placed himself on guard, as if he had been a match for M. de Ravennes.

And as M. Grisier had forewarned him, this academical attitude was his ruin.

M. de Ravennes took a step backwards.

"What did you tell me," he said, addressing his witnesses, "that monsieur had never used a sword? Why he has a guard like Saint George's!"

Then assuming the defensive himself, he added:

"It is a pity; I intended only to wound him. I shall be obliged to kill him."

The contact of steel was heard, a moment afterwards M. de Ravennes's sword was seen to glide like a snake, its owner striking, and recovering himself in less time than lightning takes to shine and to go out.

Alain Montplet's shirt was bathed in blood, but he remained upright; it seemed as if one blow did not suffice to tumble down the colossus. But quickly a red froth came to his lips, he stretched out his arms, let fall his sword, and his feet giving way beneath him, he fell, like an oak beneath the axe of the woodsman.

The witnesses beheld the fall of the young man with the emotion which is generally experienced at such scenes.

Then turning round and addressing the four together :

"Gentlemen," said M. de Ravennes, "have I acted as a man of honour?"

"Yes," answered the four witnesses, as with one voice.

"Could I act otherwise, after such an insult as that I received?"

"No," was the same unanimous reply.

"In that case, may the blood that is spilt fall on the head of the provoker."

The witnesses bowed as if the wish would soon be fulfilled, and M. de Ravennes getting into his carriage with his friends, left Alain Montplet, motionless as a dead body, in the hands of his two friends and of the young surgeon.

Messrs. Cherville-Dumas do not tell us if the Hector of the Opera ball took away the *colichemardes* with him. As to Alain Montplet, after having had blood let pretty freely, he was removed to the Pavillon de Madrid, the guardian of which is so accustomed to incidents of the same kind that he has always a room ready.

Alain Montplet's wound was not, however, fatal, although the sword had penetrated the lung, and, thanks to a young and vigorous constitution, he was on his legs again in three weeks, and as well as ever in a month.

But his mind became possessed with an idea from that time forward, which was so strong that it almost excluded all others. His funds were getting low. Langot had positively refused to provide for his extravagance any longer; in fact, he had, according to the usurer's view of the matter, eaten up his share of his patrimony, and he felt that if he left Paris without having given back to a Parisian as much as he had received, he should have what they called in the provinces "*le dernier*" of it. Now Alain particularly flattered himself with never having the last of a thing.

He applied accordingly to M. Grisier, to ascertain in how long a time he might expect, with assiduity, to become as skilful in the use of the sword as M. de Ravennes.

"Two years," was the rejoinder; "and then you must work very hard indeed."

"I must take to the pistol, then," said Alain. "I can learn that in eight days."

So he jumped into a cab and drove to Gosset's shooting-gallery, and there he worked with such intentness of purpose that in a week he was able to go through the performances of an expert, tumble over an egg, break a pipe, and double and triple his balls. Unfortunately the opportunity of obtaining his revenge did not present itself. He had received the last twenty-five louis that Langot would send him. He began to think that he should return to Maisy with "*le dernier*." He determined,

under such a conjuncture, to try if he could not prolong the period of his stay in Paris by gambling. So he repaired with his twenty-five louis to the nearest gambling-house that he was acquainted with. Arrived there, he sat down at a table with a strange officer, half-Italian, half-Polish, who had often played against him, but with uniform good luck. This time, the idea of the last twenty-five louis being at stake, made Alain unusually sensitive. He thought that his antagonist was not playing fairly.

Of the twenty-five louis there already remained only fifteen, and he risked them upon one hand.

The officer turned up the king of clubs.

Neither he nor his adversary had as yet taken up their cards.

Alain Montplet placed his hand upon his antagonist's cards.

"The cards must not be touched," said the officer.

"Excuse me, sir," replied Alain, "but if you have not three trumps in your five cards I am in the wrong, and make my apologies beforehand."

"And if I have three trumps in my five cards?" observed the officer, in a tone of defiance.

"Then not only I should not make apologies to you," said Alain, "but I should say——"

"What would you say?" thundered the officer.

Alain turned over the cards.

The officer's hand contained the queen, the knave, and the ten of trumps.

"I should say," persisted Alain, "that you are a cheat."

The officer took up the cards, and threw them at Alain's face.

"Good!" said the latter; "who touches strikes, and he who is struck has the choice of arms; I shall be obliged to return to Maisy, but I shall not take 'le dernier' with me."

The quarrel had caused a commotion, a group had assembled, and before the parties separated it was agreed that they should meet the next morning at eight. Alain Montplet had selected pistols, and the Allée de la Muette. He wished to have his revenge where he had been himself defeated.

At eight o'clock they were on the ground.

The pistols, when examined, were found to fulfil all necessary conditions.

It was decided that the adversaries should place themselves at a distance of forty paces, and walk the one upon the other.

Each was to stop after having advanced ten paces. The real distance was then twenty yards.

In the case of a duel the paces are of three feet.

The adversaries were placed at the distance agreed upon.

The pistols were loaded by a "garçon de tir" [the attendant at a shooting-gallery], and one was placed in the hands of each.

Then stepping back, the two witnesses who had handed the pistols to the two antagonists said at the same moment:

"March!"

At this word of command, Alain and the officer advanced towards one another.

At the end of two paces, each raised his pistol and fired.

Only one explosion was heard.

Alain staggered, but retained his feet.

The officer turned twice round upon himself, and then fell with his face to the ground.

Each second ran to his principal.

Alain had received his antagonist's ball on his chin ; it had flattened there, as if it had struck a sheet of iron.

The bone was laid bare but not broken.

The force of the blow had, however, made him stagger.

The officer had been shot right through the heart.

He was killed dead.

"There is no great harm !" said the four witnesses. "It is only one swindler the less, that is all."

The same evening Alain sold his watch, and the next day he started on his way to Maisy. He had been two years in Paris, and in those two years he had managed to make away with two hundred thousand francs. Yet was he, like all prodigal sons, kindly received at home. Jean Montplet only saw his son, and was willing to ignore the ungrateful spendthrift. Nor did the latter communicate to his father the ruinous extent of his obligations to Langot. The father only saw that he was melancholy, and proposed marriage as a relief. But upon that subject Alain was as obstinate as upon most others. His knowledge of women had been limited to a class, and he confounded the sex in his reprobation of individuals. While the question was being still mooted, however, by the old man, whose only wish was to see his son settled, Jean Montplet was suddenly called away to his fathers by a violent attack of gout. The village Shylock then came down upon the property like a wolf upon the fold. He was armed with from thirty to thirty-five titles, establishing his claim to some eighty-seven thousand francs. Alain had no idea that he had borrowed so much, but there were the bills there to prove the fact, and nothing remained but to hand over La Cochardière to his pitiless creditor, and to walk forth into the world—beggared, without a sou.

The ill-regulated, passionate temper of Alain Montplet was little suited to such a reverse of fortune. He sought the solitude of the seashore to devour his anger. He rolled himself on the sand in a paroxysm of desperation, and, luckily for him, tears of vexation came to his relief, or the end might have been prompt and dismal. He got up a calmer, if not a better man, and mechanically he took the way to the hut which had been for so many years his head-quarters when shooting wild-fowl. As he approached he heard Pavilion, the old sportsman's dog, howling in an ominous manner. The sound was in harmony with his feelings. Had it been the voice of a man in distress, he would probably have turned aside. Impelled by the instinct of curiosity, he advanced to the door, and lifted up the latch. The dog recognised him, but did not cease its lugubrious howling. Alain called le Père Gabion by name, for night had come on, and within the hut all was in utter darkness. Obtaining no answer, he groped his way to the old man's bed-side, and he found that he was there, but he was motionless, and he felt at once that he must be asleep or dead. The fire in the chimney was out, but the cinders were still hot. Alain was as much at home, if not more so, at the hut than at his La Cochardière. He soon collected some dry reeds and bits of wreck, and, blowing with his mouth, got up a flame. By the tremulous light thus produced Alain once more approached the bed.

The aged hunter of wild-fowl was really dead. The dog was licking his face.

Alexandre Dumas entertains some very uncomfortable notions upon the subject of death, which are worthy of psychological analysis by the able author of "*Thanatos Athanatos*." With Dumas it is always the mysterious, the unknown, that is brought prominently forward. According to him, even the vicious and hardened Alain Montplet fell on his knees before death. "There is," he says, "a majesty in death that curbs the brow of the most obdurate, the knees of the most stiff-necked: it is the majesty of the unknown!"

When Alain passed the night by the fireside, feeding the lurid flame with reeds and sticks, Dumas says:

"He seemed to be absorbed in studying that great enigma which will be for ever unknown to men: What is death?"

The morning light betrayed a paper lying on the table. It was a kind of testamentary document, which threw no light on the antecedents of the old hunter. But it requested whoever should first come in to bury his corpse in the sand of the sea-shore that he had loved so well, and if he was in want of it, he might inherit his hut. This was just the thing for Alain; he took a spade and dug a hole at one of the old hunter's favourite stations, and then he went back to fetch the body. The dog followed it to the grave, and then returned to the hut with Alain. He seemed to consider it as a matter of course that the man who had buried his late master must be his future one. As for Alain, he said to himself, "I am ruined, without a home, without a friend; I cannot kill myself; I will accept the home which Providence sends me, and I will for the future be simply a hunter of wild-fowl."

Alain Montplet hated mankind and womankind alike. With the exception of his own parent, whom he had never known how to appreciate, he had only known the vicious and the reprobate of both sexes, so that it would have been difficult to say which he despised most. Under these circumstances, the new career which he proposed to himself had one great comfort—he would have nothing to do with humanity, beyond the dealer in wild-fowl from Isigny.

All that remained to Alain at this moment, besides his gun and clothes, were a few jewels. He went to Isigny and disposed of these, and with the proceeds he bought a bed, a table, four chairs, some kitchen utensils, a shooting costume, and powder and shot sufficient for a year's consumption. He had resolved that his visits to Isigny or to Maisy should be as few and as far between as the visits of—what he was not—an angel.

Once comfortably installed in his lonely hut, Alain gave himself up with ardour to his new profession. The exposure and exercise, the long walks and still longer night-watches, kept his mind from gloomy thoughts, and fatigue enabled him to obtain repose when otherwise he might have been worried by the memory of the past. He would pass whole weeks at the mouth of the Vire, would sleep there, eat there, live there for weeks together, shooting snipe, curlew, plovers, and other birds by day, and at night lie in wait for widgeon, teal, and duck.

Time passed on in this way till November, 1841, came round, and Alain prepared to go and look out for the night on the so-called "Eastern Sands," which were about two leagues beyond Maisy. It was

a gloomy, threatening-looking evening, and after he had put on his great boots, his south-wester, and his well-oiled canvas coat, after he had taken up his long fowling-piece, cast his night-cloak over his shoulder, and gone forth with Pavilion, who never forgot to visit his old master's grave, he saw that there would be a storm. The wind kept rushing from various points by fits and starts, the waves were long and deep—rising gradually mountains high. The sky was dark, with a blood-red streak.

Alain had to pass by Maisy, and when doing so he found the greater part of the population of the place assembled on the beach. The women were for the most part on their knees, praying. The men were busy bringing down a boat on rollers upon the chance of being able to launch it through the breakers. Langot was among the spectators, and he seemed even more anxious than the rest. Three fishing-boats had gone out that fatal evening, and Langot was peculiarly interested in more than one. But if the old usurer was vexed, the young widow Jeanne-Marie, who was there too, was in perfect despair. Under the pretext that he could not feed idle mouths, Langot had sent her only son, still a mere boy, on board of one of those very fishing-boats not many days back.

The arrival of Alain Montplet amidst this anxious group was variously viewed. Some thought he could best say if the tempest was likely to last, and if the boats could live in the sea, or gain the shore. Others looked upon him with distrust, as a sort of bird of ill omen. Among the latter was Langot, who, rendered superstitious by terror, positively looked upon his appearance as the signal for some impending and irretrievable disaster. It is perhaps needless to say, that the wild man of the shore bore no kindlier feeling to the cunning Shylock of the village, nor did he attempt in any way to conceal his hatred. As he looked at his successor at the Cochardière, his eyes, indeed, lighted up with the flames of the angry passions that burnt within.

Half an hour elapsed, the men had got down the boat to the borders of the ocean, the women were still in the agony of anxiety, when a voice was heard through the wind and the storm. It was that of Alain Montplet, who had continued his route in a westerly direction.

"To the rescue, all !" shouted the hunter ; "they are on the coast, on the bank of Pleinesève!"

Every one rushed in the direction indicated. Jeanne-Marie at the head, her golden tresses loose in the wind, and bathed with rain and spray. Jacques Henin, the most renowned fisherman of the coast, who had once been a quartermaster on board a man-of-war, began, with the help of Alain and a band of hardy sailors, to drag the boat along the beach. Langot alone remained behind. He was so terrified that his legs refused to carry him.

Great was the tumult and confusion at the angle of the coast where the crowd came nearest to the bank of Pleinesève. Jeanne-Marie had discerned that it was the *Sainte-Thérèse*, the very vessel that bore her son.

"My child! my child!" she ejaculated, throwing herself upon her knees, "my dear little Jean-Marie! Our most gracious Saviour, our good Lady of Deliverance, have pity on my child!"

The unfortunate vessel was in a most precarious position. Cast upon

the bank, every sea broke over her, and, one after another, her crew disappeared before the very eyes and amidst the very shouts and sobbings of the assembled multitude.

The boat had at last arrived, and Jacques Henin, selecting eight of the stoutest hands, launched her through the breakers. But, alas! she had not made a few yards before the tremendous billows threw her over, as if she had been a shell, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the gallant crew regained the beach. Three different times did the old quartermaster try to force a way through those billows,—just as often was he baffled.

In the mean time, the number of men on the shipwrecked vessel kept on diminishing. One body was seen to repose upon another. Death mounted in stories. There were only two remaining. One of them was Jean-Marie.

“To think,” said the old quartermaster, ruminating aloud, “that we should be obliged to stand here, and see our fellow-creatures perish before our eyes without the means of succour. It is indeed distressing! But not a boat could go except with its keel upwards. Perhaps a swimmer might reach the wreck, but he must be as strong as ten men.”

The mother had caught the old mariner’s words. Her eyes turned upon Alain. He was the most expert swimmer on the coast. Rushing up to him, she threw herself at his feet and prayed him to attempt the rescue of her child. It was impossible to resist her pitiful entreaties. Alain felt all his simulated hatred of his race vanishing from his bosom.

“Well, be it so!” he exclaimed; “make fast a rope, and I will see if I can reach them.”

“Do not go,” said Henin; “you will assuredly perish.”

“Monsieur Alain! Monsieur Alain!” ejaculated the widow, “save my child!” And she embraced the young man.

“Courage, Alain! courage!” shouted out the crowd.

“Well, if you must go, I will go with you,” said Henin, beginning to strip.

“No, no,” interrupted the hunter, “that won’t do. Remember you have children. I have no one, not even a friend.”

“Nonsense,” said the old quartermaster; and, French fashion, he also embraced the youth.

Alain advanced into the water up to his middle, preparing himself like an athlete for the struggle.

He then waited till the first wave came to him.

It arrived: monstrous, roaring, terrible.

Instead of flying from it he threw himself before it, dived boldly at its base, and, carried away by the backwater, reappeared some sixty yards from the beach.

“Bravo! bravo!” shouted the old quartermaster; “the boy knows what he is about, and now I have seen him at work I bet my life against a quid that he will get there.”

“Courage, Alain! courage!” shouted all together.

The mother alone did not shout.

She was on her knees, crying and praying, overwhelmed by the immensity of her anxiety, so little proportioned to her own light, delicate frame. She had not even strength to look.

As to the fishermen, they followed Alain's movements with anxiety mingled with pride.

The spectacle of devotion has in it that which is remarkable, it raises even the spectators in their own estimation.

Add to this, the young man was worth looking at. He swam with unwonted vigour, repeating his first manœuvre whenever the occasion demanded it.

Soon the space that separated the swimmer from the vessel was diminished, and Alain was seen to grapple with the rocks on which it had struck.

A little more and he was seen to stretch out a hand to grasp the sides of the boat.

At that moment a tremendous sea rolled over, and nothing further was seen—swimmer, vessel, and wrecked had all disappeared.

It was one of those terrible moments of anxiety impossible to describe. That anxiety was indeed at its full at that moment, complicated as it was with the danger run by Alain, and the hopes to which his daring had given rise.

Once more the vessel righted herself.

The boy attached to the mast still lived!

The height at which he had been made fast caused him to be immersed under the water, as each successive wave broke over the vessel, for much less time than the others, and this was why the weakest had survived the others.

Reassured as to the fate of the child, all eyes sought for Alain.

Not a heart beat, not a breast heaved.

The widow had raised herself to her full height. Her arms stretched forth towards the sea, she panted without saying a word, without even the strength to pray.

Suddenly a black form was seen beyond the vessel in the direction of the open sea.

It was Alain.

He was endeavouring to regain the boat, beyond which the sea had thrown him.

He did so with better luck this time; he clambered on the deck, and making the line fast to the mast, drew in by it, as had been prearranged with Henin, a stout rope.

Then mounting the rigging, he set the child free. He was too cold and exhausted to help himself.

Loosening him from his fastenings, he placed the boy on his back, got down, took hold of the cable, and began to make his way back to the beach.

At that moment everything ceased on that shore: breathing, palpitations of the heart, encouragements, prayers.

The return was long, painful, and perilous.

Ten times did the poor child let go, and he would have been each time infallibly carried away by the sea had it not been for the precaution which Alain had taken of fastening him with a sliding knot to the cable.

As Alain and the child came nearer to the beach, Jeanne-Marie mechanically moved towards them.

When Alain was within twenty paces of the beach she could restrain herself no longer, but rushed into the sea to meet them.

Luckily she did not lose her feet.

Alain placed the boy in her arms.

There was no chance for the misanthrope after such an exploit. However uncongenial he may have for a time imagined it to be, he tacitly felt the gratification of being a man beloved by his fellow-creatures. It softened his heart, and he accepted an invitation to enter the old quartermaster's house. There the scene of domestic happiness, of a kind and attentive wife, and of a happy family, had a further influence upon him. Henin had much conversation with the recluse also as to his worldly

affairs. In a remote village like Maisy, it was not likely that every fact connected with Jean Montplet, La Cochardière, and Alain, was not perfectly familiar to all. Henin had much to communicate to Alain Montplet upon that subject. He had overheard a conversation by which he felt convinced that Langot and Alain's attorney, Richard, had been accomplices in a plot to ruin him. The difficulty was to arrive at proofs, and Henin recommended to Alain a very novel, and to him a very disagreeable alternative, that of establishing acquaintanceship with Langot's niece—the young widow Jeanne-Marie.

The wild-fowl hunter returned to his hut that evening an altered man. All that he had gone through had not been without its effect upon his half-savage nature. He had never before imagined what the principle of maternity was till he had seen it developed in the person of Jeanne-Marie. That person was also very fair and comely. The instincts thus aroused had been further developed by what he had witnessed in the quartermaster's cottage. That night Alain Montplet felt a void in his heart. He felt that man was not born solely for self—that it was not good to be alone.

Whilst still in this impressionable state of mind, and only the day after the rescue, he was surprised by the arrival at his lonely hut of a handsome boy with a packet in his hand. At first he did not recognise the new comer, but the boy soon set him right.

“What, not know me, Monsieur Alain? I am Jean-Marie—the boy you rescued from the deep yesterday.”

Explanations soon followed. Langot, to whom all so-called human weaknesses were utterly unknown, had resolved that the boy should be sent back to sea that very day. A quarrel had ensued, and Langot had beaten both mother and son. To save the latter, it was resolved that he should seek a home with the wild-fowl hunter.

Flurried as Alain thus was by the pressure of events, he was not in his then temper of mind prepared to resist. The boy was received in the hut open-armed, and the two soon became inseparable companions. The mother stole away at times also from the usurer's to the hut on the seashore to see her son. Alain naturally participated in these interviews, and what between gratitude on one side and respect on the other, an intimacy grew up between the young widow and the wild-fowl hunter of a very warm description. Henin watched its progress; that woman, he thought, would be the saving of the recluse and the misanthrope; and he rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of being an instrument, however indirect, in securing the happiness of a man for whom he had a strong regard amidst all his eccentricities and vagaries.

An incident soon happened which brought affairs to a crisis. The implacable Langot discovered the boy's hiding-place, and found that an intimacy had sprung up between his niece and his enemy—Alain—a man whom he detested all the more heartily because he had so grievously wronged him. He ascertained that Jeanne-Marie was in the habit of paying secret visits to the hut, and in his passion he drove her away from his roof. The good-hearted old quartermaster received her in his cottage and gave her a home. But he had a wife and eleven children to provide for, and, although he would not acknowledge it, he felt the burden. So

he determined to sound Alain to ascertain what progress the widow had made in his affections, and, if an opening presented itself, to bring matters to an issue. Unfortunately, although the wild-fowl hunter's character had undergone a very great change, he was still so obstinate in his hatred of man and woman, he was so exasperated at his beggary, and so corrupted by what he had witnessed in the capital, that he was not yet prepared to embark in matrimony. A further unexpected incident came, however, to crown the brave old mariner's intentions with success, and to secure the future welfare and happiness of the demi-savage.

The boy Jean-Marie, young as he was, had long suspected the state of things that existed between his protector and his mother. He had overheard scraps of conversation also between Henin and them, which told him that all was not as it ought to be. He loved Alain, he loved his mother still more dearly, and he determined that they should be father and mother to him.

One day our hunter had gone out to a bank that was only laid bare during the very lowest tides. Even then, being some five miles from the Vire, it was surrounded by an arm of the sea, and was only accessible by boat. Alain had fastened his to an oar stuck into the sand, and had been some time engaged in the busy pursuit of game, when he perceived that he was not alone on the island; Jean-Marie was also there.

"What brought you here?" he said, gruffly, to the boy.

"The fishermen of the *Mouette* gave me a lift, seeing that I had business here."

"Business with what—with the porpoises?" replied Alain, aroused into a bitter humour.

"No," said the boy, so quietly and composedly that the rude hunter almost quaked, "business with you."

"Business with me! why, could you not speak to me any moment at the Gabion?" he said, however, really surprised.

"No; I wished to speak to you here, and not elsewhere. I tell you what it is, Monsieur Alain: my mother loves you; she has done so ever since you saved my life. I love you also. My mother has been turned out of house and home on your account and on mine. I must make a sacrifice for her, as one of the unintentional causes of her misfortune. You must also make one on your side. Monsieur Alain, you must marry my mother, or I will die for her and for you."

"You are a good little fellow, and I love you with all my heart," said Alain; "but they were very stupid those who sent you here to play the heroics, and try to make a fool of me."

"No one sent me here," replied the boy, looking the hunter full in the face with a look half of affection and half of indignation. "I came by the promptings of my own heart, and by my own firm resolve."

"And how are you going to die?" inquired Alain, still doubting, yet interested.

For an answer the boy waved his hand towards the sea.

Alain looked round. It was too true; he had forgotten that the tide was coming in. The sea was rushing, like a herd of wild horses, in every direction, and the island, at first a mile and a half in extent, was no longer half a mile.

"Do you think," said Alain, awakened by what he saw to the sense of the perilous position in which both stood, "that I shall let you stop here to be drowned?"

"Yes," replied the boy. "Unless you promise me to marry my mother, I will not budge a step."

It was Alain's turn now to entreat and beg. He loved the boy; he could not see him perish thus. He tried to seize him round the waist and carry him off to the boat, but Jean-Marie was young and active, and would not allow himself to be captured.

"Stop!" at last exclaimed Alain.

"That depends upon you," replied the boy.

"Well, stop then," continued the hunter; "I will do all that you wish me to do. It is impossible," he added to himself, "but that a mother so beloved by her son must be the best of wives, even to a savage like myself."

"Do you swear it?" said the boy.

"Yes, I swear it," replied his friend and protector. And the boy threw himself into his arms and bathed his bosom with tears.

"Ah! Monsieur Alain," he sobbed, "I swear also that my mother and I will do all in our power to make you happy."

"Well, let us make haste, then," said Alain. "I fear we shall have to swim for it now to reach the boat."

Together they ran to the beach: no boat was there. Alain was the first to perceive it. The tide had lifted up the oar, and the boat was going away with the current more than a mile away. Father and son fell down on their knees, no longer on the sand: they were in the water.

When they had finished their prayer, they rose up. Dark and gloomy was the prospect before them. It was that of slow but certain death.

"It is hard to die," said the boy, "when I was going to carry good news to my mother. But you can swim," he continued, turning round to Alain; "make the best of your way to land at once."

"However good a swimmer he might be, no man could confront that current," replied the hunter, shaking his head; "nor would I go without you."

"Nonsense," said the boy; "try it. What am I? a useless boy; you will befriend and support my mother who has no home. Go and tell her I died blessing her."

Alain pressed the boy to his bosom.

At that moment a boat was seen in the horizon.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the hunter, "we are saved! A boat is coming to our succour!"

Jean-Marie, in his joy, burst into tears.

"What happiness for my mother," he said, "if we are saved." He only feared death for the grief that it would have caused to his mother.

But, lo! the boat came up to within some thousand fathoms of the bank. The crew must have seen the victims, when apparently, without reason, it passed on, leaving them unrelieved. Great was the horror, and still greater the exasperation, of the hunter. He hurried off his clothes and determined to swim after the recreant bark.

Jean wept bitterly.

"It is our only chance," said Alain. "I will perish, or I will bring the boat to save you."

Once more they embraced, and the hunter took to the gloomy ocean. Night was coming on apace. The man was baffling the waves, followed by his faithful dog Pavilion. The boy was on the beach kneeling in the tide and praying. It was a sad scene.

We have already told what a bold and expert swimmer was the hunter. But he had now a current that was more than man could resist to fight against. He struggled long and bravely against it. He was young, strong, and hardy; he had now new-formed resolutions at stake, which, being good, gave him unwonted vigour; but it was all in vain. He kept ever losing ground. Darkness came on, and he was lost in space. His dog alone was still by his side. But the strength of both was gradually giving way. They had been now nigh an hour and a half battling with the waves and the current. Alain's movements were no longer so determined; he was giving way to his fate. His senses were also becoming obtuse—almost indifferent to what was passing around him. But within him an inward life had become unusually active. All the scenes of his childhood passed in rapid succession before his consciousness—La Cochardière, his good old father, his innocent enjoyments, his corrupted youth, the vices of Paris, his duels, the Gabion, the wreck, all came and went, and seemed to die away in the pale face of the expiring boy and the ineffable grief of the broken-hearted mother. One sound alone recalled him for a moment to a sense of the outward world. It was a deep howl from the dog. It, too, was giving a last farewell to the world.

The next morning Master Henin was taking his customary pipe in his garden, when a great noise was heard in the village. Soon his wife brought him word that Langot and the solicitor Richard had had a quarrel; the latter had resolved to expose the usurer's misdeeds, and the former had hung himself.

"The old crocodile!" said the quartermaster; "he is gone as he deserved."

But the quartermaster was far more serious than usual that morning. His thoughts had been distracted for a moment by the misadventure that had befallen the usurer, but they were not with him. He threw away his pipe, for which he had manifestly no appetite that morning, and strolled down to the beach. Lo, in the distance he beheld an object such as he least expected to see. Looking and looking again, he became satisfied at last that it was the wild-fowl hunter, *in propria personâ*—Alain Montplet—whom he believed to be lying very uncomfortably at the bottom of the sea. Hastening towards him, explanations soon ensued. Carried along by the current, just as he was losing all consciousness and ignorant himself as to where he was, Alain had been thrown up upon the beach. All he regretted was poor little Jean-Marie.

"Come to the cottage," said Henin, whose spirits seemed to have experienced wonderful relief since he had met with the hunter. "Come along!" And Alain followed almost mechanically.

Arrived in the garden, Henin took Alain to a window, and bade him look in. He did so, and starting back, he exclaimed:

“What do I see?”

Alain had seen Jean-Marie on a couch, and his kind, good mother tending him in his sickness.

The hunter fell on his knees, and thanked his Creator.

“And how has all this come to pass?” he said, when he had recovered himself, and could turn round to speak to Henin.

“If you were not a stupid fellow, always poking along the shore, wading in marshes, or creeping along sand-banks, you would know,” said the old quartermaster. “The strongest current off the coast sets by that bank where you and Jean stood so helpless last evening. I had to double it in order to fetch you off, but you had not patience to wait. You took to the sea, and I had to bring off the boy alone. As to you, we thought you were drowned.”

Alain pressed the hand of the old sailor, and hastened to embrace the mother and her devoted son.

Three months had not expired after the death of the usurer Langot before Monsieur and Madame Montplet, with their son Jean-Marie, took possession of La Cochardière, where a splendid feast was given in honour of Henin, his wife, and his eleven children. The facts exposed by the solicitor were, that for every bill for a thousand drawn by Alain the usurer had substituted three, four, and even five thousand, just as he had been in the humour. The result was, that in reality only 37,500 francs had been borrowed. 60,000 francs had to be accounted for, and as Jeanne-Marie was heiress to Langot, she had the remainder—about 40,000 francs, and the farm La Cochardière. The marriage acquitted the debt. Alain Montplet is now one of the quietest, steadiest farmers in Calvados, and Jeanne-Marie the comeliest wife in the department. Jean-Marie, now twenty-four years of age, is with his sister, who is only thirteen, one of the best “partis” of the country.

POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY.*

THESE volumes will be found highly serviceable as a succinct review of the poetical literature of Germany from the earliest times. Mme. de Pontès has evidently bestowed pains on her work, and endeavoured to make it as complete as her plan will allow. In her Preface she explicitly disavows any pretensions to give “a complete history of the poets and poetry of Germany;” but she is conscious of a right to claim—and her claim she modestly enforces—a long and intimate acquaintance with the literature of that land, and the credit of a conscientious study of the texts themselves. She is conversant, indeed, with the expositions of critics in this department, French and English as well as German; and makes frequent reference to such fellow-labourers as Villemain, and Guizot, and

* *Poets and Poetry of Germany. Biographical and Critical Notices.* By Madame L. Davésiés de Pontès, Translator of “Egmont,” “The Niebelungen Treasure,” &c. In Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

Magnin, and Philarète Chasles, and Aug. Thierry; Carlyle, and Hallam, and Bulwer Lytton, and Lewes; the Schlegels, and Grimm, and Villmar, and Prutz, and Gervinus, and Menzel, and Franz Horn, and Getzler, and Hildbrand. But these she makes use of as aids only, and not as substitutes for independent personal research. She is careful to cite "secondary sources" whenever they are consulted. Her method is, like that of Villemain in his celebrated *Cours*, to connect literary investigations by an historical thread, hoping by this means to throw "a certain interest over a subject often dry and tedious in itself, and yet of great importance in the annals of the human mind." She also enters somewhat freely into the domains of legendary lore, because legend and tradition play so important a part in Teutonic annals. After tracing the analogy between the mythology of the North and that of the East, and discussing the identity of that of Germany and Scandinavia—thence proceeding to note the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas, and giving a brief historical résumé of the state of the Vaterland from the fourth to the ninth century,—Mme. de Pontès enters with some detail into the subject-matter and manifold merits of the Niebelungen-lied, that series of lays, about the origin or genesis of which the learned are as much at loggerheads, as they are about the personality of Homer, and the unity of the Iliad. With the Iliad, indeed, enthusiastic Germans are ready to compare the Niebelungen at all points—a comparison scouted by our authoress as "simply absurd," though she is free to express her doubt if any of Homer's heroes, even Hector himself—(of Achilles she speaks as disrespectfully as Horace did)—inspires one with such mingled pity and admiration as the gallant Siegfried, so generous, so single-hearted, and so ill-starred in his doom. The nun Hroswitha, a young nursing mother to the young drama of the tenth century, has her place of honour in these pages. And then, over barren ground enough, and waste, wide-spreading moorland, we come upon the Minnesingers, and catch a far-borne strain of Walter von der Vogelweide, at once vigorous and graceful, tender and energetic. Due notice is taken of the "Tristan and Ysolde" of Godfried von Strasburg, which "attracts the reader by the charm of its images, and the interest attached to the actors, despite its enormous length and its very questionable morality." Then we come to the Alexander-lied and the Roland-lied and their congeners—followed by the decline of romantic poetry, for with the extinction of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, the golden age of chivalric verse may be said to have passed away. Commerce threatens to stifle song. But when things are looking at the worst, up rise the Meistersängers, whose "institution" lasted throughout the calamities of the Thirty Years' War,—nay, was formally closed not twenty years since. Mme. de Pontès bestows a chapter on the rise and progress of the drama, and gives the mediæval devil his due. Reynard the Fox she shows up in his proper colours. And anon we find ourselves in Reformation times, and are treated to an ample review of the life, adventures, and poetry of Ulrich von Hutten—though we do not see that Dr. Strauss's recent biography has been put under contribution, which surely, and with profit, it might. Then ensues the dismal era of the Peasant War. Hans Sachs, however, pipes on, profusely enough—and has it all to himself. With a collation of the legends of Dr. Faust, the authoress concludes the First Part of this work, the romance and poetry of the Middle Ages.

Her Second Part opens with a description of the slow and gradual revival of Poetry, after the paralyzing effects of the Thirty Years' War. But it is rather with poetasters than poets that we have to do: Martin Opitz, whose whole career was "one continued series of triumphs"—some say, of truckling and time-serving (which may possibly come to the same thing); Paul Fleming, of the same school, but on a higher bench in it,—hymns of his still being sung in the churches of Germany, and still thought worthy of praise for their warmth, feeling, and sweetness of versification; Andreas Gryphius, who also wrote popular hymns, and composed historical tragedies of a bombastic sort, and comedies in which the comic element seems to have been left out, or has evaporated with time—for they are two centuries old. The eighteenth century brings us to Gottsched—once the dictator in effect of German literature, and whom even Frederick the Great permitted to spout verses in his royal hearing. His antagonist, Bodmer of Zurich, is sure of respectful consideration and interest in England, if only for his sympathy with our classics, and the zeal with which he made them known, and tried to make them dear, to that rather stolid and prosaic generation. Kestner, the once pungent epigrammatist (but then epigrams again are not warranted to keep); smooth, stiff, "studied" Professor Ramler (among German poets there seem no end of Professors), actually honoured of yore as the German Horace (Horace is lively as ever, after eighteen centuries; Ramler, after one, is dead as a door-nail); the sprightly Hagedorn, who imitated La Fontaine; Haller, a pattern of propriety, but no poet at all; cheery, chirping old Father Gleim, who passionately espoused the cause of Fritz against Maria Theresa, but to whose urgent pleadings for the "protection" of literature three Prussian kings in succession were as indifferent as, we suppose, Mr. Buckle himself could wish; mild, sweet-tempered Gellert, rich in good works, among which we can scarcely account his poems the best; and Gessner, whose Idyls were for a while the rage in France—to whom the Duchess of Choiseul sent invitations, and Denis Diderot paid compliments;—of all these, and others, Mme. de Pontès discourses in terms that equal their deserts. Klopstock stands out imposingly at the entrance of Vol. II.,—a poet of whom Menzel has said, that, regarded at a distance and as a whole, he "stands forth in bold relief," but melts away in thin vapour if we approach him too nearly. His admirers institute comparisons between him and Homer, Dante, and Milton—comparisons which are judiciously disposed of in the present work, and shown to be naught. Lessing is placed in striking contrast with him, "inferior in all poetical attributes, but immeasurably superior in variety of powers, vigour of intellect, and sound critical acumen." The biographical sketch of this largely gifted critic, of whom Gervinus is bold to affirm that he knew man, and life in all its varied forms, better even than Goethe himself,—is one of the most interesting and carefully compiled, in the collection before us, though we are far from thinking it the happiest in a critical point of view. In the case of Wieland, Mme. de Pontès finds it amusing enough, as she naturally may—yet with pity intermixed—to compare the works of his youth, breathing religious aspirations that border on the fanatical,—when he was the guest of Bodmer, as Klopstock had been before him, in that fine old gentleman's charming retreat beside the Lake of Zurich,—with those of his later life,

when a reaction had set in, and a sensual epicureanism, with plenty of French polish, was the philosophy of the sometime pietist, Christopher Martin Wieland. In his "Agathon" she censures the "cold material philosophy fatal to every pure and lofty impulse," and the licence of the descriptions, "which even the nature of his subject cannot justify." She noway shares in Goethe's admiration for his "Musarion"—the theme of which "possesses no very absorbing interest, and the moral is anything but commendable." The following is a brief specimen of her translated extracts from this admired poem—too brief, perhaps, to answer the purpose, but all we can make room for: it has at least the advantage of being its own interpreter:

Yes, false and fleeting as the wind, are all
 Friendship's fond vows, and love's deceitful smile.
 Soon as the golden showers no longer fall,
 Cold is the heart that lures us with its wile.
 Soon as the goblet's dry, in vain we call
 On our Patroclus! Yes; that metal vile
 Is stronger still than virtue, wit, or beauty.
 That gone—the swarm goes too, and *Lais* talks of duty.

Herder, like Lessing, was both poet and critic, but perhaps in inverse proportion—or rather, there was a stronger infusion of the poetical element in his critical faculty, than in that of Lessing. In opposition to depreciating allusions to Herder, personally, by Goethe's English biographer, Mme. de Pontès contrasts the former—poor, dependent on his own exertions, yet as soon as prudence permitted, at the very moment when his brightening fortunes might have assured him a more suitable alliance, wedding a portionless girl, and giving up all the enjoyments of life, and welcoming all its trials, to provide for the wants of a numerous family—with Goethe, "breaking one after the other the most solemn engagements, sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent girls, whose hearts he had taken such pains to win, rather than renounce one luxury, than run the risk of committing an infidelity to his genius." But she does not attempt to deny that a certain restless irritability was inherent in Herder's nature, that it increased with his years, and alienated many of his best friends. "Like Lessing, though from very different causes, he was seldom contented." As for his verses, in them he was far less of a poet than when he wrote prose. Perhaps, indeed, it is against rule to give him a chapter, especially so long a one, in a book on German Poets: but, says Jean Paul in his "*Æsthetics*," if Herder was not a poet, as he often declared, he was something better; he was himself a poem, wherein the good, the true, and the beautiful were inseparably blended.

Schubart is the next on the list—a profligate whose early career might qualify him to be bracketed with Edgar Allan Poe. A very full account is given of the troubles he brought on his family and himself—of his long and cruel imprisonments, and the terrible mental sufferings he endured. Seldom has solitary confinement been described in gloomier colours than by him, into whose soul its bitterness entered like a mortal venom, as it is. But it made a sadder and a wiser man of him, unless to become a pious mystic be what Carlyle calls "unwisdom." Affectionate apologists have sought to exculpate his memory from many of the charges to which he himself pleads guilty, by ascribing his self-accusations to the workings

of a morbidly excited fancy, tormented by solitude, and by the books of mystic devotion with which alone he was permitted to beguile the weary hours. Be this as it may, "one thing is certain; despite all his faults and follies, Schubart had many and ardent friends, and his wife, who so deeply suffered from his excesses, never ceased to adore him." Of his poetical talent, his present biographer allows that he had neither sustained elevation of thought nor strong creative powers, that he is always unequal, sometimes coarse and repulsive; but his imagination, she adds, is fervent and glowing, his verses so harmonious that the greater part have been set to music, his descriptions of nature true and beautiful, and in many of his lays she finds bursts of enthusiasm, with gushes of tenderness and pathos beyond the strain of art.

We come next to J. H. Voss, whose unflagging industry, untiring perseverance, and steadfast will, make him a signal contrast to that restless, impulsive "ne'er do weel," Schubart. Voss was a sort of Southey in his home life; rich in household affections, but allowing neither "domestic endearments nor social pleasures to interfere with the routine" of his studious hours. As a "poet," his original and translated verses show him to have had little of the vision and the faculty divine. Mme. de Pontès does justice, however, to his "Luise," the touching naïveté of some of its descriptions making amends for its often tediously minute details. Her version of one extract from it, not being rendered in hexameters, entirely alters the character of the idyl—the best translation of it with which we are acquainted, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* some ten years ago, and was really charming as far as it went. The hexameters, deservedly for once, were part and parcel of the charm. But both on principle and in practice, the dislike Mme. de Pontès has for hexameters is ladylike and complete.

Frederick Stolberg is praised for his ballads, which had a warmth, feeling, sweetness, and simplicity, that made them lastingly popular; Hölty, for his passionate love of Nature in all her forms, and the melody with which he gave it expression; Bürger for his fervour of imagination, and often solemn pathos, though his compositions are not unfrequently coarse and vulgar. Tieck follows, on the score of his vaguely-tinted lyrics, now and then marked by a "spirituality and earnestness which have a peculiar charm;" then Novalis, whose sacred poems, in their "beautiful and unadorned simplicity and deep fervour," offer a singular contrast to his other works; and besides these we have La Motte Fouqué, and short-lived Schulze, and melancholy-mad Hölderlin, and Chamisso, and Matthison, picturesque in "still-life," and gentle Salis, and patriotic Körner. A chapter is devoted to the dramatic successors of Lessing—to Kotzebue, Iffland, Müllner, and Werner—and another to the modern Romantics, Henry von Kleist, Raupach, and Grillparzer. Goethe and Schiller have no place in this collection, for there is no room for them. Many a minor star, too, is omitted. Should these volumes, however, "meet with any degree of favour," we are promised a supplementary one, which, together with sketches from the lives of Goethe and Schiller, will comprehend those of the modern school, Uhland, Rückert, Freiligrath, and others. We can hardly be wrong in bidding Mme. de Pontès hasten on her work, assured of the fulfilment of the one condition to its appearance.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.*

WE have described the fall of the Orleans Monarchy and the inauguration of the Provisional Government. If somewhat of weakness and vacillation, which the age of Louis Philippe might explain, conduced to the former, impudence is the only word which can adequately account for the latter. There was nothing great in the men themselves, until then comparatively unknown, and since then weighed in the balance of experience and found incapable; there was nothing generous in the motives which induced them to seize the supreme power, and we have already shown there was not the shadow of a popular election to which they could appeal. "One cannot believe," says Lord Normanby, noting his impressions at the time, "that a great nation like this can really submit permanently to the dictation of a few low demagogues, none of them except Lamartine of any personal following, but hoisted into power by base desertion of duty on the part of all the armed forces, and at the pleasure of the very scum of the earth." Except this "scum of the earth," the Provisional Government did not express the will of the nation, nor emanate from it. What, then, was its justification? Nothing. The indulgence of selfishness and the gratification of vanity are bad claims to the gratitude of posterity, but when followed by failure the most complete and the most humiliating, posterity, instead of gratitude or admiration, rewards the actors in such scenes with contempt.

Yet the Provisional Government was not without its use. It was time to put a stop to those sterile governments without any principle but that of perpetual compromise between antagonistic ideas, the inevitable consequence of revolutions. No doubt another compromise like that of the Orleans dynasty might have been installed which would have brought back order and police; but of such a *régime* what could be the principles, what the end? Legitimacy was impossible. Orleanism, which was half legitimate, half republican, had fled, and although the mob who at the moment held Paris at their mercy might have been cajoled into a regency for the Count of Paris, it must either have fallen back on the principles of Louis Philippe's government, with its succession of émeutes, or upon a military despotism. But chaos and the Provisional Government brought back society to its beginning, and crude and ridiculous though this government was, it helped, by discrediting revolutionary impulses, to root out the baneful prestige which was still associated with the revolution of 1789, and which had long rendered steady

* History of the French Revolution of 1848. By Alphonse de Lamartine, late Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, Author of "The History of the Girondists," &c. Translated. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1849.

Histoire de la Chute du Roi Louis-Philippe, de la République de 1848 et du Rétablissement de l'Empire. Par M. A. Granier de Cassagnac, Député au Corps Législatif. Paris: Librairie de Henri Plon. 1857.

A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857.

government impossible, and honest government a thing not to be attempted.

The conditions of the problem the Provisional Government had undertaken to solve almost necessitated failure. In 1789, there were serious grievances to redress; the wild protest of Rousseau against society would not have so profoundly agitated France if it had not been felt that society was essentially corrupt, nor would the beatitudes of a state of nature have found so many believers if it were not that men felt that in the existing state of things natural right was outraged. The French, moreover, in 1789, were in the infancy of political training; experience had not taught them that change from a political society which has been the work of time to another which is the creation of theory, is necessarily a change to the worse, and that the wisest of all political maxims is to let well alone. On the contrary, they believed everything to be possible—every change to be for the better—and were only awakened from their dreams by the executions of Robespierre. But if in 1789 man believed everything except Christianity, in 1848 scepticism and despondency equally pervaded the secular and the religious world; man believed neither in Utopia nor in Heaven. A few Socialists might believe in the regeneration of society, but with the nation at large no such illusion was entertained. Enthusiasm had departed from France, and the Provisional Government, with only one enthusiast among their number, had not even *la gloire* to fall back upon to dazzle a nation which, during the reign of Louis Philippe, had been intently occupied in making money.

But with no enthusiasm on the part of the people, and nothing real to do, they had committed themselves to do better than the government they had dethroned, with inferior instruments and in circumstances more difficult.

We left them in the Hôtel de Ville in a state of forced coalition, induced by the obvious consideration that none of the four separately constituted governments had any better title than another, for, to use the language of Lamartine, the only one among them whom history will admire and forgive, “an arbitrary and partial suffrage, limited to a small number of insurgents at the foot of an invaded tribune, under the semblance of an election, was but a usurpation powerful in purpose but destitute in authority. Their title might have been disputed in the name of royalty. It might have been disputed in the name of the people. Behind them at the Tuileries, before them at the Hôtel de Ville, all was illegal. They had no answer to give to any one who should have challenged them to show their commission.” According to the poet, their only title was their conscientiousness and the necessity of the crisis. The first we unhesitatingly accord to him, and with considerable hesitation to one or two of his coadjutors; the second we deny, for, according to Lamartine’s own statement, a regency in favour of the Count of Paris was to the last a possible and a legal combination, and one which we learn from Lord Normanby Lamartine himself, just before entering the Chambers, had promised to support. But if the government had no title, its members had their reveries, their theories, their ambitions, and their vanity to gratify, and in order to this the one pressing necessity was that they should agree among themselves.

Their first step, says Lamartine, “was to organise themselves into a

government council, to assign to each his functions, and to appoint ministers. Everything was done on the first proposition in concert and by acclamation; each adopted without preference and without demur the part most suited to his qualifications, and consented to by his colleagues." Most wonderful unanimity, seeing it was the first time these men had ever agreed on anything! It is true this was a trifling matter—merely to govern France.

Dupont de l'Eure was President of the Council: "his eighty years and his virtues caused his nomination."* Lamartine received the office of Foreign Affairs. The Ministry of the Interior was given to Ledru-Rollin. Bethmont, who rapidly disappears from view, was appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture; "a man of pure heart, of calm temperament, and of mild address."† Crémieux was appointed Minister of Justice; according to Lamartine, "a universal pleader, the earnest adviser of Orleans in the morning and of the Republic in the evening," but who, according to Lord Normanby, owed his appointment to his stentorian lungs, having very judiciously added his own name to the list when, after Dupont de l'Eure had in vain attempted to be heard, he had been asked to read the names. Marie was nominated Minister of Works. Arago, "by right of his knowledge"‡—of astronomy, we presume—was made Minister of Naval Affairs. Subervie, an old officer, and soon superseded, was Minister of War. Goudchaux, a banker, was made Minister of Finance; and lastly, Carnot, the son of the famous member of the Convention of that name, was made Minister of Public Instruction. After the ministers came the secretaries of state, Marrast, editor of the *National*, Flocon, editor of the *Réforme*; the latter a man, according to Lord Normanby, of questionable avocations; Pagnerre, "who was too influential in the constitutional propaganda to be omitted;"§ and lastly, Louis Blanc. Such is the list given by Lamartine, who ought to know; but it does not correspond with the list appended to the first proclamations, and, indeed, he admits that the government suffered insensible modifications. In particular, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc were in subsequent proclamations announced as members of the government; and while Pagnerre does not seem to have secured promotion, Albert, *ouvrier*, made good his position as one of the Provisional Government, "sorti d'acclamation et d'urgence par la voix du peuple et des députés des départemens."

It was not, however, all unanimity. Caussidière had been borne by five or six thousand armed men to the Prefecture of Police, and there he insisted on being installed, to the prejudice of Sobrier, who had been sent by the government. "Both kept their soldiers under arms, and guarded their banners, recognising the Provisional Government with hesitation and murmurs." How the matter was accommodated we do not well know. It would appear that both claimants maintained their pretensions and exercised the functions of the office during the greater part of the rule of the Provisional Government; and it would appear they did so in spite of the government, "fortifying themselves in their position."|| Moreover, at the Tuileries a band of the lowest *canaille* of Paris had taken possession. "All being completely armed, they closed

* Lamartine.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

the door, took possession of stores of provisions, barricaded themselves in, and refused to admit any other intruders." They caught an experienced cook, selected female companions, and, on the whole, had rather a jolly time of it. "Low debauchery was the routine of the four-and-twenty hours, and an additional zest was given to frantic excesses by the grovelling pride that they were polluting a spot which had been rescued from royalty, and which, moreover, in all its internal arrangements, had latterly been a model of propriety and decorum;"* and this state of things continued till the 6th of March.

The Provisional Government had, however, too much to occupy themselves in the Hôtel de Ville to attend to these two minor provisional governments, for the Hôtel de Ville was in the possession of the mob of Paris. The Hôtel de Ville, says Cassagnac, abandoned by the troops at 10 A.M., was at this hour surrounded, besieged, filled from the cellars to the attics with all that Paris contained of base, violent, and obscene. "Les barrières y avaient vomi leurs bandes les plus fauves, les cabarets leurs hôtes les plus abrutis, les bouges des Halles et de la Cité leurs créatures les plus infectes."† Lamartine is not much more complimentary in his description of the sovereign people, and somewhat more graphic: "Upwards of two hundred thousand men choked the streets and the approach of the Hôtel de Ville. The swelling throng of this mob, clad in every species of costume and bristling with all kinds of arms, broke like living billows upon a mole, throwing surges of men upon the flights of the steps, on the points of the bronzed palisades, and into the vestibules and staircases of this edifice, which again vomited them forth amidst far-resounding cries of pain, of horror, and of exultation. Dead bodies were being carried from the barricades amidst the glare of torches, by men who fiercely cleaved their path through the agitated throng, who uncovered their heads and raised their hands in token of respect and revenge. Orators, mounted on the pedestal of columns, on the sills of the windows, or on the parapets, were shouting to the groups which surrounded them, vainly attempting to utter a few expressions that might be caught by the deafening torrent of human beings which floated past them." Lord Normanby tries his hand with English explicitness on the same subject: "They were an infuriated rabble, half drunk, and almost all armed."

The consequence of being at the mercy of these bandits was soon apparent. It will be kept in view that by the very name of Provisional Government, which the dictators had themselves assumed, a pledge was implied that they should prejudge nothing of the future of France. Lamartine himself, in his speech in the morning to the National Assembly, which immediately preceded, and which certainly suggested his nomination, had demanded "a government which shall in no degree be prejudiced either by our representative opinions, our desires, or our present excited feelings with respect to that definite form of government which it may be the pleasure of the nation to accept when the nation has been consulted." But that portion of the nation which surrounded the Hôtel de Ville were of a different opinion. The Provisional Government

* Lord Normanby.

† Cassagnac, vol. i. p. 265.

were in a small room in that building; their *séance* is thus described by Lamartine:

"Scarcely could they obtain sufficient space for their rapid consultation by leaning over the table which separated them and bringing their faces close to each other beneath the circle of the heads, uplifted arms, and bayonets of the mingled and tumultuous crowd which stood around them. Frequently altogether unable to understand each other, or violently separated by groups involuntarily thrust between them . . . each seized a pen and a sheet of paper and wrote upon his knee or upon his hat the required decree, signed it, and gave it to the person charged with its execution. Thousands of orders of this description, signed by Lamartine, Marie, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, and Louis Blanc, circulated among the barricades within these few first hours."* But though thus *deliberating*, they kept clear for some time of compromising their character of a provisional government, but at length cries of "*Vive la République!*" were taken up with an ominous unanimity by the armed combatants, and Lamartine favours us with a lengthened argument to prove that the government had no other course than to yield to these cries and proclaim the republic. We are disposed to admit the necessity without argument; the error lay in putting themselves into the trap of the Hôtel de Ville; once there, they must obey the orders of their captors, and far from blaming the Provisional Government for now stultifying any semblance or shadow of a title they had, we cannot sufficiently admire their dexterity in evading far more extravagant concessions. But if we do not complain of the proclamation of the republic then and there, what we find fault with is, that the Provisional Government, when subsequently comparatively free, persisted in imposing this government on France, continuing in their successive proclamations to declare that France was republican, although it was as clear as noonday that France was not republican; a fact which even Lamartine, the enthusiast, repeatedly admits, and of which his colleagues were all along aware. We admit this opens up vexed questions of casuistry: whether compulsory promises are binding? which of contradictory promises are to be fulfilled? whether it is right to proclaim what is not true in order to preserve logical consistency? But the Provisional Government had got themselves into a labyrinth out of which they could not escape without breaking down here and there some of the fences and barriers whose maintenance is generally considered necessary for the preservation of morality.

What else could happen to a government when, even after the republic was proclaimed and night had set in, Lamartine must describe their position in the following terms:

These first hours of the night witnessed a tumult rather than a council. It was necessary for the members of the government to rise from their seats at every noise from without in order to support with the weight of their shoulders the doors of their apartment, which shook with the blows from the butt-ends of muskets or the arms of men who would not brook resistance, and frequently to make their way through them for the purpose of making speeches.

On these occasions, Lamartine tells us, he was the principal performer.

* Lamartine.

"his lofty stature and his sonorous voice peculiarly adapting him for these encounters with the mob."*

But at last, night, lassitude, hunger and thirst, gradually restored silence and solitude, and the Provisional Government had time to realise their position. What were they to do? the revolution had been consummated in 1789, and could not be gone through again; there were no privileged bodies to abuse, no feudal system to abolish. It is somewhat amusing to read Lamartine's unconscious confession of the dilemma in which they were placed—a revolutionary government with nothing to revolutionise :

Each of the members present at the council searched the depths of his heart and understanding for the source of some great measures of reform—some great legislative and social ameliorations. By some was proposed the immediate abolition of negro slavery, sullyng the very morality of our laws and threatening our colonies† with perpetual disturbance. By others the repeal of the laws of September, by which the people were weighed down by fines equivalent to confiscations; some were for the proclamation of fraternity as a principle among nations, and by abolishing conquest to abolish war itself; others were desirous to annul the electoral census, that political materialism which placed the right of property above that of man. All maintained the principle not only of equality of rights, but also of charity between the different orders of citizens—a principle capable of application by all the institutions for assistance, succour, association, and beneficence compatible with the liberty of capital and the security of property, the first charity of governments aiming at the preservation of society and the protection of family.

A singular *mélange*, in which practical measures are to declamation, utopias, and principles of anarchy, in the proportion of the bread and sack in Falstaff's tavern bill.

Next morning the mob returned, recruited this time from the most violent of the population, and the Provisional Government were again at their mercy. This time the demand was for the red flag—the symbol of terror within and war without; and here, at last, we are glad to accord praise to the government, and in particular to Lamartine, for the courage and genius with which this demand was met and evaded; all which is fully narrated in the *Chronicles of Lamartine*, where full and ample justice is done to Lamartine himself. Indeed, if that eloquent writer would not say so much in his own favour, if he were not so continually the hero of his history, we believe he would stand higher in European repute than he does; but so extravagant are his pretensions, so great his self-adulation, that we are continually forced to contrast the little he really accomplished—though, after all, that was nearly as much as was practicable—with the magnificence of his pretensions. Such a man, a man of sublime genius, of profound sagacity, of dauntless courage, of surpassing eloquence, and "of lofty stature, towering over the multitude"—for such is Lamartine as painted by himself—ought, one is apt to think, to have done better, after three months' unlimited power, than to hand over France to the Assembly on the eve of an insurrection.

But let us return to the Provisional Government. The mobs are now over for a time, and it is absolutely necessary something should be done.

* Lamartine.

† Where?

Having nothing serious to do, they attempted what in France occasionally answers as well—to dramatise their position. The following is a *précis* of their performances in this line, taken from Cassagnac, who, though certainly disposed to be devil's advocate to the Provisional Government, we find in general corroborated, not only by Lord Normanby, who takes a very cool, unimpassioned view of the strange doings in Paris during this marvellous year, but even by Lamartine himself.

On 25th February, the Provisional Government changed the order of the colours of the national flag, putting the white in place of the red, and the red in place of the white. It abolished the titles of Monsieur and Madame, and substituted in their place those of Citoyen and Citoyenne. It relieved the functionaries from their oaths.

On 26th February, it ordered that on all the walls and on all the flags the device "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," should be inscribed. It changed the names of the streets and public places of Paris. It adopted a red rosette as a souvenir of the last revolution.

On 27th February, the government planted trees of liberty, and opened the clubs.

On 28th February, it changed the names of the colleges in Paris, and the titles of general officers.

On 29th February, it abolished all titles of nobility, having first deliberated on and rejected an alternative proposal that every citizen should be obliged to take a title—count, marquis, or duke—according to taste.

As their proclamations were all of one model, we insert the one of 29th February as a specimen :

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.

Le Gouvernement Provisoire,

Considérant,

Que l'égalité est un des trois grands principes de la République Française, qu'il doit en conséquence recevoir une application immédiate,

Décrète :

Tous les anciens titres de noblesse sont abolis ; les qualifications qui s'y rattachaient sont interdites ; elles ne peuvent être prises publiquement, ni figurer dans un acte public quelconque.

Les membres du Gouvernement Provisoire de la République Française.

Paris, le 29 Février 1848.

Rather a strong proceeding for a provisional government !

Meantime, their rule was universally accepted. Statesmen were taken by surprise, and when they had time to reflect, the Provisional Government seemed the only thing betwixt them and the government of the Parisian mobs. Under this impression the Royalists, who might be supposed eager to regain the power which had been snatched from their hands, became their steadiest supporters, and even the bourgeoisie, whose political importance was summarily extinguished by universal suffrage, were well content in the mean time to relapse into obscurity. In the provinces the new order of things was even welcomed with acclamation. At last, the peasantry were to count for something in the country, and universal suffrage seemed to their uncorrupted and inexperienced minds to hold out possibilities of unheard-of prosperity. To use an expressive

colloquialism, the Provisional Government had the ball at their feet. "Never," says Cassagnac, "did a new government meet with so many adhesions. The journals and the men until then the least republican, offered to support the republic without taking time to inquire whether its preservation was either useful or possible. One heard on all sides cries of 'Confidence! confidence!' To see so much faith, so much zeal, so many neophytes, seemed to suppose a new religion, to which nothing was wanting except a God." Lord Normanby corroborates this statement: "Equally remarkable," says he, "was the submissive acquiescence with which a substitute approved by none was for a time allowed to exercise its power throughout the length and breadth of that civilised land." Had success been possible, had there been any real call for the Provisional Government, any actual sympathy on the part of the nation with the principles they professed, in short, had France been republican, never was a fairer opportunity of establishing republican institutions; but France, whatever form of government it might incline to—and to find out that at any particular time will always be a difficulty—certainly repudiated republicanism after the novelty of the announcement had worn off. The government, therefore, felt itself struck with paralysis. They could will republican institutions, they professed themselves to be republicans, but no republican idea would take root in France. Thus, in every point of view, their position inevitably led to failure and extinction. They themselves, however, hurried on the catastrophe, and all the ingenuity they possessed was displayed in measures directly calculated to precipitate their fall.

Commissaries, selected by chance *parmi les premiers venus*, were sent down to the provinces to supersede the magistracy of the monarchy, and, as might naturally be expected, they did not contrast favourably with those they displaced. But when they proceeded to open the clubs in the villages, and thus throw the apple of discord and suspicion into societies formerly so simple, so ignorant, and so peaceable, the peasants began to discover that the republic was likely to become the most intolerable of tyrannies, and not the less intolerable because it was more contemptible than tyrannical. But the institution of the public ateliers in Paris consummated the estrangement, for when the peasants heard that a hundred thousand workmen were maintained at the public expense, it seemed to them that the rights of labour were attacked; and when the truth gradually dawned upon them that these charity workmen were in reality the army of insurrection, the disgust of the country was complete. It was true it was absolutely necessary to enlist and enrol the insurgent workmen, for being thrown out of work by the revolution, they would, if not supported at the public expense, have broken loose in brigandage, and, perhaps—though that was barely possible—increased the anarchy which existed. But the Provisional Government dared not avow that it was in fact the army of revolt which was maintained at the public expense, for it would have exposed the imposition they had for the time succeeded in palming on Europe and France, that the revolution was the work of the general population of Paris. Better had they told the truth, for public opinion would have assisted them in checking in time the development of a system which ultimately had to be suppressed by a massacre.

Coming on the back of these grievances, the tax of forty-five centimes completed the alienation of the provinces. In this country we can have

no idea of the effect such an impost would have in France. With us, as with them, it would fall upon the proprietors, but this in England would occasion no dangerous discontent, for the masses would be exempt; but in France, owing to the abolition of primogeniture, the number of small proprietors in the provinces is immense. It is doubtful whether they do not constitute the actual majority; it is certain they sway opinion, and was it to be expected that they would submit without murmur to so heavy an impost, when it seemed but too probable that the proceeds would be expended in the support of the mendicant and immoral demagoguery of Paris? It is thus that, according to Cassagnac, the rural population now spoke of that republic they had welcomed so frankly:

It pretended to have driven out the tyrant, but under this tyrant people lived in peace, protected by mild and liberal laws; under this tyrant Paris was not at the mercy of a hundred thousand armed vagabonds; the chief magistracies in the provinces under the unlimited authority of incapable or disreputable pro-consuls, and the towns under the pressure of incendiary clubs. The republic pretended to have established cheap government, but in fact the deposed government, which was said to be dear, had exercised a more enlightened and more moral sway forty-five per cent. cheaper.

It is curious to observe the reflexion of these different phases of public opinion unconsciously reproduced in Lamartine's "*History of the Provisional Government.*" Indeed, in that respect, the book itself is a picture of the man, vacillating, eloquent, self-contradictory, but always sincere. At the beginning of the revolution he admits that the republicans were few. The first proclamation of the Provisional Government declares that they are the people. But while describing the agony of the Hôtel de Ville, republicans and people both disappear, and in their place the different mobs which successively attacked the infant government are described by Lamartine in terms of forcible and picturesque disgust, which far exceed the quiet and cynic contempt with which Cassagnac describes their tumultuous assemblages; but once the danger is over, and the mobs have withdrawn, the people and the republic again appear on the scene. The noble and sublime attitude of the "people" is the exordium of all proclamations and speeches; the people is everything that is excellent, everything that is great. Again symptoms of anarchy reappear, and we are told by Lamartine that the government "have armed the entire people in the ranks of the National Guard;" all who are not in the ranks of the National Guard are anarchists. But it is necessary the "people" should again reappear to do homage to the Provisional Government when about to lay down their authority, but this ceremony over, the same people become insurrectionists and banditti when they invade the benches of the Constituent Assembly, and when subsequently mowed down by the cannon of Cavaignac. The truth is, Lamartine uses the "people" as the savages do their gods; when things go smoothly they praise and flatter them, when things go adversely they load them with opprobrious epithets. Agreeing with Lamartine, it is the sovereign people, the voice of reason and virtue; differing from Lamartine, it is a band of organised assassins and robbers. All the time it is simply the corrupt, merciless mob of Paris.

We believe that in all this Lamartine is sincere, but we cannot make this admission in his favour when he speaks of the republic. Here he is chargeable with conscious misstatement. In his speech to the Constituent

Assembly, when, rendering an account of his ministry, he says, "The throne overturned, the dynasty fallen to pieces of itself, we did not proclaim the republic, it proclaimed itself by the mouth of an entire people, and we did but record the cry of the nation," he no doubt accomplishes an eloquent sentence, but he must have known at the time that he was stating what was not the fact. And when, somewhat further on in the same eloquent speech, he says, "France and Europe understand that it was God by whom the crowd was inspired, and that a revolution inaugurated by greatness of soul would be pure as an idea, magnanimous as a sentiment, and holy as a virtue," he must have had fresh in his recollection the fact that it was with brandy and blood that the mob who invaded the Hôtel de Ville were inspired, and as for the rest of the sentence, he must have known that so far as it is intelligible—which is not very far—it was the reverse of true, for neither purity, magnanimity, nor virtue had shown themselves as the characteristics of the Parisians since the republic was proclaimed.

Such, certainly, was very early the opinion of the provinces and the better classes in Paris, and the imposture was wearing out not only in France but in Europe. "Equally sudden and complete," says Lord Normanby, "was the reaction, which, like the revolution itself, was the offspring of general disappointment and universal contempt;" but, worse than all, discord was arising in the bosom of the government itself, "*une partie de ses membres voulait des chimères, l'autre voulait des impossibilités*;" and those who were sufficiently reasonable to wish neither, did not know what they wished. The consequence was, they weakened themselves by controversy, stultified the decisions of each other, and, moreover, exercised on one another a surveillance by means of the police. In such a state of things the cry of "Confidence! confidence!" grew fainter. There was nothing in which to confide.

Ledru-Rollin represented the Jacobins; but, says Cassagnac, he was not violent, only *outré*: "Il eût bouleversé la société pour reproduire quelque scène grandiose dessinée par David." Louis Blanc brought into the government its greatest difficulties. The end which he proposed, says Cassagnac, could be attained only on the condition of destroying, both morally and materially. He insisted on government recognising the right of every citizen to demand from the state regular and permanent employment—a condition inconsistent, not simply with society, but with human nature. Albert, whose real name was Martin, a skilled workman in porcelain flowers, wished for communism, with moderation but with power. What Lamartine wished it is impossible to discover. Arago, Crémieux, Garnier Pagès, and Marie would gladly have secured quiet and durable government, and the enjoyment of their official salaries; but they saw little chance of either, and remained embarrassed and terror-struck by their own victory.

This discordance showed itself at the very first. On the 25th of February, at the instance of the mob, the government promulgated the following decree, drawn up by Louis Blanc:

The Provisional Government engages to guarantee existence to the workman by his work.

It engages to guarantee work to every citizen.

It recognises that the workmen ought to associate together, in order to enjoy the benefit of their labour.

It was under the embarrassments of this decree, and to disengage themselves of the greater embarrassment of its author, that Louis Blanc and Albert were installed at the Luxembourg as President and Vice-President of the "Commission for Labourers," which in time became a public office of disorder: "On y prêcha pendant deux mois, au nom du gouvernement, la haine la plus aveugle et la plus sauvage contre les institutions du christianisme et la civilisation générale."* Lamartine's apology for this *imperium in imperio* was, that it was a safety-valve for nonsense, an opinion which he imparted to Lord Normanby, who seems to have thought that the valve was by no means sufficient.

We have already alluded to the episode of the *drapeau rouge*, during which the same dissidence of opinion among the Provisional Government was apparent. The next internal conflict which was revealed to the public was on the occasion of a decree abolishing the *élite* companies of the National Guard, which was carried against the convictions of the more moderate party, and purely in obedience to the sterile principle of *égalité* which they had inscribed on their standards. The *élite* companies refused obedience, and determined to enforce their refusal by a demonstration against the extreme party in the government. It was determined that their demonstration should effect its purpose more by moral force than by terror. Without arms, twenty thousand men marched, with their officers, to lay their complaints before the Provisional Government. But Ledru-Rollin did not understand moral force, and when the National Guard approached the Place de Grève they found all the entrances occupied by the army of the clubs, quite prepared to oppose by violence their further progress.

Inasmuch as this demonstration was directed against Ledru-Rollin, that gentleman in his turn organised one of a more dangerous nature against the moderate members of the government. On the 17th of March the clubs collected their mobs, and in imposing numbers occupied the Place de Grève. The danger was great, for the leaders were violent and the mob was brutal; but luckily the different clubs of which it was composed did not agree, and the courage of the conspirators within the government failed them when they saw among the deputation such men as Blanqui, Raspail, and Cabet, who they well knew would, if they had an opportunity, seize on the reins of government themselves. To the surprise, therefore, of the delegates, the government was united, and as they were not, the demonstration failed and the clubbists dispersed. It was on this occasion that Ledru-Rollin said to his associates in the government, "Do you know that your popularity is as nothing compared to mine? I have but to open that window and call upon the people, and you would, every one of you, be turned into the street. Do you wish me to try?" Whereupon Garnier Pagès drew a pistol from his pocket, and placing it at Ledru-Rollin's breast, said, "If you make one step towards that window it shall be your last."†

Ledru-Rollin was no whit discouraged by the failure of his demonstration. His next design, assisted by Louis Blanc and Caussidière, was to

* Cassagnac. It is right to mention that this episode has been publicly denied by Louis Blanc; but it is to be remarked no one says that it was he who presented the pistol, and that both Garnier Pagès and Ledru-Rollin are silent.

† Lord Normanby.

postpone the election of the Constituent Assembly, which, he foresaw, would prevent the accomplishment of his schemes. But to effect this it was necessary to "purify" the government, and as those members who were to be purified were aware of the intention, the two parties watched each other with intense solicitude, and with all the completeness and adroitness which the employment by both of the secret police secured. The scheme, however, would probably have succeeded: the arrangements for assembling the mob had been completed without the other party having been able to discover the day fixed for the enterprise, but at the last moment the cowardice, or repentance, of Ledru-Rollin revealed the conspiracy to Lamartine. "*Faites battre le rappel,*" said M. de Lamartine, "*et si par hazard il reste encore une garde nationale, nous sommes sauvés.*"*

It was the 16th of April. Never was position more critical. Luckily there was a National Guard, and just when the heads of the columns of the sections were appearing at the corner of the Place de Grève the Guard arrived, and in dense masses surrounded and protected the Hôtel de Ville. It was the turning-point between anarchy and order, and order had gained the day; but every one acknowledged there was nothing to hope from the Provisional Government, who, torn by intestine divisions, had been spared by the clubs on the 17th of March, and rescued by the National Guard on the 16th of April, when the clubs would, possibly, not have been cajoled by the eloquence of Lamartine.

Meantime the elections commenced, and never in any country, never even in France, was intimidation and corruption more unscrupulously employed. There was a frankness in these attempts which in some measure atoned for their atrocity. The famous circular of the Minister of the Interior, dated 11th of March, is so curious an instance of the practical working of republicanism, that a short analysis of its contents may be interesting. It professes to inform the commissaries what are their powers and what their relation to the military force, to the magistracy, to the National Guard, and lastly to the electors:

"*Quels sont vos pouvoirs? Ils sont illimités. Agent d'une autorité révolutionnaire, vous êtes révolutionnaire aussi. . . . Vous exercez les pouvoirs de l'autorité exécutive, la force armée est donc sous vos ordres.*"

With respect to the magistracy, the commissaries were to insist on "un concours dévoué," and if this was not accorded, they had power of suspension.

"*Les élections sont votre grande œuvre; elles doivent être le salut du pays.*" And in order that the country might be saved, they were to forward the canvass only of tried republicans: "*Vous comprenez combien ici votre tâche est grande. L'éducation du pays n'est pas faite. C'est à vous de la guider. Provoquez sur tous les points de votre département la réunion de comités électoraux; examinez sévèrement les titres des candidats. Arrêtez-vous à ceux-là seulement qui paraissent présenter le plus de garanties à l'opinion républicaine, le plus de chances de succès. Pas de transactions, pas de complaisances; que le jour de l'élection soit le triomphe de la révolution.*" But the Minister of the Interior had been surpassed by the Minister of Public Instruction, who,

* Cassagnac.

in his circular to the Recteurs des Académies, declared that it was not a necessary qualification for a representative that he should have either fortune or education. As the time of the elections drew nigh, these manifestoes became yet more violent. On the 15th of April the following passage from the *Bulletin*, the official organ of the Minister of the Interior, was affixed on the doors of forty thousand rural churches: "Les élections, si elles ne font triompher la vérité sociale, si elles sont l'expression des intérêts d'une caste arrachée à la confiante loyauté du peuple—les élections, qui devraient être le salut de la république, seront sa perte, il n'en faut pas douter. Il n'y aurait alors qu'une voie de salut pour le peuple qui a fait les barricades: ce serait de manifester une seconde fois sa volonté et d'ajourner les décisions d'une fausse représentation nationale. Ce remède extrême, déplorable, la France voudrait-elle forcer Paris à y recourir?" In conversation, according to Lord Normanby, Ledru-Rollin was equally explicit. "Do you think I do not know the country is not republican? It must be made so."

Lamartine, in his history, asserts that the circulars of the Minister of the Interior were issued without his knowledge; and, indeed, he issued a counter-proclamation to Ledru-Rollin's of the 11th of March. In this, Lamartine informs the French that "every elector is a sovereign, that the reign of the people is the republic;" somewhat ambiguous declarations, and not made much plainer by the following explanation: "If you ask us what republic we understand by that name, and what principles, what politics, what motives we desire to see in the republicans whom you are about to elect, our answer is, 'Look at the people of Paris and France since the proclamation of the republic. The people fought with heroism; the people triumphed with humanity; the people repressed anarchy from the first hour,' " and a number of other things too tedious to mention. "We have but one instruction to give you," continues the proclamation: "take your inspiration from the people. Imitate them! Think, feel, vote, and act like them." Like them! Like whom? Who are the people here described? They are said to have been those who combated; but those who combated were those who subsequently conspired; they are said to have repressed anarchy, when Paris, according to Lamartine's own account of it at the time, was at the mercy of anarchists. If the provinces took their inspiration from such as these, the *drapeau rouge* might be unfurled.

The consequence of all these manœuvres was to falsify the Constituent Assembly as an expression of the will of France; the members of the Provisional Government succeeded in reproducing to some extent in the new body the same elements of disorder which existed amongst themselves. Thus was the influence of the Assembly with the nation weakened from the very first, and in no short time after they commenced their sittings it was plain to every one, and to the members themselves, that had there been a new election not one-fifth of their number would have been returned. No doubt the rôle this assembly had to play was most difficult. If favourable to the red republicans it alienated the body of order, if favourable to monarchical traditions it alienated the democrats, while the antagonistic pretensions of the various dynasties, Bourbon, Orleans, and Bonaparte, were sure to make the selection of any one a reason for the active opposition of the adherents of the other two.

On the 1st of May, the Constituent Assembly commenced its sittings, surrounded by imposing masses of the Parisian mob specially convened, and marshalled by the leaders of the clubs in order to do honour to, and strike a wholesome terror on, the new representatives.

The demonstration had its effect, for the first act of the Assembly was to express their gratitude, and that of the nation, to the mob's nominees—the Provisional Government—and their next act was to elect an executive government, consisting of Arago, Garnier Pagès, Marie, Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin, thus practically resuscitating that government which had so clearly proved its impotency.

The most serious *émeute* which had as yet menaced the republic was the legitimate consequence of the vacillation and fear such steps betrayed. It was on the 15th of May that, under the pretext of presenting a petition in favour of Poland, an immense mob marched to the hall of the Assembly, which, owing to the culpable neglect of the executive government, who had been amply warned of what was intended, was found unprotected. In vast numbers they entered the hall, swarmed over the galleries, and in the midst of an indescribable tumult, which lasted for hours, declared the Assembly to be dissolved. And here, as we are about to part with Lamartine, let us give one other of his descriptions of the people :

An invading body consisting of men in waistcoats, shirts, working-blouses, and in rags, who rushed as if to assault the galleries, brutally thrusting aside, both by hands and feet, the peaceable spectators, women included, throwing their legs over the balconies, hanging by their arms from the cornices that they might slide down on the heads of the representatives, filling the whole in a moment, poured in crowds into the hall, with flags, dust, cries, and confusion, forming a true and atrocious image of an invasion of barbarians upon civilised society.

After having dissolved the Assembly, the "people" proceeded to elect a new Provisional Government, but the drums of the National Guard were heard approaching the hall, a panic seized the mob, they fled precipitately from the Assembly, and fifty deputies, representing all the dignity which remained of France, found themselves protected by a battalion with crossed bayonets: "Il y eut," says Cassagnac, "le 15 Mai, trois vaincus: les clubs, le gouvernement et l'Assemblée."

One salutary effect of the *émeute* was to enlighten all parties as to the utter incompatibility of the ateliers nationaux with government of any kind. Indeed, the expense alone proved this, for the cost of maintenance of these mendicant ouvriers now amounted to 20,000*l.* per month. Five hundred thousand men were on the list, of whom only two hundred thousand did any serious work, while the majority of the remainder constituted the well-disciplined army of the clubs.

These ouvriers must now be disbanded at any cost; but first, society must be prepared to meet the battle which of necessity would ensue, and one essential preparation was to get rid of the executive government; and, accordingly, with little or no discussion, and, indeed, on the motion of one of the ministers, General Cavaignac was, on the 13th of June, appointed Dictator by the Assembly.

Here, then, is the proper place to part with the Provisional Government. They found France in an insurrection which they had prepared and fomented by their speeches and writings, they left it in another insur-

rection which was the inevitable result of the original lawless seizure of power and of their subsequent government. Our narrative, we think, has proved that they were to some degree guilty of the blood which was about to be shed. We say to some degree, for the soldiers and officers who fell at the battle of Paris for the cause of society can alone be said to have been innocent; as to the conspirators, the great majority richly merited their fate, and might well be spared by society. But still the necessity for their extermination proves the absurdity, and we may say the impudence, of the plea set up by Lamartine in favour of the Provisional Government, namely, that they were a merciful government, and that no blood was shed during their *régime*. This, perhaps, was literally true, but posterity will probably be of opinion that had the Provisional Government shown a salutary severity, and shed blood when it was imperatively called for, instead of flattering and cajoling conspirators and taking the mob into their pay, the holocaust of June might have been spared, and will consider the Provisional Government as much entitled to praise for clemency as the magistrate who, for the sake of popularity, hands over to his successor the task of inflicting punishment on convicted robbers, meantime not only leaving them at liberty, but supporting them at the public expense, and delivering fustian speeches in praise of their virtues.

If, then, the Provisional Government are not entitled to any praise for clemency, there is nothing else which can be said in favour of an internal government which found France in anarchy and left it in anarchy. But there remains their foreign policy, and as Lamartine was Minister of Foreign Affairs, we need not say that the success of the Provisional Government in this direction is displayed in his history in the most favourable light.

The most finished and deliberate description of the foreign policy of the Provisional Government is to be found in the Report by Lamartine to the Constituent Assembly. It is prefaced by a lengthened account of the foreign policy of Louis Philippe's government, with the fairness of which we have at present nothing to do; but here are the results, in Lamartine's own eloquent words, of the new foreign policy :

What, during seventy-two days, have been the results of the policy of armed diplomacy over the Continent? You know them, and Europe regards them with astonishment which savours less of fear than of admiration.

And then follows what? A detailed narrative of all the revolutions which rendered 1848 a year of European disaster! "Sicily heroically conquering her soil and her citadels." Naples—"the monarchy besieged by the demonstrations of the people, and granting 'a democratic royalty of the year 1791.'" Pius IX. "already showing himself less the sovereign than the first citizen." "Palermo, Piacenza, Modena, vainly attempting to find support in Austria in their struggle with the spirit of life in Italy." "The King of Sardinia triumphantly invading Lombardy, which rises *en masse* against Austria."

"Pass the Alps, the results of the policy of the unarmed principle of France are developed not less systematically in the events, and rapidly in their consequences." Revolution in Vienna, Hungary independent, Bohemia securing a separate federal constitution. "The King of Prussia, whose enlightened spirit seemed to be in intelligence even with

those who fought against his soldiers, hastens to make every concession."

And so on throughout Europe, which was then one battle-field.

The test, then, of the success of the foreign policy of the Provisional Government was European anarchy—a nearly universal insurrection, which in no one state was ultimately successful, which in none brought any amelioration to the condition of the inhabitants, and which has sown broadcast the seeds of terror and hatred, which it will take centuries to eradicate.

Here, perhaps, our remarks ought to conclude, but a few lines more will enable us to carry down events to the conclusion of the Revolutionary epoch.

All preparations for the foreseen battle being completed, the Assembly, on the 23rd of June, passed a decree dissolving the *ateliers nationaux*.

The insurrection broke out on the 24th of June, and continued with fury till the 27th.

To us in England, who have no great sympathy with a mere party of order, held together solely by a desire to protect their property, without a single disinterested principle as a bond of union, the gallantry with which the betrayed workmen maintained the contest so long against a regular army with all the appliances of modern warfare, goes far to enlist our feelings on their side; but, after all, our sympathy is lukewarm, and we regard the bloodshed which ensued with feelings very little removed from indifference. The mob of Paris have been so turbulent, they have so often risen in rebellion, that the fact that in most instances they have been the instruments of designing men, is felt to be an insufficient excuse, and we cease to regret the extermination or banishment, either on this occasion or subsequently, of men so easily induced to disturb society.

The anarchical party was subdued in the streets, but it existed in the Assembly. For a time the dictatorship of Cavaignac, which was regularly declared on the 28th of June, brought some degree of tranquillity, but the fact that ten thousand Socialists had perished, that eight thousand were prisoners, and that eleven journals were suppressed, explains the nature of the tranquillity which now ensued. Republicanism had given way to that form of government the virtue of which consists in its despotism—a dictatorship.

It was when a republic had been thus condemned by its own adherents, and just when no one believed in it, that the Constituent Assembly commenced its labours to organise republican institutions.

The result of their labours fully reflected the embarrassment and contradiction of their position, for the constitution they framed was almost in every direction self-contradictory. According to Lord Normanby, "with no one original idea, it is so confused in its expressions and contradictory in its provisions, as to be unintelligible to many of its authors, and undoubtedly impracticable in its execution."

The absolute separation of the legislative from the executive was the principle which dominated over and modified the new constitution, a separation which never existed on earth except in the brains of some doctrinaires of the previous century, who thought it existed in the English constitution. It was a consequence of this idea that both the

President and his ministers should be responsible—a principle which legitimately led to this consequence, that whatever measures the ministers might propose to protect themselves from responsibility, the President would be sure to reject in order to protect himself, by throwing the responsibility on them. Another consequence of the same abstract idea was the adoption of a single chamber, the sole sovereign legislative body, an experiment which, tried only in France, where it had brought anarchy and tyranny, had never been tried elsewhere. Of course, the inevitable mischiefs of the single chamber could not be mitigated by any power of dissolution accorded to the President, for that would be an interference by the executive with the legislative.

Well might the Duc de Broglie say, "*C'est une œuvre qui a reculé les limites de la stupidité humaine.*"

There was considerable discussion whether the President should be elected by the people or by the Assembly. The republicans were anxious to secure the election for the Assembly, because they could no longer disguise to themselves the fact that the country was not republican. Such was the avowed policy of the dictator, who professed to regard all those as enemies who were not republicans. Thus a republican minority wished to impose upon the majority a form of government to which they were averse.

The genius of Lamartine saved the Assembly this last and crowning stultification. It was determined that the election of the President of the Republic should be by the universal suffrage of the people; and although government influence was used most unscrupulously in favour of Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon was chosen President by five and a half million of votes, while only one and a half million voted for his rival.

Here, then, closes an epoch which, according to Lord Normanby, "left almost every individual less happy, every country less prosperous, every people not only less free, but less hopeful of freedom hereafter."

[It is not too much to say, even after a perusal of the foregoing careful and judicious summary of events, that all the details of the case have never yet been fairly given. Even if the opinions and impressions of every individual member of the Provisional Government were placed on record to-morrow—and some of them have been given to the public—no two would be found to agree as to details. A work now before us, and to which we shall have to recur—"1848. Historical Revelations: Inscribed to Lord Normanby by Louis Blanc"—has brought these ideas prominently before us. M. Louis Blanc's Revelations are replete with new, curious, and interesting, as well as important impressions and details. It is only by sifting the vast mass of more or less authentic material that is daily coming to light that a correct estimate of the Revolution of 1848 can be formed.]

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ARTISTIC TRAVEL.*

THE season is fast approaching when idle and valetudinarian, as well as ardent and zealous, travellers will strike for the Continent, despite the chances of being taxed with Catiline weaknesses, or being called out, if an attempt is made to repudiate the soft impeachment. There is too much temptation in the way: change of air, of scenery, of manners and habits, nay, even of diet, have charms to most of us. It is questionable, also, if our exceeding prudery at home does not drive many to the Continent. At all events, it is well known that no sooner are many, remarkable for their demure and austere solemnity at home, on the other side of the Channel, than they throw off the accustomed aspect, as they would a cumbrous garment or a tight shoe. We confess ourselves to a weakness in the point of love of change and great excitability in the matter of love of scenery. All that Moore describes as felt upon a first vision of the Alps from the Jura, has been felt by ourselves on less occasions, even upon the first burst of Killarney coming from the north-west. But then we were younger and more impressionable. We should require the falls of Victoria, with a herd of hippopotami, a troop of elephants, and a stray lion or two on the look-out, to awaken the same sensations now. Next to scenery, we decidedly affect art. We were once young enough to believe that Art was the exponent of Nature. We are happy to say that in most instances it is so in modern times in this country, where, despite the vagaries and eccentricities of certain parties who possess full powers of manipulation, but neither taste nor judgment in the management of their subject, and who yet wish to palm off their crudities as genius—just as a would-be poet does his irregularities of metre—we still find a vast predominance of landscape true to that great master, the attempt to surpass whom must inevitably lead to failure and defeat.

Art on the Continent, on the contrary, embraces in modern times, as it has always done, much that cannot be strictly brought within the range of the natural. It still deals, as in the old Romanish times, in the colossal and the mythological, and in the barbarous and the grotesque. It assumes to have superadded the romantic to the classical, and the habitué of the Parisian annual exhibition knows too well how often with what little credit to nature!

It is, however, a privilege to travel in imagination, when we cannot do it in person, with a true artist. No matter what his vagaries or eccentricities may be, there is always at the bottom that genuine sympathy with nature, whether dead or alive (as they say of hills and valleys, and

* De Paris à Venise. Notes au Crayon par M. Charles Blanc, Ancien Directeur des Beaux-Arts.

of rocks and trees, as compared with humanity in its various aspects), that alone can render travel as profitable to the heart as knowledge makes it profitable to the mind. We have already introduced some such artistic travellers to our readers; we now add two more to the list—M. Charles Blanc, ancien Directeur des Beaux-Arts, who, as the author, shall speak for himself, and M. Paul de Saint Victor, feuilletonniste of the *Presse*, and of whom we are told that, “romantic as to the form, he is classical at the bottom, and he expresses his ideas in brilliant formula sculptured in relief. He is sober in his judgments and magnificent in his words. There is a pleasure in visiting a museum in his company: he sees the pictures quickly and well; he paints them with a look.”

Strasbourg was the first point attained by our artistic Arcadians—no doubt by the railway, with a demi-bouteille of Epernay half way—and the interior of its cathedral is described as being imposing, and would be sublime if the church was finished; but it terminates abruptly with a false apsis. To the right of this incomplete choir is a figure sculptured and painted, which leans upon the balustrade, and appears to admire the vaults. It represents Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of the Münster, contemplating his work. There are also the well-known sculptures of the *Vierges sages* and the *Vierges folles*, of whom our artist speaks in irreverent terms as *des grisettes du moyen age*, and as sculptured with a manifest feeling of religious irony. “Ici,” remarks our ungallant cicerone, “on commence à rencontrer des Anglais . . . ôh, ôh, yes . . . *I don't know.*”

And yet the critic, whose ineffable Anglophobia boils up at first contact, can admire English beauty, however much he may detest the English presence—only with a reserve. “By the side of this Venetian type,” he says, after picturing the pale and haggard flower-girl of the Café Florian at the city of the Doges, “it is curious to observe the beautiful Englishwomen of the West-end, with soft, transparent, satiny skin, with lustrous cheek, feverish eye, and romantic look, devouring sorbets, biscuits, and massepains, and replying by jerking ‘oh’s’ to the indolent and honeyed pronunciation of the daughters of Venice.

“The models of Lawrence by the side of the figures of old Palma or of Titian.”

We fear some of these naughty supercilious “oh’s” have been “jerked” on some untoward occasion at the ancien directeur, if not at the brilliant feuilletonniste?

After the Saxe monument—which we should have thought beyond the pale of criticism, but that our travellers pronounce the figure of France to be the weakest point in that magnificent group—comes the museum of Baden and the lion of Lucerne, “Vu le lion de Lucerne.” With this brief preamble our critics denounce it to be a failure. If it is like the drawing given by M. C. Blanc, it is indeed—laying aside plan and proportions—like a modern male sphynx—a lion’s body with an old man’s head.

“How little do the French travel!” exclaims M. C. Blanc, when on the lake of the four cantons. “There are three of us on a steam-boat amongst more than a hundred! A strong emanation of impermeable caoutchouc, supposed to be inodorous, proclaims the presence of many English. Each has in his hand ‘Murray’s Handbook for Travellers.’”

Murray is the tyrant of English tourists. Not one of them would dare to experience a sensation if it is not foretold in his Guide. Murray has announced beforehand wherever an impression is to be received. It is said that every one takes his pleasure where he finds it: the English take their pleasure where Murray found it.

Whatever may be the age, the temperament, the social position, or the specific weight of an Englishman, he will ascend the Righi because he is told to ascend it. *Les bonnes figures; les bonnes touches! comme nous disons à Paris.* This one, long, lean, clothed in ennui, and dumb, with his shirt-collars like daggers and his chamois whiskers like cutlets; the other, short, pudgy, red, puffed up, lustrous, full of wine, and joy, and self. He travels with a wife caparisoned with impossible trimmings, and flanked by seven children, who carry the tea-canister, the telescope, the camp-stool, an atlas of the thirteen cantons, umbrellas in their cases, and plaids in a strap. Upright, and his legs stretched out, he completely blocks the way, and to everything that is said to him he civilly answers, "Oh no."

We think his name must be Sir Philadelphus Cochrane, or something like it. He is going to ascend the Righi, and we do not entertain a doubt but that he will expire on the summit in the fourteen arms of the seven children of his wife.

True it is that every one seeks pleasure where he can find it, Murray or no Murray. Murray did not discover the Righi any more than he was the first to scent the odours of Lyons, or to make acquaintance with the nuisances of Marseilles. The view from the Righi is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent in the world, and are the English, with all their insular eccentricities, to blame if they prefer Nature to Art? MM. C. Blanc and Paul de Saint Victor preferred a portrait of Mayer, consul of Basle, and his wife, by Holbein, and a picture of Joseph asleep by a pot of beer, by Albert Durer, to the wide and wooded expanse of mountain and lake in the Bernese Oberland, and even to the vision of the snow-mantled kings of the Alpine regions. They would not ascend the Righi to contemplate such trifles. They took their pleasure where they found it; why contest the right of the English to do the same? They were on their way to see a fresco of Luini's at the church of Sainte Marie degli Angeli, at Lugano. Of the journey thither, of the valley of the Reuss, the Devil's Bridge, the pass of Uri, of Andermath, and Saint Gothard, they saw nothing, or, if they did, it was to exclaim, "Is it possible that any one can dwell in so repulsive a country?" "The mere aspect of it made our hearts shudder." "I have seen sublime horrors, but these overwhelm me." Each may have his opinion as to who was the most barbarous, he who missed Joseph and the pot of beer and saw the Alps, or he who missed the Alps and saw Eve, "her teeth turned on an edge by the taste of the forbidden fruit." Was the latter emblematic, that it struck our *feuilletonnistes* so forcibly?

"Powerful and rich city, where everything breathes force, abundance, and comfort (confort)," says our traveller, in attaining Milan. He does not reject comfort, albeit English, but he changes the *m* into an *n*. Perchance that also is an emblem of the difference between his ideas of comfort and what ours would be. The wealthy of Basle, we are told, shut themselves up in Protestant houses with narrow portals, the nobles of Milan dwell in vast hotels, and air themselves in luxurious equipages.

But, alas! there were drawbacks to this bright side of the picture. These were not the white sentry-boxes and equally white sentries at the corner of every street, the image of servitude, “*ma servi ognor frementi*,” as Alfieri has it, which perhaps only reminded them of home; it was that the Last Supper of Leonard da Vinci no longer exists but in the state of a phantom; and that the Duomo is, at the best, a “barbarous monument!” The forests of pinnacles and the thousands of statues are likened to an immense game of ninepins, and if they did not see glaciers on the Alps, they saw them within that glorious Gothic pile where, with the help of Théophile Gautier—the Parisian badaud’s Murray—they found that “delicacy in enormity, superadded to whiteness, give to it the aspect of a glacier with its thousand needles, or of a gigantic concretion of stalactites; it is difficult to conceive that it is a work made by the hand of man.”

There was something to see, however, beneath the Duomo, if there was nothing without or within. In the crypt under the choir are the bodies of so many saints, that in the words of President de Brosses, “Paradise itself is not better off.” There was something also on the roof. There was a garden hewn out in marble—chicory and asparagus chiselled in Carrara—plants whose tenderest leaf would break a tooth to bite them!

“Since we are so little in the humour to admire the Gothic of the Duomo,” observed Saint Victor to C. Blanc, “let us go and see the columns of Saint Laurent.” And they wended their way to that fine relic of Pagan art—a worthy and noble preface to the antiquities of Italy.

And then to La Brera! Some seventeen pictures are described at length, as *hors de ligne*, and worthy of especial honour. One exception occurs, and the reason is singular and worth noting.

Guerchin. Agar and Abraham.

This is the picture so much admired by Byron, and which has been so much admired since his time! Coarse types! A scene of servants, as le Poussin would have said. The drawing is inefficient, the execution miserable, and even the colour is this time disagreeable; blues that are faded, or have run into one another, dull and shiny tones!

The male colorist, the skilful master of other places, is here a mere Caravaggio, diluted with water and rendered insipid.

It is needless to say that the English are in ecstasies, not on account of Byron, but because Murray has spoken—Murray!

And this daub confronts the Spozalizio of Raphael!

Since, not the rape of the lock, but the rape of a single hair from the lock of Lucretia Borgia, preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan, by Lord Byron, the said lock has been detached from the letter to Cardinal Bembo, which contained it, and enclosed in a glass case. The reason of this was, however, not the rape, but the sense of impropriety suggested by priests exhibiting an “*accroche-cœur*!” The letter itself was published in this country by Foscolo, and now appears for the first time in French, in the work before us.

Another curiosity in the same library is the “Codice Atlantico” of Leonard da Vinci, so called on account of its size. It is written from right to left, so as to be only readable through a mirror; and if we were to believe our travelling artists, the rival of Michael Angelo and the fore-

runner of Raphael anticipated in that work the problems which remained to Newton to solve, discovered the principles which Halley afterwards applied, and altogether forestalled Bacon. A copy of Josephus's *Antiquities*, written on papyrus, is supposed to date back to the beginning of the fifth century. Cicero's orations—*pro Tullio, pro Scauro*, are among the palimpsests—"exquisite latinity in the barbarous handwriting of a monk of the middle ages, eloquence on Gothic stilts, flowers beneath the snow!" To the English, the Ambrosian library has another feature of interest: it contains the bust of Byron by Thorwaldsen.

For the sake of our travelling countrymen, as well as that of the sparkling feuilletonnistes of Paris, where there is much to see, it is desirable to limit our notices to what is excellent; but how determine that point when opinions differ so widely? Laying aside the vexed points of classicism and romanticism, of pre-Raphaelitism and modern schoolism, artist as well as critic may depend upon it that the day when works of art can be genuinely admired, which are not true to nature, is fast going by. Admit the great fact that there is no excellence but in truth, either in the world of morality, intellect, or art, and a vast mass of mediæval relics are threatened with discomfiture from the elevation which they have so long been unjustly and undeservedly permitted to occupy in the estimation of the world. By the side of inimitable accuracy and beauty of drawing, how often do we see atrocious libels on humanity—as, for example, in the "Christ scourged" of Luini, where we have by the side of an angel, worthy of all praise and admiration, executioners grimacing like children? In the midst of landscapes of fine design and noble proportion we have often utter burlesques of nature, as in the "Elements" of Breughel, where, amidst what might really be a garden of Eden, or an Assyrian, so called, Paradise, we have all sorts of zoological monsters, ornithological impossibilities and entomological puzzles, roaring, fighting, flying, or creeping around vases, cabinets, sculptures, and other manufactures of the age of Cellini! We speak here of the Ambrosian library; but which of the best museums on the Continent does not contain absurdities of conception, tolerated on account of their perfection of drawing or beauty of execution, by the side of works that are and will remain meritorious so long as they exist? and how still more numerous are not such works of art in the continental edifices devoted to religion—the great repositories of so-called legendary art? It were almost to be wished—if it was not for curiosity's sake—that it was merely legendary. It is of no more use to modern art than the terrible brass serpent in the same museum—identical with the one raised by Moses in the desert, and which is to hiss forth the end of the world—is to modern science.

Lombardy is a fair country, well cultivated, pleasantly wooded, and watered like a garden; its inhabitants are kindly and worthy people, albeit in bondage; but what were such to persons in search of art? There was Verona before them, a town especially of the middle ages, and full of Gothic eccentricities. Our travellers seemed to have stumbled upon one at once as if by instinct. This was the mausoleum of William of Castelbarco, the Byzantine façade of which is decorated with strange sculptures. There are the paladins Roland and Olivier, and in the hand of the former the renowned sword of Roncevaux, la Durindarda, the same that cleft a pass through the Pyrenees. There are also all kinds

of chimerical beasts and fabulous personages. They also went to see the tomb of Juliet, and saw as much as other people do. Yet it is said by Chateaubriand that Marie Louise of Parma—Napoleon's widow—had a bracelet made of the stone; and M. Charles Blanc tells an apocryphal story of an English lady, who, being missed, was found half-dead and in a state of ecstasy—in a white muslin morning-dress and satin shoes—in the tomb itself. Thus one legend testifies to the existence of a stone, the other to that of a tomb; and MM. Blanc and Saint Victor saw a sarcophagus now used as a water-trough! We ourselves saw nothing but an old cemetery of fat Franciscans—we say so, judging by the richness of the soil—and where monumental stones seemed in such disorder that they might have covered the perturbed relics of all the Montagues and Capulets of the place. There is a monument quite as apocryphal in the pretty little church of Saint Zenon, said to have been founded by Pepin, son of Charlemagne—a magnificent cup of porphyry which the saint obliged Satan to convey thither in person.

San Micheli was to Verona what Palladio was to Vicenza. Monuments of his genius are met with at every step. His creations, ever noble, are all also always varied. The Canossa, Bevilacqua, Pompeii, and Guasta-Verza palaces are by him, and not one bears any semblance to the other. The amphitheatre suggested to our travellers a very strange idea to be admitted into a Frenchman's head. It was that their theatres will not compare with those of the Romans!

“Pauvres hères que nous sommes! When I see that magnificent arena of marble, where twenty-two thousand spectators might sit at their ease, and who could fill it or leave it in the space of five minutes; I think of our theatres of Paris, of those miserable huts of pasteboard which hold from twelve to fifteen hundred persons, who require three-quarters of an hour to get out, and would all be suffocated in case of a panic!”

The tombs of the Scaligers—pretty mediæval mausolea—did not awaken cheerful ideas. Our travellers seem, indeed, to have got awe-struck with monumental Verona.

“The memory of all these murders,” they intimate, “has spread a tragic hue over all Verona. In the evening one fancies that one hears the massacres of the Ghibelines and the Guelfs, the bloody quarrels of the Montagues and the Capulets, nay, the very shout of Tybalt and the ironic laugh of Mercutio. The waters of the Adige terrify one.”

From Verona to Mantua:

Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.

And lo! a touch of nature reflecting art—the first in the journal. Mantua lies in the midst of a lake formed by the Mincio, or, as we would say, on an island of the river; “a few pretty small trees border the lake: you would think it was a Dutch landscape as Albert Cuyp paints such, but this Holland is Italian, this Cuyp is solemnised by the last splendours of a radiant light that raises it to the dignity of a Claude Lorrain.”

The first thing to see in an Italian city are its ducal palaces—the homes of its Pericles. These, at Verona, were the Scaligers and the Maffei, alternately feudal barons and princely Mæcenases; at Mantua, they were the Gonzagues, and they had Jules Romain and his pupils for artists. Strange things has the Roman Jules done, too, in his frescoes;

even our not over fastidious critics admit that his beasts have "unfamiliar physiognomies and comical forms," and his nymphs are only worthy of "Diana's suite." The tapestries are not much better; there are, it is true, the subjects of the celebrated cartoons at Hampton Court, but what a difference between the version given by the weaver and the original designs of the great painter! There is a picture of Innocence by Jules which M. Blanc says he must have found the idea of in some drawings bequeathed to him by Raphael. "So Christian-like, so delicate a sentiment, would never have entered into his pagan soul."

There are also the Cavallerizas, or riding schools. Italian dukes entertained different ideas concerning such edifices to English nobles, as carried out, for example, at Stoneleigh or Knightsbridge. The Cavallerizza of the Gonzagues is a spacious handsome court in a rustic style, having arcades with windows, and pilasters, and triglyphs, intermingled with helmets, vases, rustic ornaments, and flowers. "Toute cette mâle et superbe architecture est de Jules Romain."

Then there is the rural palace of Té, or, as it has been said, of T, being built in that form, which our travellers deny. Here, again, are paintings and frescoes of the Roman Jules, and as usual, too, with the illustrator of the siege of Troy, they are mostly "magnifique d'audace, de sauvagerie, de violence." Some of Jules Romain's pupils did better things. Benedetto, Paqui, and Rinaldi painted six of the handsomest horses in the Gonzague stables. If they were not misplaced in a saloon, they would be admirable as works of art.

It is in this rustic palace that Jules Romain's *chef d'œuvre* is to be seen. It is a painting in oil by Benedetto and Rinaldi, after the designs of the master, of the loves of Psyche. However disagreeable the subject may be, it is impossible not to grant the master credit for the intrepidity of his designs—his torsos; but, as our critics justly remark, if Raphael's was the golden age of painting, Jules's was the "brazen!" Still, they are in ecstasies. The work is a prodigy! Jules is *un très grand maître!* as bold a designer as Michael Angelo! "The day on which a visit is first made to the palace of Té is one of the greatest days in the life of whoever has devoted himself to the cultivation of art."

Artists have a drawback in the pursuit of pleasure by travel. According to our authors, the most powerful attraction of travel is the surprise produced by the unknown. So, on approaching Venice, they would rather have not been familiar with the pictures by Antoine Canal, commonly called Canaletti, the landscapes of Joyant, or the water-colours of Vacher, Bonnington, or Zeim.

Yet, when they exchanged the open water for canals shaded by submerged fantastic palaces; when they had stepped forth into narrow streets, with little shops (like those of Europe, *i.e.* France) so close that one gas-burner would suffice for the two; had threaded their way among gentlemanly and seedy Venetians, seedy and ungentlemanly Jews, and white-uniformed Austrians; and had stumbled against gaping English enveloped in their national fog, which they take everywhere with them, they were admittedly as much surprised as if they had seen nothing.

La Piazza. Here is the square of Saint Mark, and that by moonlight, too! It is truly a fairy scene, an Arabian Nights entertainment. Nothing can give an idea of this picture: neither the colours of Joyant, or the collodium of Bisson

or of Baldus, or even the pen of Théophile Gautier, that pen which is alternately a pencil, a brush, a graver's tool, and a sculptor's chisel.

Are we in a town or at a theatre? Have we not before our eyes some colossal decoration, painted by the Sechans and the Desplechins of the country of Gulliver, to astonish the inhabitants of Lilliput?

The moon lightens up the old "Procuraties," and leaves the new in the shade. The place is one immense café, a prodigious saloon crowded with people. To the right is the Campanilla, a brick tower, fluted with gigantic stripes, three hundred feet high, with graceful fretwork, pretty arched windows, columns of verd antique, and a pinnacle in bronze supporting a golden angel.

To the left is the Clock Tower, whose dial-plate seems to be engraved with cabalistic signs, and which is surmounted by automata of bronze, ready with uplifted arm to strike the hour upon a brazen bell.

In the rear is the Basilica of Saint Mark, with its cupolas sheathed with lead that shines like silver, and whose outline is lost in the obscurity of night. Saint Mark, with its five gates crowned with ogives, with its mosaics on a golden ground, its three or four hundred columns of porphyry, of granite, of serpentine, and of marble, its out-of-door bells, its formidable lion upon a ground of blue with stars, its marble balustrade, and its famous copper horses, which we call the Horses of Venice, and which figured some forty years ago upon the arch of triumph on the Carousel.

In front of the church the three masts rise up, to which the Venetians once attached their banners of victory, the flags of Candia, of Cyprus, and of Negropont; those masts which Leopardo adorned with pedestals of marvellous execution.

Lastly, at the angle of the square, behind the Campanilla, one obtains a glimpse of the white and rose-coloured marble walls, and of a window or two of the ducal palace.

The square is paved like the inner court of a palace. Never has the foot of a horse sullied this pavement, which belongs to the masks of Carnival, to the flâneurs by day and the dreamers by night, to indolence, to folly, to intrigue, to love. Venice has never seen a horse except on the porch of Saint Mark and the pictures of Veronese. (The English reader will be able to rectify this mistake.)

Never has a carriage rolled over these flags, for no other vehicle is known here save the gondola, and in this enervating country motion itself is repose.

Feeling quite at our ease, then, we took our seats at one of the tables of the numerous cafés stationed under the arches of the "Procuraties," but whose chairs stretch forth into the square, till they sometimes only leave a narrow way in the centre for the promenaders. (!)

But whilst the sight is dazzled, whilst the imagination is surprised at seeing its dreams and fancies surpassed by reality, the ear is in its turn charmed by a thousand harmonious sounds. Here, *des ténors de hazard* come to sing, with many gesticulations, fragments of operas, favouring more especially the popular scenes of the "Barber of Seville." There a violin tunes in a corner an air from the "Pirate" or "Ernani." Further on a broken-down *impressario*, after having told the melancholy story of his discomfiture, and related the Odyssey of his misfortunes, begins to play and mimic away with interminable gaiety one of those Italian farces which one cannot hear without laughing till the tears run down one's face.

Soon, however, the official music of the garrison, *la banda*, comes and executes with military precision melancholy pieces from Mozart, and terminates the evening with Austrian waltzes, performed with a skill which deserves applause, yet meets it not.

It is not that the Venetians are as resentful as the Milanese, or if they are so, they do not let it appear. But they never put their foot in a café frequented by Austrians, and an Austrian never ventures into a café frequented by Venetians.

Of the four great cafés on the Piazza of Saint Mark, and which are, on one side,

the cafés Florian and Sutil, on the other the café Quadri and Dei Specchi (of the mirrors), only one is frequented by the Austrian officers, and that is the Quadri under the old "Procuraties."

After a word or two concerning the renowned café Florian, which we are told is "known throughout the universe, and in a thousand other places," and the delicious Venetian coffee, which the natives cool in their throats, with water served upon a copper tray, our author goes on to remark, that—

The ices and granites (cakes) are excellent at Venice. There is only Milan where they are better.

As long as the evening lasts all the tables at the Florian are occupied by visitors: some French, a few Orientals—Turks, Albanians, or Greeks—a great number of English, a constant nucleus of Venetian *habitués*, and many ladies.

There, in the *entr'actes* of the singers and the actors, the whole *personnel* of uncertain out-of-door professions are seen to glide by.

The pretended dealer in cigars, who salutes so courteously, and who while *zezeyant*, whispers suspicious proposals.

The crier of *caramel*, who offers you *fruits glacés*, plums, apricots, or quarters of oranges, which are taken up with a long spike of wood.

The flower-girl (the town one), who, instead of being "*pimpante et fraîche comme les nôtres*," moves her placid dark eyes languidly, and carelessly exposes her dull white skin, her golden neck and fine shoulders, a little sunburnt, and imperfectly covered by a miserable *barège* scarf.

Then again, after a pleasing complement to the picture, in the description of the friendly familiar pigeons of the place, who dwell in the monuments around, but feed under the tables of the cafés, we are told:

After eleven has struck the crowd begins to thin, and the Piazza, let them say what they have a mind, becomes desert; but under the arcades there still remain coffee-drinkers, who will stick there, fastening upon the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the *Artiste*, till break of day announces itself by a white line behind the Lido. At that time an emaciated, pale, parchment-like looking individual withdraws from the scene: this is the night waiter, a man who for thirty years of his life has not seen the sun. He is succeeded by the day waiters. The café Florian, which existed on the same spot in the youth time of Canova, has never been closed.

If the Piazza presents a grand and moving scene, the Piazzetta is little inferior. To whatever side the eye directs itself it sees nothing but marvels. To the east is the ducal palace, a monument of Moorish style, standing almost alone in the world in its opulent fancies and its chimerical sculptures. To the north we have Saint Mark in profile, with the bronze gate of the Baptistery defended by two mysterious warriors, supposed to be Harmodius and Aristogiton. Opposite the Ducal Palace is the old library, the *chef d'œuvre* of Sansovino and of Venetian architecture. Beyond, as seen through the two enormous columns of granite, one of which supports the lion with his paw on the Gospel of Saint Mark, the other Saint Theodore on a crocodile, is the vast expanse of lagunes, out of which rise, as if by enchantment, the dome of Saint George, with its red campanilla, the façade of the Guidecca, and the Custom-House, with its great globe of copper gilt, on which Fortune turns to the wind—a picture of Stanfield's.

And then there is the Canalazzo, a purely Venetian scene. It is of no use being forewarned; it is impossible to contemplate palaces with water up to their knees—a city inundated, yet that does not call out for help—

without wonder. It is true, that, seen in the broad light of day, the palaces of Venice expose many miseries, but, as Montaigne said of the houses of Paris, it is impossible not to love them with all their spots and all their excrescences. There is in the Grand Canal a whole history written in marble—Gothic, Arab, Byzantine, Renaissance, Decadence, Pompadour !

There is the Pisani, where Paul Veronese lived, and the Barbarigo, where Titian perished of the plague. There is the Mocenigo, on whose steps the fair but fiery Margarita upbraided Byron, and close by the Guiccioli, another reminiscence of the voluptuous poet. Then there is the Foscari, favoured by kings; Grassi, now the imperial palace of Austria; Cavalli, tenanted by the Duke of Bordeaux, who, we are told, upholds the solemnities of feudal manners even in exile; the Dario, dedicated to a republic no longer in existence; and twenty others.

Nigh two hundred pages are devoted to Venice by our travellers, and future editions of handbooks may gain many a valuable hint from their researches and critical acumen. True, we prefer the out-of-door scenes, the Lido and its reminiscences, tales of Nodier, romances of G. Sand, and horsemanship of Byron; the Ghetto, with its mysterious horrors, the Giant's Staircase, and the Bridge of Sighs.

We were going out, when Paul de Saint Victor asked of an old porter, the Madame Gibou of the Ducal Palace, to be conducted to the Bridge of Sighs. "Tonio! Ponte di Sospiri," said the old crone, with an accent that seemed to say, "Antony, show the bridge to these two spoons, and make them pay a zwanzig each."

The passage of the bridge is divided into two parts by a wall, so that only one is visible at a time. "So it was here, then," I remarked to Tonio, in a feeling tone, "that the condemned passed on their way to execution?" He replied, through the nose, "Questo era per la comodita del tribunale." We were decidedly robbed !

They deserved to be so if they sought for sentiment or sympathy in a cicerone. Saint Mark, our author remarks, in conclusion, is the heart of Venice. The cold of death has already touched the extremities of the city, but the heart still beats. One day, probably—and that day may not be far distant—life will entirely withdraw itself from this half extinguished city, where liberty was conquered, and whose last hero is an exile. Then, as it is said in an old complaint, "the evangelist will issue forth from his grotto, he will lead away the four horses of bronze, the power of the lion will cease, the Bucentaur will perish, and the doves of Saint Mark will fly away."

THE STRANGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A BRITISH nobleman and his wife were at breakfast one morning, at their hotel in Paris, in the Rue de Rivoli. Both were young, and she very handsome, he passably so. She was listlessly playing with her breakfast, and he was glancing over *Galighani's*, and eating at the same time.

"It says here the fountains are to play on Sunday at Versailles," he suddenly exclaimed, laying down the paper and looking at his wife. "Will you go and see them again, Maude?"

"I am tired of sight-seeing, and tired of Paris too," was her apathetic answer.

"Are you," he returned, with animation, as if not sorry to hear the announcement, "then we won't stay in it any longer, Maude. When shall we leave?"

"I am the letters not late this morning?" was the rejoinder of the countess.

Lord Hartledon turned round and looked at the timepiece. "Yes, and we are late also. Are you expecting any in particular?"

"I don't know. This chocolate is cold."

"That is easily remedied," said the earl, rising to ring the bell. "They can bring some fresh."

"And keep us waiting for it for half an hour," grumbled the countess.

"The hotel is crammed on every story, up to the mansarde. Is not that the right word, Maude? You took me to task yesterday for saying garret. The servants are run off their legs."

"Then the hotel should keep more servants. I am quite sick of having to ring twice for my things: a week ago I wished I was out of the place."

"My dearest Maude, why did you not say so? Where shall we be off to? You were speaking of Germany——"

"Des lettres, et la gazette, monsieur," interrupted a waiter, entering the room and laying two letters and the *Times* before the earl.

"Stop a bit," cried the earl, for the man was turning away again; "we want some more chocolate, this is cold. Tell him in French, Maude."

The countess did not hear; or, if she heard, did not heed. She had seized upon the letter which bore her address, and was absorbed in its contents.

"Here," said the earl, pushing the chocolate-pot towards the waiter, and calling up the best French he could recollect, "encore du chocolat; toute froide *this*; du chaude ensuite. And, garçon, dépêchez vite, you know: très tard, and nous besoin de sortir."

The man understood: he was accustomed to an Englishman's French,

and retired with alacrity; but Lady Hartledon looked cross and impatient.

"For Heaven's sake, Percival, don't attempt such French; it sets my ears aching. Speak in English, if you can't speak better: they will understand you."

"Never mind, Maude," said the earl, good humouredly, "it will all come to the same, in the long run. I could speak French well once, but I am out of practice."

"Fine French it must have been," thought she. "Who's your letter from?"

"I'll see presently. Let us settle first about our leaving, Maude. Where shall we pitch our tent next? Would you like to go to any of the German spas?"

"Yes. Later. After we have been to London."

"To London!" repeated the earl, in surprise.

"We will go to London at once, Percival, stop there for the rest of the season, and then——"

"My dear," he interrupted, his face overcast, "the season is nearly over. It will be of no use to go there now."

"Plenty of use: it is only the middle of June. We shall have six weeks of it, good. Don't look sullen, Percival, for I will not be contradicted."

"But have you considered the difficulties? In the first place, we have no house in town; in the second——"

"Oh yes we have: a very good house."

The earl paused, and looked at her: he thought she was joking. "Where is it?" asked he, in a merry tone, "over the marble arch?"

"It is in Piccadilly," she coolly replied. "Do you remember, some days ago, I read you an advertisement of a house that was to be let there for the remainder of the season, and remarked that it would suit us?"

"That it might suit us, had we wanted one," put in the earl.

"I wrote off at once to mamma, and begged her to see after it and engage it for us," continued the countess, disregarding her husband's amendment. "She now tells me she has done so, and ordered the servants up from Hartledon. By the time this letter reaches me, she says, it will be in readiness."

The earl, mortified and astonished, could scarcely find words for answer. "You wrote—yourself—and ordered a house taken?" he reiterated.

"Yes. You are hard of belief, Percival."

"Then I think it was your duty to have first consulted me, Lady Maude."

"Thank you," laughed the countess. "I have not been Lady Maude this two months."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Hartledon," he returned, stiffly.

"Now don't pretend to be offended, Percival. I have only saved you trouble."

"I am deeply hurt," he rejoined; "too much hurt to express what I feel. I am your husband; why did you think it necessary to covertly

conceal from me what you wished and what you were doing? It was my place to make these arrangements, not yours."

"You would have shilly-shallied about it till the season was over," rejoined Lady Hartledon. "You know you never had a will of your own: it is a good thing I have. And I mean to start for home to-night, and you ought to be much obliged to me for arranging things so promptly. I shall call to-day on the friends I care to say good-by to, and all I shall want from you is some money for milliners, and those sort of people."

The earl had risen, and was standing by the window with compressed lips.

"How much money?" he inquired.

"Oh, plenty. I owe for lots of things. Have you any orders to convey home to the servants? I shall drop a line to mamma, to say when she may expect us."

"If I have, I can write them," was his reply. "Allow me to see your mother's letter: I am in the dark, you remember, about this house—all but the bare mention of facts."

The Countess of Hartledon's answer was to put the letter into her pocket, out of sight. "Mamma does not like her letters to be seen by all the world," was her only apology. "I shall go and tell my maid to begin packing up."

The countess left the room as she spoke, and the earl fell into a disheartening reverie. In marrying his present wife he had acted a most dishonourable part, for he had been for years engaged to another young lady. But he was thrown into the society of the Lady Maude, had been caught by her beauty, and was finally secured by the prompt manœuvring of her mother. Ay, and of herself too: for though she cared not for him, indeed she disliked him, she did care for the title and for the broadlands of Hartledon. The earl walked into the snare and married her; but scarcely had the knot been tied, when he began to wonder whether he had not paid dearly for his whistle. The Countess of Hartledon and Lady Maude Kirton appeared to be totally distinct and dissimilar beings: Lady Maude was all disinterested gentleness and child-like suavity; Lady Hartledon was positive, extravagant, and self-willed. Many another husband has been disagreeably astonished by the like metamorphosis: but it is to be hoped that few are conscious, like the earl, of deserving the mortification. He had succeeded to the family honours on the death of his brother, now some ten months back, who had been drowned in some inexplicable manner, close to his own estate, Hartledon.

Lord and Lady Hartledon arrived in London, and took possession of the house in question. One intense gratification greeted the earl: it was to find that his wife's mother was not in it. The dangerous illness of a relative had unexpectedly called her to Ireland, and the earl devoutly wished she might stop there. He had a shrewd suspicion that she purposed saddling herself upon him for an indefinite period, and as she had ruled and moulded him to her will before his marriage, she would doubtless be for doing the same thing after it. Lady Hartledon immediately plunged into all the dissipation of the nearly exhausted season, but the earl had never felt less inclined to plunge into anything, unless it was into the waters of oblivion.

On the third day after his arrival, the earl went sauntering down

towards the Temple. He was in search of a friend of his, Thomas Carr, the firm and close friend of long years. Many a merry hour had he passed within those two bare, dark, dusty rooms, dignified by the name of "Thomas Carr's chambers"—and some sad ones. The earl went up the stairs and knocked with his stick, a somewhat timid, doubtful knock, not the free, bold knock of a young nobleman: but he was uncertain how he should be received.

Mr. Carr came to the door himself: his clerk was out. He saw who was his visitor, and stood in comic surprise. The earl stepped in and extended his hand, and it was heartily taken.

"You are not offended with me, then, Carr?" cried he, in a tone of relief, which was apparent.

"Nay," said Thomas Carr, "I have no cause to be offended: your sin was not against me."

"Halt, Carr. That's a strong word. Sin!"

"It is spoken," said Mr. Carr, "but I need not speak it again. I am not going to take up the quarrel against you; I was not, I repeat, the injured party."

"Yet you took yourself off in dudgeon, as if you were; leaving me without a groomsman."

"I would not remain to witness your marriage: my conscience could not let me. It was a—it was one you ought not to have entered into."

"Well, it is done and over, and need not be raked up again, Carr."

"Certainly not. I have no wish, or right, to rake it up. How is Lady Hartledon?"

"She is very well. We have been staying in Paris ever since; and now we are come back to this hateful place. I am out of conceit of England, just now: I'd far rather have gone to the antipodes."

"Then why did you return to it yet?" inquired Mr. Carr, in surprise.

"My wife would come. And she possesses a will of her own, Carr. It's the fashion, perhaps, for wives to do so."

"Some do, and some don't," rejoined Thomas Carr, who never flattered at the expense of truth. "Are you going down to Hartledon?"

"Hartledon!" retorted the earl, a shiver running through him; "in the mind I am in, Carr, I shall never visit Hartledon again: there are some in its vicinity I could not face. Why do you recal disagreeable subjects?"

"Sir," cried Mr. Carr's clerk, bustling in, and addressing his master, "you are waited for at the chambers of Serjeant Gale. The consultation is on."

"I will not detain you, Carr," said the earl; "business before pleasure. Come and dine with us this evening. Here's where we are staying: Piccadilly."

"I have no engagement, I will come with pleasure," said Mr. Carr, taking the earl's card. "What hour?"

"That's as the whim, or her engagements, may take Lady Hartledon. Yesterday it was six, the previous day seven, and the day we arrived five. Some for six: you won't be far out."

The earl left the Temple, and sauntered towards home again. He had no engagement on hand, nothing to kill his time. Many a cabman

held up his hand or his whip; but, in the earl's present mood, walking was more agreeable than riding. His wife's coroneted carriage was at the door, waiting for her, when he reached home, and he met her in the hall hastening to it. She went with him for a moment into the breakfast-room.

"Percival, we can have that opera-box: though I have had some trouble to get it. An extravagant price, too, they ask, considering how soon the house will close. I have secured it."

"Very well," was the earl's reply. "For what hour have you ordered dinner?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock!" returned the earl, "that's awkward. That is late."

"I am going down to Chiswick; all the world will be there; and I am unaware what time we shall be returning. I cannot fix it earlier, and in saying eight, you may have to wait for me."

"I have just asked Carr to dine with us, and told him six."

The colour flew into Lady Hartledon's face, and her eyes flashed anger.

"How came you to ask him? How dared you do it?"

His lordship's eyes flashed in turn—flashed with amazement. Dared! The word grated on his ear. "I do not understand you, Maude: I suppose I can exercise the privilege of inviting a friend to my own table."

"No: not when it is objectionable to me. I dislike that Thomas Carr, and I will not receive him."

"You can have no grounds for disliking him," returned the earl, warmly. "He has been a good and true friend to me for a great portion of my life, and he is a good and true man."

"Too much of a friend, rather," sarcastically spoke the countess. "You don't need him now, and can drop him, as he deserves. His going out of the chapel when we were at the altar—what was that, but a direct insult to me; a plain intimation that he did not approve of our marriage? He would have preferred, no doubt, that you should make a lady of your country flame, Anne Ashton."

A hot spot shone in the earl's cheeks. "Maude," said he, in a temperate, but unmistakable tone, "we shall do well to discard that name from our discussions, and, if possible, from our thoughts: it may be better for both of us."

"And we will also, if you please, discard Thomas Carr's. I will not receive him here, or meet him at table."

She spoke impatiently, haughtily, and swept out to her carriage. The earl did not follow to place her in it; he positively did not; he left her to the servants. He was exceedingly nettled, and though a most vacillating, easily-persuaded man, when face to face, he could be obstinate enough behind people's backs. He rang the bell for Hedges, the butler.

"Her ladyship has ordered dinner for eight," said he, when the man came to him

"I believe so, my lord."

"It will be inconvenient to me to wait till eight to-day. I shall dine at six, and you can lay it in this room, leaving the dining-room for her ladyship. Mr. Carr dines with me."

So Hedges gave the necessary orders, and the earl's dinner was laid

for six o'clock in the breakfast-room. Thomas Carr came a few minutes before the hour struck. The earl received him in the same room; fearing, possibly, that the drawing-room might be invaded by his wife.

"We have got it to ourselves, Carr," was his salutation, "and I am not sorry. My lady is off on some Chiswick expedition, and will dine when she returns from it—which may be any hour between now and midnight."

They enjoyed their dinner much—as they had enjoyed many a one in the earl's bachelor days. When the cloth was removed, they were left together over their wine; but almost immediately afterwards Hedges came in again:

"My lord," said he, "a stranger has called and wants to see you. He——"

"I am at dinner," interrupted the earl; "I cannot see any one now. What are you thinking of, Hedges?"

"So I said, my lord, but he will not take No. My lady asked him what he wanted, and——"

"Has Lady Hartledon returned?" again interrupted the earl.

"Her carriage drove up whilst I was denying you to this gentleman, my lord. Her ladyship heard him say he must see you, that important business brought him here, and she stopped in the hall and asked what it was. He said it was private, and could only be entered into with your lordship."

"Who is it, Hedges? Don't you know him?"

Lord Hartledon spoke in a confidential tone. Hedges was a faithful servant, and had been privy to some of his scrapes when he was Percival Elster.

"I don't know him, my lord. It is the same gentleman I told you of, who came down to Hartledon the week after your lordship's marriage. He wanted to ask five hundred questions about the marriage, and wanted your address abroad, but I did not give it him: I told him if he liked to write I would send the letter. I did not know whether——"

"All right, Hedges," said the earl. "Go on."

"Just now, when my lady left us in the hall, he asked whether that was the countess, and said she seemed angry at his not telling her his business. He followed her, quite to the foot of the stairs, to look after her: I never saw any gentleman stare so."

The earl played with his wine-glass, and pondered. "I don't believe I owe a shilling in the world," quoth he—betraying the direction of his thoughts, and speaking to himself, rather than to Hedges or to Mr. Carr. "I have squared-up every debt, as far as I know."

"He does not look like a creditor, my lord," returned Hedges; "quite superior to that. He wears a black coat and white neckcloth. I should not have doubted of anything amiss, but for his mysterious manner at Hartledon and his asking so many questions; and his insisting now upon seeing your lordship, at dinner or not at dinner, his voice and manner all quiet, just as if he possessed the right. I left him in the hall, not knowing whether to admit him or not."

"Show him in somewhere. Lady Hartledon is in the drawing-room, I suppose; show him into the dining-room."

"Her ladyship's dinner is being laid there, my lord," said the cautious retainer.

"Deuce take it," testily responded the earl, "one can't swing a cat in these cramped hired houses. Show him into my smoking-den up-stairs."

"Let me go there," said Thomas Carr, "and you can receive him in this room."

"No," said his lordship; "keep to your wine, Carr. He won't know the room's kept for smoking, unless his nose tells it him. Take him there, Hedges."

The butler retired, and Lord Hartledon turned to his guest. "Carr, who can it be?"

"No one to trouble you. If you have overlooked any old debt, you are able to give a cheque for it. But, by the description, I should imagine your persevering friend to be a clergyman, or missionary, bent on drawing you of a good subscription."

Lord Hartledon did not raise his eyes: he played with his empty wine-glass still, grave and perplexed.

"Do they serve writs in these cases, Carr?" he suddenly broke forth.

"Is the time so long gone by, that you have forgotten yours?" laughed Mr. Carr. "You have had some, in your days."

"I am not thinking of debt, Carr: that is over for me, thank goodness. But—there's no denying that I behaved disgracefully ill to—you know, and Dr. Ashton has good cause to be incensed. Can he be bringing an action against me, and is this the notice of it?"

Thomas Carr paused to consider. He thought it improbable in all respects. "The doctor is too respectable a man to do that," he observed. "He is high-minded and honourable, and he is wealthy; is it probable that he would descend to bring his daughter's name before the public, and proclaim her injury aloud? But for your fears blinding you, Hartledon, you would be the last to suspect the Ashtons capable of it."

Lord Hartledon made no reply. A cowardly conscience will convert white into black.

"Besides," continued the barrister, "Dr. Ashton has no need to send a stranger to make inquiries at Hartledon: he was cognisant of all that took place."

"The stranger is up-stairs, my lord," interrupted Hedges. "I asked him what name, and he said your lordship would know him when you saw him, and there was no need to send it in."

"I don't half like facing this fellow, Carr," murmured Lord Hartledon. "Yet what you say of the doctor is just; and I cannot call to mind a single claim there can be upon me."

The earl proceeded up-stairs, marshalled, stiffly, by the butler. Hedges resented the mystery on his master's score, and also on that of his own curiosity. He threw open the door of the "smoking-den," and, in his loftiest, loudest, and most uncompromising voice, made the introduction.

"The gentleman, my lord."

Then retired, and closed it with a sharp click.

Thomas Carr remained alone. He was not given to wine, and he did not help himself during his lordship's absence ; he waited till his return. Five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour, an hour ; and still he was alone. At the end of the first half hour, he began to think the earl a long while ; at the end of the hour he feared something must have happened. Could he be quarrelling with the mysterious stranger ? could he be gone out ? could he——

The door had softly opened, and the earl came in. Was it the earl ? Thomas Carr rose from his chair in amazement and dread. It was like the earl, but the earl with some awful terror upon him. His features were of an ashy whiteness, the veins of his brow stood out, his dry lips were drawn away from his teeth, and his throat was working.

"Good Heavens, Percival!" uttered Thomas Carr. "What is it ? You look as if you had been accused of murder."

"I have been accused of worse than murder," gasped the earl : "ay, and I have done it."

The words called up strange ideas in the mind of Thomas Carr. Worse than murder ! *Had* he quarrelled with the stranger ? had it come to blows ? and—— "Hartledon, what is it ?" cried he, aloud. "I am beginning to dream."

"Carr, will you stand by me?" rejoined the earl, in a hollow tone. "I have asked you before for trifles ; I ask you now in the extremity of need. Will you stand by me, and aid me with your advice ?"

"Y——es," answered Mr. Carr. "Where is your visitor ?"

"He is up-stairs. He holds a fearful secret of mine, and has me in his power. Do you come back with me, and combat with him, against its betrayal. You know the law : I say they could not bring it home to me ; he says they could."

"I am quite ready," replied Thomas Carr, with alacrity. "I will stand by you now, as ever, Percival."

The earl, linking his arm within Thomas Carr's, drew him to the window. There he stood in the twilight, bent his forehead down on his friend's shoulder, and whispered a strange tale. Anything but coherent it was to the clear mind of Mr. Carr ; nevertheless, as he gathered one or two of its points, he shrank from Lord Hartledon, and an exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

As they left the room to go up-stairs, Lady Hartledon was coming out of the dining-room, and crossed their path. She could not help being struck with their countenances : her husband's wearing a livid look of fear, and Mr. Carr's little less so. The latter spoke.

"I hope I see you well, Lady Hartledon."

"Thank you," she answered, with a cold curtsy, not choosing to notice the hand he offered ; and she walked away.

"Poor Maude ! poor Maude !" groaned the earl. "What will become of her if this—if my crime comes to light ?"

"What indeed !" answered Thomas Carr.

"And our children !" continued the earl, a hot flush of dread arising in his white face.

Mr. Carr said something abruptly : it sounded like "You must have no children !" whatever it may have been, Lord Hartledon shuddered.

"Too late, Carr : too late."

They shut themselves in with the stranger, and the conference was renewed. It lasted till quite dark, and the earl rang for lights. The butler brought them himself, but he learnt nothing by the movement, for Mr. Carr heard them coming, and rose, unbidden, to take them from him at the door.

Lady Hartledon's curiosity was excited. She was engaged out that night, but she lingered in the drawing-room, dressed as she was, and kept the door open. When they did at last come out, she condescended to look and listen. The stranger left the house, and the earl spoke in the hall to Mr. Carr.

"Now for these books of criminal law, Carr, that you say may tell upon the case."

"I must go down to my chambers for them."

"I know they can't bring it home to me ; I know they can't," he uttered, in so painfully eager a tone as to prove that he thought they could. "I'll go with you, Carr ; this is a horrible uncertainty."

"I fear there is little uncertainty about it," was the grave reply of Mr. Carr.

They drove away in a cab. Lady Hartledon went out to her evening gaiety, but her curiosity was powerfully excited. It is not surprising, perhaps, that her thoughts should have taken the same bent as her husband's had done—that some unpleasantness was being brought upon him by Dr. Ashton.

It was midnight when Lady Hartledon returned. She asked after the earl, and heard he was in the breakfast-room, engaged with Mr. Carr. She had no notion of being kept in the dark as to what was going forward, and she entered it with a quiet movement and stealthy step.

The table was strewn with books, thick, musty folios, but they appeared to be done with, for Thomas Carr was leaning back in his chair, and the earl's arms were folded before him.

"I have had nothing but worry all my life, of one sort or another," cried the earl, as his wife stole in, "and now this comes. If things are driven to extremity, and they find me guilty, Carr——"

"You must separate from Lady Maude," cried Mr. Carr, following the bent of his thoughts, and calling the lady by the title he was most accustomed to, "that's the first thing you must do."

"Separate from her?"

"Immediately. Instantly. For her sake, if not for——"

A slight movement: Mr. Carr stopped and the earl looked round. Lady Hartledon was standing close to them. She turned to her husband, ignoring the presence of Mr. Carr.

"Percival, what is the matter? You have been on the worry ever since that parson was here to-day: a friend of Dr. Ashton's, I presume. What has occurred?"

The gentlemen had risen, and the perspiration broke out over the earl's brow. "It was not a parson," he stammered, glancing at Mr. Carr.

"I ask *you*, Lord Hartledon," she resumed, in an imperious tone, noting the silent appeal ; "it requires not a third party to come between man and wife. Can you go with me to my sitting-room?"

"I am off, Lord Hartledon, it is late," said Mr. Carr, hastily gathering the books into a stack. "Allow these to remain here; I can have them to-morrow. Good night, my lady."

He quitted the room and the house; the earl did not attempt to detain him. Lady Hartledon approached her husband.

"Are you ashamed to face me, Lord Hartledon? Do you regret our marriage?"

"Maude, Maude! what are you saying?"

"I heard that insidious man give you strange advice: '*Separate from Lady Maude.*' And you listened patiently and did not knock him down!"

The earl wiped his brow and drew his wife to him. "Maude, judge him not harshly: he is a true friend to you. He spoke for your sake; for what he believed your true interest. If—if—disgrace should fall upon me, he thought of you, more than of me."

"Disgrace," echoed Lady Hartledon, "yes, I suppose that girl, those Ashtons, are going to make you pay publicly for your folly. Let them do it."

As a drowning man catches at straws, so the Earl of Hartledon caught at this notion of his wife's, and encouraged it. Anything to stave off the real, the dreadful truth.

"My dearest," he said, "if these things upset me, it is for your sake. Promise me, Maude, that you will not inquire into these troubles, or try to penetrate them."

"Oh, if you like," was her reply, "but I suppose it will be public enough. And, Percival, when your chosen companion again ventures to urge the separation of man and wife, ask him whether he thinks he is a true friend to us, or an enemy."

"We will not talk about separation: let us both pray that it may never be forced upon us," murmured Lord Hartledon, bending his face on to his wife's shoulder, as he had once before bent it that evening on Mr. Carr's. But not to disclose the same tale.

II.

THE months and the years rolled on, and Lord and Lady Hartledon did not separate. Whatever may have been the communication made to the earl, it was productive of no effects, so far as could be seen: in popular phrase, it "came to nothing." Whether he had killed a man, or robbed a bank, or fired a church, the incipient accusation died away. But the fear, let it be of what nature it would, never died away in the earl's mind, and he lived as a man who has a sword suspended over his head: his days were feverish, his nights restless, for the sword, in his own imagination, was always slipping from its fastenings.

Lady Hartledon was not satisfied. She had been compelled, as the time went on, to discard the idea that the trouble had anything to do with Dr. Ashton and his daughter, and she was full of woman's eager curiosity to learn what it really had been: her husband would not satisfy her, and she even condescended to appeal to Thomas Carr. It was of no use: they professed ignorance of any "secret:" and she was obliged to submit, and was excessively angry with both of them.

Lord and Lady Hartledon lived chiefly in town, where they had now their own house: the earl had never gone to Hartledon since his marriage; and his wife, though she was in most things master and mistress, could not induce him to go. When she went there, as she did, and would, he took short trips to the Continent, or anywhere else, according to the whim of the moment.

One winter's afternoon in London, when it was growing dusk, a card was brought in to Lord Hartledon, who was in his wife's sitting-room, with the information that the gentleman to whom it belonged was waiting. The earl held it towards the blaze of the fire, to discern the name.

"Who is it?" asked Lady Hartledon.

Whoever it may have been, it caused him to grow livid, as in that evening of terror, long ago. His wife saw it; saw this, and remembered that: imagination is quick, and she connected this visit with the previous one. She bent forward to look at the card, but the earl, scared out of his presence of mind by the movement, tore it in two, and threw the pieces in the fire.

"Oh very well, Lord Hartledon," cried she, resentfully. "But you cannot blind me: it is your mysterious visitor again."

"I don't know what you allude to," said the earl; "it is only some one on business."

"Then I will go and ask him his business," said the countess, moving to the door.

The earl was too quick for her: he placed his back against the door, and lifted his hands before her: they were shaking with emotion.

"Maude, I forbid you to interfere in this; you must not. Maude, I say, for Heaven's sake sit down and remain in peace."

"I will see your visitor, and know what it is. I will, Lord Hartledon."

"*You must not*: do you hear me?" he reiterated, in deep agitation. "Believe me, Maude—listen, Maude—I do not mean to speak harshly, but for your own good, I conjure you, be still. I forbid you, by the obedience you promised to me, your husband, to inquire into, or to stir in this. It is a private affair of my own, and does not concern you. Stay here till I come back to you."

The earl left the room and closed the door upon her and his children: two little things, one three years, the other eighteen months old, both of them playing on the carpet. Lady Hartledon listened to his receding footsteps, she heard him go into the library, and then she summoned the nurse. "Remain here with the children," was her order.

She took off her shoes outside, and creeping softly on the stair-carpeting down to the door of the room behind the library, opened it and glided in. It was a small apartment of Lord Hartledon's, one she rarely entered; in fact, his lordship would have called it, as he had done by one in their hired house in Piccadilly, his smoking-den. The intervening door between that and the library was pushed to, not latched, and Lady Hartledon, cautiously, bit by bit, in the obscurity of the evening, pushed a further crevice in it, to admit of an eye and an ear. Wilful, unpardonable disobedience! when her husband had forbidden her! It was the stranger, the same gentleman she had formerly passed in the hall.

The interview did not last long, about twenty minutes, and whilst the

visitor was being shown out, Lady Hartledon escaped up-stairs again, and resumed her shoes. But what did she look like? not like Lady Hartledon. Her face was as that of one upon whom some awful doom has fallen. She motioned the servant from her sitting-room, and then knelt down on the carpet and clasped her children to her heart with an action of wild despair. "Oh, my boy, my boy! Oh, my little Maude!"

Suddenly she heard her husband's step approaching, and she pushed them from her, and rose and stood at the window, apparently looking out on the darkening streets.

The earl came in, gaily and cheerily, his manner lighter than it had been for years.

"Well, Maude, I have not been long, you see. Why don't you have lights?"

She did not answer: she only stared straight out. The earl approached her. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing," she answered, "my head aches. I think I shall lie down till dinner-time. Eddy, open the door and call out Nurse, as loud as you can call."

The little boy obeyed her, and the nurse heard and came. She took the children from the room, and Lady Hartledon went to her own, and bolted herself in.

III.

SUMMER dust was in the London streets, and summer weather in the air, when the carriage of a fashionable medical man waited before Lord Hartledon's house. It had waited there much lately, for the countess was in a declining state of health.

The great world—*her* world—wondered what was the matter with her: the medical attendant wondered also. *They* talked of her "situation," *he* of weakness: but a critical time was approaching, and it was said when that was over she would grow strong again.

The time came and passed. Another son was born to Lord Hartledon, but it was a sickly infant, and did not live. And Lady Hartledon did not grow strong again.

Sir Alexander Pepps, the renowned oracle, who would have been supposed to have received his baronetcy for his skill, but that it is well known that titles, like kissing, go by favour, left her ladyship's room, and, midway to his waiting chariot, he came to a sudden stand-still, and condescended to address the obsequious powdered wig, who was escorting him.

"Is the earl at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to see him."

So the wig changed its course, and Sir Alexander was bowed into the presence of the earl. His lordship rose with what the French would call *empressement*, to receive the great man.

"Thank you, I have not time to sit," said he, declining the seat offered to him; "I have three consultations waiting for me now, and some urgent cases. I grieve to have a painful duty to fulfil to your lordship, but I must inform you that Lady Hartledon's health gives me uneasiness."

The earl did not immediately reply : when he spoke, his tone expressed not only proper, but genuine concern.

"What is it that is really the matter with her?"

"Great debility; nothing else," replied Sir Alexander. "But these cases of extreme debility cause us much perplexity. There is no disease in particular to treat, and when the patient does not and cannot rally, why——"

The earl understood the doctor's pause, and that it was meant to be an ominous one. "What can be done?" he asked. "Change of air? the sea-side?——"

"She says she won't go," interrupted Sir Alexander. "And I am not certain that I could safely recommend it, in her present state of weakness."

"I have remarked with pain that she gets no stronger: she ought to be out and about by this time. Three—four weeks, is it not?"

Sir Alexander nodded. "I should wish a consultation, my lord."

"Then pray call it without delay," said the earl. "Have anything, do anything, that you think may conduce to Lady Hartledon's recovery."

The consultation took place. Medicine was decided to be of no use, tonics and nourishment appeared to be of as little; so the faculty fell back upon change of air. A Devonshire seaport might be the best—if they could get her there. Torbay.

"I am not going," said Lady Hartledon, when her husband carried her the news; "I told Sir Alexander so. I don't like obscure fishing-places, and I will not go to them."

She was lying on the sofa in her dressing-room. Her handsome features were white and attenuated, but her dark eyes almost as brilliant as in her days of health. The earl drew a chair close, and sat down.

"Maude," said he, "you must be aware that you do not recover so quickly as we could wish——"

"I do not recover at all," interrupted Lady Hartledon: "I have given up hopes of doing so."

"My dear, how can you talk so," he remonstrated. "They say there is no disease; nothing but debility; and, with time and care, you will overget that. Change of air is necessary, and Torbay——"

"I will not go to Torbay. If I go anywhere it shall be to Hartledon."

"Not to Hartledon," he quickly rejoined, as if the word grated on his ear.

"Then I remain where I am."

"Maude," he resumed, speaking in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, "I will not urge my own claims upon you, I will not say, Try change of air for my sake, because I believe, and have believed, ever since our marriage, that you care very little for me; but I urge it for the sake of our children."

"And I say that I will try Hartledon. An invalid's fancies may generally be trusted, and I fancy that. I will go there if they like: I should wish to go there."

A pause ensued. Lord Hartledon had taken her hand, and was mechanically turning round the wedding-ring, his thoughts far away: it hung loose, now, on her wasted finger. She lay looking at his movements.

"Why did you put it on?" she asked, abruptly.

"Why indeed?" returned his lordship, deep in his abstraction. "What did you say, Maude?" he added, awaking in a flurry: "put what on?"

"My wedding-ring."

"My dear! But about Hartledon—if you fancy that, and nowhere else I suppose we must go."

"You also?"

"Of course," returned the earl.

"Ah! when your wife's chord of life is tightening, what good, model husbands you men become!" she uttered. "You have never gone to Hartledon with me; you have suffered me to be there alone, through a ridiculous reminiscence; but now that you are about to lose me, you will go!"

"Why do you encourage these gloomy thoughts about yourself, Maude? One would think you wished to die."

"I do not know," she replied, in a tone of deliberation, which seemed to imply that she actually did not. "Of course no one, at my age, can be tired of the world, and for some things I wish to live: but for others I shall be glad to die."

"What is all this?" exclaimed the earl, "what have you upon your spirits, Maude? Are you grieving after the infant?"

"No," she answered, "not for him. I grieve for the two who remain."

The earl looked at her; a dread, which he strove to throw from him, struggling to his conscience.

"Percival," she continued, "if either of us is deceiving themselves, it is you. If you dwell on my recovery, you will be deceived. I shall only go to Hartledon to die."

"You are not beyond recovery," he said.

"I am quite sure that I am. I feel it! I know it. You must have seen me sinking for months."

"I have seen you weak, dispirited; but I thought it arose from your state of health. Was there any other cause?"

"Yes."

The earl gathered up his breath. "What was it?"

"*What was it!*" returned Lady Hartledon. "What is it that has weighed *you* down, not to the grave, for men are strong, but to terror, and shame, and sin? What secret is it, Lord Hartledon?"

His lips were whitening. "But it—even allowing that I have a secret—need not weigh down you."

"Not weigh me down!—to terror, deeper than yours; to shame, more abject? Suppose I know the secret?"

"You cannot know it," he gasped. "It would have killed you."

"And what *has* it done? Look at me."

"Oh, Maude," he wailed, "what is it that you do, or do not know? How did you learn anything of it?"

"I learnt it through my own folly. I wilfully strove to penetrate into it, when you ordered me not, and I was repaid by the loss of peace for life. I disobeyed you in defiance; but I am ill and weak now, and you will not reflect it upon me: I earned a rich punishment. When that

stranger came here for the second time, that afternoon last winter, I followed you, to listen from the little room behind the library, and—I—heard—all !”

The last words were uttered with an hysterical sobbing of the breath. An acute sound of pain, half shriek, half sob, like his wife's, broke from the Earl of Hartledon, and he threw himself down by the side of her couch, and buried his face upon it.

She did not soothe him : if ever looks expressed aversion and hatred, hers did then. He was a man of crime, and she was tied to him.

“Maude,” he said, lifting up, after a while, his imploring face, “if you truly heard all, you must know that my greatest cause for dread is over : since the—the—only person who could bring it home to me has died.”

“What do you mean ? If one has died, others know it.”

“But two in the whole world. One is gone abroad for good ; and he—he who came here—will be true to me. Oh, Maude, live ! live that I may strive to make you reparation.”

“Reparation !” she indignantly uttered, “what reparation is there ? what can you offer for the past ? It is not in your power to undo what has been.”

“Have compassion on me, Maude ! I was more sinned against than sinning.”

“What compassion had you for me ? How dared you marry me ? you, tied with crime ?”

“Live, live for reparation,” was all the earl could continue to implore. “Do not talk of dying : the worst is over.”

“It can never be over : you are guilty of wilful sophistry. The crime remains, and—Lord Hartledon—its fruits remain.”

He interrupted her excited words by voice and gesture ; he took her hands in his. “Maude, be calm ; at least, now ; this agitation must, and will, injure you. The worst *is* over ; you must see that it is, if you reflect dispassionately ; and the secret need never be known : *you* will not tell upon me.”

She snatched her hands from him ; she burst into a storm of hysterical sobbing and reproach : a terrible scene of agitation ensued, and Lord Hartledon did not dare to call assistance. An unguarded word might have slipped out : and her words were unguarded enough just then.”

It ended in a faintness almost like death ; and when she recovered from it, her weakness was greater than before : it threw her back considerably, though they did at length get her removed to Hartledon House. But, all too soon after their arrival there, a stately funeral went out from it : it was that of Maude, Countess of Hartledon.

READINGS IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MERIVALE'S ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

WITH unflagging energy Mr. Merivale continues his laborious task, and with that first-rate ability which distinguished it from the first. His first three volumes carried us through the struggles for the establishment of the Empire; the three following, including the one now before us, have brought the narrative, as he says, to the fall of the founder's dynasty; to the overthrow of the Julian and the elevation of the Flavian family. "The period we have traversed comprehends about 120 years; nearly 250 still lie before us." Were Mr. Merivale, therefore, to devote anything like the same space to what remains to be written, we might look for another dozen volumes to complete this History. But the readers who have accompanied him thus far will learn with—*he says*—"satisfaction" (a modest phrase, but perhaps not altogether the true one) that his work, if he may still hope to complete it, will be conducted from henceforth on a scale comparatively limited. Indeed, he judges that two more volumes will suffice to embrace the whole sphere of the imperial civilisation. For from the point at which we are now arrived, our materials fail us. "We lose the exuberance of detail we have so long enjoyed with Tacitus: even Suetonius, who will not much longer attend us, becomes more sparing of his tales and guesses, as he approaches nearer to the rapid realities of his own times. Dion Cassius has already dwindled to the meagre epitome of Xiphilinus. The compendious sketches of Herodian and the Augustan History will supply us with little more than a bare outline of events, relieved and interpreted by no vivid impersonation of individual character. The period of Roman history between Cæsar and Vespasian has presented us with an ample gallery of whole-length portraits. Of the warriors and statesmen, the princes, poets, and philosophers, whose true and living effigies glow before us, we can form a complete and just idea from the breadth, and yet the finish, with which they are delineated. But beyond these limits no such portraiture exists. We can arrive at no full and consistent conception even of Marius and Sulla on the one side, or of Trajan and Hadrian on the other. These are but *magni nominis umbræ*; their *vivi vultus* have irrecoverably perished. So narrow are the limits of what may be designated as the *Biographical History of Rome*, which I have executed from its commencement to its close.

"In this point of view the portion of my work now finished is complete in itself. It is my wish, and it is still my hope, to break ground again; and though the political annals of Rome creep, from this period, like a shrunk torrent, from pool to pool along their thirsty channel, the interest of the general history will continue, and even increase, when

* A History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D. Vol. VI. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

we examine the social organisation of the Empire, that is, of the ancient world, in its maturity and rapid decline. The manners and morals, the ideas and sentiments of mankind, at the highest stage of heathen development, their laws and institutions, their spiritual aspirations,—the fall of Paganism, and the rise of Christianity,—these are the subjects upon which we are next to enter.” And although two volumes, as we have said, be all that Mr. Merivale supposes he will require—we cannot help thinking, and hoping, him in the wrong—yet, as the labour required will, he reminds us, be out of all proportion to the space to be filled, a considerable period must be expected to elapse before they can make their appearance.

After narrating that episode in the history of Claudius which is “to English readers the most interesting in his reign, the invasion and conquest of the southern half of Britain”—in which island, moreover, the emperor’s own exploits, no less than those of his lieutenants, were bold and brilliant, and “reflect peculiar lustre upon his administration from the remotest corner of the Roman world;”—after detailing the final defeat and capture of Caractacus,—the fame of whose nine years’ struggle had penetrated beyond the British isles and the Gaulish provinces—so that when he was led captive through the streets of Rome, “great was the curiosity of the citizens to behold the hero who had rivalled the renown of Arminius and Tacfarinas,” and whose bearing, as he closed the train of captives, was noble and worthy of his noble cause,—and again, the insurrection of the Iceni under their widowed queen, Boadicea, “a woman of masculine spirit,” who, far from succumbing under the cruelty of her tyrants, and hiding the shame of her family, went forth into the public places, exhibited the scars of her wounds, and the fainting forms of her abused daughters, and adjured her people to take a desperate revenge—denouncing as intolerable the yoke of Roman insolence, and declaring that whatever the men might determine, the women would now be free or perish;—after recounting these passages of British story, and the issues to which they led, Mr. Merivale prefaces his description of the early years of Nero, the successor to Claudius, by some pertinent remarks on the interest attached to the history of the Romans through the greater part of its course, from the precision with which we can trace the character of families, descending often with the same unmistakable lineaments from father to son, for many generations. Thus he instances the pride of the Claudii, the turbulence of the Lepidi, the cool selfishness of the Pompeii. “There is no more striking analogy between Roman and English history than this: it is only an aristocracy that can present us with a family history of public interest. The great men of democratic Athens stand out alone: no one cares to ask who were their fathers, or whether they left any sons. Had they sprung every one from the earth, as they fancifully boasted of their nation, their career and character could not have been, to all appearance, more independent of family antecedents.” An obvious objection occurs to these remarks, as respects the Roman aristocracy, in the fact that “adoption” was so frequent a custom with them. But Mr. Merivale maintains, that so strongly were the features of the Roman family traced by the hereditary training of its members, that though the descent of blood *was* often interrupted by the practice of adoption, the moral aspects of its character were still broadly

but clearly preserved; insomuch that he reckons it of little importance to ascertain, in each particular instance, whether the race was actually continued by natural succession, or interpolated by a legal fiction. The hereditary traditions of the Scipios, he remarks, were reflected faithfully in the legal representatives of their house, though some of the greatest of the name were not really connected by ties of affinity with one another. It was enough that the sentiment of connexion was preserved by the link of the family cult, and the common inheritance of the family honours.

Many, however, of the chief Roman houses appear to have preserved their blood-descent unbroken, without being reduced to the necessity of perpetuating themselves by adoption. With some of the Domitii this had been the case for many generations. "The stock from which the Emperor Nero sprang may be traced back from son to father for about two hundred years." The house of the Ahenobarbi—that emperor's progenitors—was illustrious for its "wealth and consideration, for its native vigour and ability, but execrable at the same time above every other for the combination of ferocity and faithlessness by which its representatives were successively distinguished." According to Suetonius, the founder of the house had his beard miraculously changed from black to red—and the name of Ahenobarbi, the Red or Brazen beards, was thenceforth common to the family, who were piously believed to inherit the complexion as regularly as the name. And pestilent fellows some of them were. Of one of them, Crassus said, "No wonder his beard is of brass, for his mouth is of iron and his heart of lead." Of another the taste was so sanguinary that Augustus was compelled to check the bloodshed of his gladiatorial shows. And the son of this wholesale bloodshedder, for amusement only, combined in his one precious person the distinctive characters of murderer, treason-monger, incestuous adulterer, and petty pilferer—a combination on which he plumed himself exceedingly, and jested with a complacency all his own.

This Admirable Crichton in crime, was the father of Nero. His wife was not altogether unworthy of him—being Agrippina, Caligula's delectable sister. It is said that when Nero was born, the all-accomplished father replied to the felicitations of his friends by grimly remarking, that nothing could spring from such a sire and such a dam but what should be abominable and fatal to the state.

The early years of Lucius Domitius—for he was not to be called Nero yet awhile—were somewhat dark and dreary. His father dead, and his mother exiled, he was ill cared for by a selfish aunt (the mother of Messalina), and his first tutors were a dancer and a barber. The Emperor Claudius, however, subsequently took notice of him, to a degree which is said to have made Messalina jealous, and indeed to have set her on taking the young child's life.

But she failed; and the child, then winsome and affectionate, lived to be a depraved, degraded, infamy-laden monster of a man. The thought is ever a serious one, and in semblance a strange, that the most polluted monster in human shape has been once a child. For, as Hartley Coleridge has it,

—Heaven is kind, and therefore all possess
Once in their life fair Eden's simpleness,—

albeit in so many an instance it is our grief to see this Paradise lost, too soon, and too entirely,

And the sweet records of young innocent years
Transform'd to shame-envenom'd agony.

The little orphan Domitius is described as docile and affectionate, apt to learn, and eager for praise. Except during the two years of her exile, his mother Agrippina was his instructor, and she bent herself to the work in earnest, as might be supposed in a woman capable of the exclamation, *Occidat dum imperet*. With all her faults, she is allowed to have had at least a princely sense of the honour which thus devolved upon her. She "sought to imbue his mind with the best learning of the times, and at the same time to impart brilliancy and fascination to his manners." Seneca connived at his fondness for piping and dancing, in order to purchase his attention to the severer studies of eloquence and philosophy. Surrounded as the boy was, however, by creatures and sycophants, and the "vilest instruments of his elders' pleasures," he could not fail to be affected by the most fatal influences. Thus at least Mr. Merivale describes the vicious moral training of the young noble. "From childhood he was steeped in enervating indulgences: the softness with which he was habitually treated, the delicacies with which he was pampered, relaxed the nerves both of his mind and body. Clothed in purple and the gaudiest trappings, he was imbued with the vice of personal ostentation, and led step by step to the most inordinate desires. The growing youth reclined indolently on beds of down. His palate, in the phrase of Quintilian, was educated before his lips and tongue: the sensual tastes were cultivated before the moral. The kitchen was more frequented than the lecture-room. Impertinence and immodesty were encouraged, the one by applause, the other by example." This is a general picture, but to Nero it has a sadly particular application.

The portrait our historian gives us of this arch-tyrant, the last and the most detestable of the Cæsarean family, is a finished and demonstrably a faithful one—alike in its physical and its moral features. "The youth who at the age of seventeen years was called to govern the civilised world, is represented in his busts and medals as handsome in countenance, but, as Suetonius remarks, without grace or winningness of expression. His hair was not the bright auburn of Apollo, the delight of the Romans, to which it was so often likened, but yellowish or sandy: his figure, though of middle stature, was ill-proportioned, the neck was thick and sensual, the stomach prominent, the legs slender. His skin, it is added, was blotched or pimpled; but this, it may be supposed, was the effect of intemperance in his later years; his eyes were dark grey or greenish, and their sight defective, which may account perhaps for the scowl which seems to mark their expression. His health, notwithstanding his excesses, continued good to the end, and it was only from anxious concern for his voice that he wrapped his throat in kerchiefs, like a confirmed valetudinarian. In his dress there was a mixture of slovenliness and finery; in the arrangement of his cherished locks he was exceedingly careful, piling them in tiers above the crown, and letting them fall from thence over the shoulders, a fashion which was reputed not less indecent, or at least effeminate,

than the looseness of his cincture, the bareness of his feet, and the lightness of the chamber-robe, in which he did not scruple to appear in public."

Of his voice we are told elsewhere that it was husky; his breath, too, was short; and all the appliances of his art were unavailing to correct these defects, of which his vanity, however, made him unconscious. Within what the historian calls "the paltry sphere of his degraded taste," Nero claimed to be pre-eminent.* As a mime or player, he was not satisfied with any single class of parts, or any one department of exhibition. His ambition was as comprehensive, in its histrionic tendencies, as that of Bottom the weaver. Like that versatile amateur, he laid especial stress on his vocal accomplishments. It is amusing to observe the emperor, when sending news to the senate of the fatal revolt of Vindex, and requiring it to denounce the rebel as a public enemy, excusing himself at the same time from appearing in person, on the score of "a cold or sore throat, which he must nurse for the conservation of his voice." Nor was there anything in this revolt which appears to have incensed him so much as that Vindex should not merely call him Ahenobarbus instead of Nero, but also, and above all, disparage his skill in singing. "Had they ever listened to a better performer?" was the question he pressed, peevishly and pertinaciously, on all around him. And at the very last, when, the tyrant's vein being exhausted, he proposed in woman's mood to meet the rebels unarmed, what he trusted to, as the means of winning them to obedience, consisted partly in his beauty, partly in his tears, and particularly in the persuasive tones of his voice. But besides rivalling Apollo in song, Nero emulated the Sun in charioteering, and aspired to display the courage and vigour of Hercules—to afford occasion for which display "a lion was duly prepared, drugged, or fed to stupor, to be strangled in his arms, or brained with a stroke of his club. He acted, he sang, he played, he danced. He insisted on representing men and horses, gods, and even goddesses. To affect the woman indeed, in dress, voice, and gesture, was a transformation in which he took a childish pleasure, restrained by no sense of dignity or decency. He adopted his superstitions, as well as his garb and habits, from Syria, from his Parthian and Armenian guests, or from the diviners or necromancers of the credulous East. To the art of magic he devoted wealth, energy, natural abilities, in short, all his resources; but Nature, says Pliny, was too strong for him. His failure to divine the future, or raise the spirits of the dead, was noted by the wise as a signal demonstration of the futility of magical pretensions. For none of the accustomed divinities of Rome did he evince any respect, nor for places consecrated by the national religion; but he revered the Syrian Astarte, till in a fit of vexation he renounced her protection, and insulted her image. At last his sole object of veneration was a little figure of a girl, which he always wore as a talisman about him, and affected to learn from it the secrets of futurity.

"Such were the miserable interests of this infatuated creature, the victim of licentious indulgence, a child prematurely stunted both in mind and body, surrounded on the throne not by generals and statesmen, but

* Pp. 315 sqq. Cf. pp. 134, 341-2, 352-3, 358-9.

by troops of slaves or freedmen, by players and dancers lost to all sense of decency themselves, and seeking only their advancement at the expense of their master and of mankind; surrendered by loose women to still more despicable minions, and ruled by the most cruel and profligate of ministers. Helius and Tigellinus, Doryphorus and Sporus, are among the most hateful names of the imperial history; into the abominations of their career it would be pollution merely to look."

No inquiry was made, however, into the irregularities of Nero's private life.* The curtains which the Roman drew across the vestibule of his mansion were a sacred screen, behind which none ventured to enter unbidden. Within that veil the courteous statesman or the bland philosopher might play the tyrant to his slaves, to his children, and to his women. There self-indulgence and debauchery in their grossest shapes sheltered themselves alike from the decrees of the censors, and the murmurs of public opinion. It was not till a later period, Mr. Merivale continues, "when the fall of Nero dissipated all lingering reserve, that the inner life of the palace was disclosed to the eye of the citizens, and the process laid bare, step by step, by which he was corrupted into a monster of depravity." The citizens were not disaffected. The lazzaroni were delighted with their imperial patron's open-handedness. The senate itself, speaking as the mouthpiece of the nation, pronounced Nero the best of its princes since Augustus.

The praise of Nero's *Quinquennium* was in everybody's mouth. The felicity of these five auspicious years became, in fact, traditional, and to it the worthiest of his successors gave long afterwards the palm of virtuous administration. And after setting aside all question of the real authorship of the acts belonging to it—for to Seneca and Burrus the merit is perhaps strictly due—the general course of government still appears to Mr. Merivale to have deserved the praise it has received. The laws were legally enforced. The finances were intelligently managed. "Great honour is undoubtedly due to the men who actually governed for Nero, that they did so little to abuse their temporary ascendancy." The historian sees less reason, however, to extend our admiration to Nero himself, or to regard this happy result as the triumph of philosophy over youthful passions, and the fatal sense of irresponsibility: his judgment rather is, that Nero's reserve—renouncing all general views, and abstaining from interference with the machinery of empire—was caused by incapacity or indifference, by an engrossing taste for frivolities which belonged to his tender years, or by the dissipation to which his position too naturally enticed him.

The general improvement of the administration is referred to principles which continued to operate through the first half, at least, and in many cases to the end of a reign of more than thirteen years. "So long did Nero persist, under the guidance of trusty counsellors, in maintaining the dignity of the senatorial order, as the highest judicial and legislative tribunal. The position of Seneca and Burrus in antagonism to Agrippina could only be maintained by upholding the authority of the senate; and its activity is attested by the number of laws and decrees which at

* Pp. 316-7. Cf. 113 sq.

this period emanated from it." The struggle between Agrippina and the two ministers forms a prominent episode in this history. There was not, indeed, much in common in the character of the associated pair,—Burrus being noted for his military bluntness, his sense of discipline and decorum, while Seneca was a refined courtier in manners, and affected to combine the man of the world with the philosopher. "But the necessities of their position bound them closely together, and we may allow that both of them were equally disposed to form the mind of their pupil to virtue, as far as it might seem possible." They were agreed in opposition to Agrippina's plans of personal cruelty and vengeance, and exerted themselves, in strict alliance with one another, to undermine the influence she continued to possess over her son. They were also agreed, however, as to the impossibility of training to good, otherwise than imperfectly, a youth of Nero's character and position—and in adopting the slippery policy of winking at some forms of vice, or even enticing him to them, in order to divert him from more pernicious foibles, or crimes of deeper dye. Hence they scrupled not to occupy him with an amorous intrigue. He was already betrothed, on his accession, to his half-sister Octavia; but "this poor victim of family policy was unable to attract his affections, which were still free for another engagement;" and an object for this was found in a Greek freedwoman named Acte. Hereupon Agrippina became vehemently incensed, and gave way to a coarse violence which overshot its mark, for it "threw the frightened and irritated youth into the arms of Seneca"—and though the mother at once saw the mistake, and endeavoured to remedy it by a change of tactics, and by bidding against the tutor, her son was not so easily cajoled. She might apologise; she might offer her sanction for his libertinism, and special provocatives to its indulgence; she might ply him with magnificent presents from her well-filled coffers. But Nero, warned by his tutors, as well as cautioned by his own experience, held out against the maternal overtures. And indeed, "such was the temper of Agrippina," as Mr. Merivale observes, that she could not long persist in the pretence of submission and indulgence, even for her own objects, and Nero soon found that she regarded even the presents he made her as an insolent assumption of independence.

"Accordingly, the influence of Seneca and Burrus continued steadily to rise. The confederates were far more wary in their proceedings. Their deliberate plan, as has been said, was to govern Nero by yielding to him, and they justified to themselves their tolerance of his failings by the assurance that thus they should save him from vices more odious and more fatal. The errors of Nero assumed gradually a deeper dye; his passions blossomed in vice, and bore fruit in crime; yet the downward progress was not rapid or precipitate; it was susceptible of palliation and disguise; it lurked long among the secrets of the palace, or was whispered only within the precincts of the court." But anon we come to the poisoning of Britannicus,—that "hideous fratricide," every circumstance connected with which was carried out with the same coolness and calculating prevision; nor could any long-experienced adept in crime have acted with more consummate art than the "timid stripling," now trying his 'prentice hand at murder—murder most foul, as in the best it is, but *this* most

foul, strange, and unnatural. In due time, his mother too is got rid of, though not till after a deal of trouble and disappointment. Agrippina was supremely detested by the people : there was no excess of crime which they believed her incapable of committing. The virago had shown herself well qualified, once and again, to hold her own against her political foes. But when Poppæa—that wicked beauty and accomplished intriguer, who, among the dissolute women of imperial Rome, stands pre-eminent—when this unscrupulous paramour of the prince engaged in open strife with his mother, the fate of the latter was virtually sealed. Poppæa taunted Nero into resistance, as a child in leading-strings. *He* an emperor, forsooth ? Why, he was not even a free man. If ever he meant to be one, let him set about it at once. Thus impelled, the fratricide became a matricide, and followed up the achievement by a triumphal entry into Rome, where he was received with “all the honours.” So secure, indeed, says Mr. Merivale, was the monster of his subjects’ servile devotion, that he could now venture to despise the grim railleury with which the populace assailed him ; for it was more in jest than indignation that they hung the sack, the instrument of death for parricide, about his statues, placarded the walls with the triad of matricides, “Nero, Orestes, Alemæon, the three men that slew their mothers,” and teased him by pretending to denounce the perpetrators of these offensive ribaldries. He gratified them with shows, and established, for their benefit, what Tacitus describes with indignant scorn, a public garden where eatables and drinkables were distributed to the populace, and all comers, gentle or simple, received a “ticket for refreshments,” warranted of the best quality, and to suit all tastes.

Of course the time came when Burrus and Seneca, his sometime tutors and governors, would be best away. The death of Burrus in A.D. 62 is ascribed to poison. Seneca attempted to withdraw from public life. But it was more convenient to Nero that the wealthy philosopher should withdraw from life itself, private as well as public, altogether. Before Seneca, however, was disposed of—which “winding-up” act did not take place until A.D. 65—many another victim had swelled the emperor’s list. Before the eighth year of Nero’s principate was over, he stood revealed, almost without disguise, as a “vulgar tyrant, timid and sanguinary, cutting off one by one the most eminent around him in station and virtue. From this time no senator could fail to see that his own life hung only on the caprice of a master, and of the creatures who surrounded him,” foremost among whom, in bad eminence, was Tigellinus, that base-born pander, who sought successfully to keep the confidence Nero once bestowed on him, by humouring his patron’s vicious desires, and plunging him into crimes on the plea of safety and necessity. When Octavia, the “child-wife” of the prince, was sacrificed, that Poppæa might usurp her place, Tigellinus paid court to the reigning favourite by presiding at the foul examination instituted against the maligned daughter of Claudius, and in so doing “earned well the scathing sarcasm which clings like the shirt of Nessus to his name.” To Tigellinus was attributed the most monstrous of all those inventions for the facilitation of debauchery, by which this reign was most damnably disgraced.

The extent of Seneca’s complicity in some of Nero’s earlier crimes, is a

moot point with historians. In the case of Britannicus, Mr. Merivale remarks, that posterity, while it shrinks from condemning Seneca, must not venture to acquit him; since it is clear that, at least, after the deed was done, he consented to absolve the perpetrator, and to persuade the world, as far as his silence could avail to persuade it, that no murder had been committed, or that no defence was required for it. When Poppæa was instigating the emperor to murder his mother, Seneca was himself accused of counselling that dreadful crime; for no intrigue of the palace could be supposed complete at this period, unless Seneca was its prompter and accomplice. Tacitus leaves it uncertain whether the philosopher and his military colleague, Burrus, were actually concerned in the plot against Agrippina; and his silence may be taken, perhaps, as so far favourable to them. But when, on the failure of the attempt to destroy her at sea, they came into the prince's presence, and heard his confession of guilt and earnest solicitations for advice, there was at first a long silence; they may have despaired of dissuading; possibly they thought that there was now no alternative: either the son or the mother must perish. "At last Seneca turned to Burrus, and asked whether the soldiers should be directed to kill her. Burrus replied that the soldiers could not be trusted against a daughter of Germanicus." Whereupon Anicetus undertook the exploit, to the rapturous relief of Nero, and executed it with all the despatch that most anxious of sons could desire.

By the time that Tigellinus had acquired his disastrous influence over the emperor's mind, Seneca had ceased to be a power in the state. It is some satisfaction to believe, with Mr. Merivale, that the crimes which followed were neither suggested nor excused by the preacher of expediency; and we may hope that, at last, when his doctrines were reproved by the result, he learned to detest the subterfuges under which he sheltered his own dereliction from honesty and virtue.*

There is an admirable description in this volume of the great conflagration in Rome, A.D. 64, and of the rebuilding of the city, which was carried on with amazing rapidity. The story of Nero's fall—his ignominious flight—and miserable death,—is also told with much graphic effect. With him was extinguished the adoptive race of the great dictator, the Julian family of the Cæsars. For although the first of the Cæsars had married four times, the second thrice, the third twice, the fourth thrice again, the fifth six times, and lastly, the sixth thrice also; and although of these repeated unions a large number had borne offspring, yet no descendants of them survived. "A few had lived to old age; many reached maturity, some were cut off by early sickness, the end of others was premature and mysterious; but of the whole number a large proportion, which it would be tedious to calculate, were victims of domestic jealousy and politic assassination. Such was the price paid by the usurper's family for their splendid inheritance; but the people accepted it in exchange for internal troubles and promiscuous bloodshed; and though they too had their sacrifices to make, though many noble

* P. 152. Cf. pp. 93-4, 123, 126, 293-4.

See also, for other passages relating to the character, official career, and moral philosophy of Seneca, pp. 49, 69-72, 82 *sqq.*, 147-8, 156, 178, 183, 188-9, 290 *sqq.*

trees were stripped of their branches as starkly as the Cæsars themselves, yet order and prosperity had reigned generally throughout the empire; the world had enjoyed a breathing-time of a hundred years, to prepare it for the outbreak of civil commotion, for the fiercer frenzy of international warfare, which are next to be related."

The confusion which ensued, has the appearance of being worse confounded by most historians of this epoch. In Mr. Merivale's pages we trace a cosmos through the chaos, and can manage to see our way, though the chief actors in the mêlée could not theirs. Galba he conceives to have been a fine specimen of the soldier-nobles of his time, undoubtedly the finest class of Roman citizens. He was a good proconsul, but not a good emperor. On him it was that the famous "sentence" of Tacitus was passed—*omnium consensu capax Imperii nisi imperasset*. The Romans considered him to have lost the empire by mismanagement. His military antecedents had not fitted him any too well for rule in the city. He showed an indecision at the most trying moments, such as we should not expect in one accustomed to command, and which our historian attributes less to natural infirmity of character, or the timidity of age—he was upwards of seventy—than to a rising consciousness that, with every qualification for governing a province, he was unequal to the burden of empire.—Otho's life had been a feverish pursuit, first of pleasure, and afterwards of power. He was disenchanted of both. And it is pleasant, says the historian, to think that the last thoughts of this misguided spirit were for the peace of his country and the safety of his friends, to whom he counselled submission.—Vitellius seems to have centred his interests in the gratification of an inordinate gluttony. "Trembling and suspicious, he was easily impelled to cruelty." While his cause was perishing, he lounged lazily at Rome, still grovelling in his sensuality, refusing even to credit the account of his disasters, and forbidding the subject to be discussed. "The frankness and good-fellowship allowed him were at best trifling and common-place merits, nor had he the force of character which may render a bad man remarkable. To his indolence, his profligacy, his beastly sensuality, we have overwhelming testimony. He was weak, easy-tempered, unprincipled, unscrupulous; he was selfish and hard-hearted;" but to the charge of "ferocious cruelty" made against him by some writers, Mr. Merivale demurs.* Beyond his principate, such as it was, the present volume does not carry us—the concluding chapters being concerned with the revolt of Civilis, resulting in the final pacification of Gaul, and the Jewish wars of Vespasian and Titus, resulting in the final annexation of Palestine and consolidation of the empire.

Of the latter result Mr. Merivale writes with impressive eloquence. "With the reduction of Palestine the consolidation of the empire was completed. From the Mersey to the Dead Sea no nation remained erect, and the resistance of the last free men on her frontiers had been expiated with their blood. The overthrow of Judæa, with all the monuments of an ancient but still living civilisation, was the greatest crime of the conquering republic. It commenced in wanton aggression, and was effected with a barbarity, of which no other example occurs in the records

* Pp. 396 sq., 427 sq., 435 sq., 457, 460, 474.

of civilisation. Jerusalem shared the fate of Tarquinii and Corinth; but the Romans, stalking among the ruins of Zion, seemed unconscious that they had annihilated a nation more important in the history of the world than Etruria, or even than Greece. Yet not altogether annihilated. The homeless Jews, scattered, as captives or fugitives, more widely than ever, bore throughout the empire and beyond it the seeds of the law delivered from Sinai, the fortitude which neither Egyptian, nor Syrian, nor Roman could bend or break, the hopes which delay had not extinguished, the maxims which patriarchs and prophets had revered. Even on the frontiers of Palestine the ancient voices were again uplifted. To the temple of Jerusalem succeeded the schools of Tiberias; and the influence of the Rabbis has in all ages been felt, if not acknowledged, by Christians and Mahometans, by the sages of both the West and East." Nor does the historian overlook the coincidence of the fall by fire, within eight months of each other, of the two national temples of the Romans and the Jews, and its bearing on the internecine war which was destined to spring from the social distrust and jealousy of these, politically connected, peoples. At the root of this mutual repulsion we now discover a conflict of ideas still more grave and lasting. "Palestine was the cradle of the Gospel; the Jews the people first appointed to expound it. The destruction, never to be repaired, of their material Temple, cut the cords which bound the New Faith to its local habitation, and launched it, under the hand of Providence, on its career of spiritual conquest; while the boasted restoration of the Capitol was a vain attempt to retain hold of the past, to revive the lost or perishing, to reattach to new conditions of thought an outworn creed of antiquity." It is evident that Mr. Merivale warms to the work which is before him, of depicting the collision of these conflicting forces. It will tax his powers to the utmost, but he is preparing himself accordingly, and will, we doubt not, present a masterly record of the great spiritual strife.

While constrained to omit all mention of many note-worthy matters in the volume under review, we cannot close it without taking notice of the *panoramic* topographical details, with which, from the first, Mr. Merivale has shown himself so minutely conversant, and which may indeed be regarded as one of the distinctive features of his work. The critical sketches, too, interspersed at intervals, have an admirable character of breadth, vigour, and discrimination; whether the subject be Seneca or Lucan, Tacitus or Pliny, Persius the single-minded Roman satirist, or Josephus the double-faced renegade Jew.

THE BANKRUPT.

FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL."

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

ABOUT the end of the last century there lived in Copenhagen a wealthy merchant, whose name was *Kraft*. He was a proud, imperious man, who looked upon riches as the greatest of all advantages, and their possession as the universal, in fact, the only passport to, or rather source of, happiness. He was extremely rich. His housekeeper declared that he was not able to count his money, he had so much; he measured his ducats by the bushel, and was certainly worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Born in affluence, he had never seen the slightest diminution in the fortune which surrounded him, for his father's mercantile house was already in its third generation, having descended from father to son, without any lessening of its capital during that long period, as there never had been more than one son in the family. In consequence of this, the large means of the firm had remained undivided, and they had been enabled to extend their mercantile transactions over half the world. Their acceptances were as good as ready money. The present merchant Kraft had also an only son, but he had not, in accordance with the custom of his forefathers, taken him into partnership, for he must then have made over to him—at least in appearance—a portion of his supreme authority, and he was too haughty to share his power even with his only son. He had therefore established the young man in business on his own account, though, to a certain extent, under his own surveillance. Herr Kraft's wife had died at an early age; she had presented him with all he wished—a son, who might, in progress of time, carry on the affairs of the house and uphold its name and high credit. When she afterwards presented him with a daughter, he was so alarmed at the possibility of such gifts becoming too abundant, that he thought it rather a fortunate circumstance that the birth of this child cost its mother her life. The unwelcome little girl was sent to the care of an aunt, who brought her up, and it was not until she was a young woman that she returned to her father's house, where, however, she found no sympathy. Her brother was just married to a girl with a handsome fortune, and he had removed to a house of his own. The family now consisted of Herr Kraft, senior, his daughter, and his cousin, an old maiden lady, who was received as an inmate of his house after his wife's death, to give her a home, said Herr Kraft—that he might have some one to vent his ill-humour upon, said Miss Regine herself—that there should be another torment in the house, said the counting-house clerks and the domestic servants, who hated her and her fat, snoring pet, "Mops," as much as they feared Herr Kraft and loved his daughter. For Louise was their declared favourite, and, if need had been, they would all have gone through fire and water for her.

A complete contrast to the merchant was his relative, Herr Warner. He was of a mild, unassuming character; he could easily mould his own wishes to those of others, and he valued wealth only as a means of doing

good. In all his actions he was guided much more by his feelings than his interests. The lives of these two gentlemen had been as different as were their characters. Herr Warner's parents had not been rich. His mother had made an *unfortunate* marriage according to the merchant Kraft, for her husband had lost his small inheritance, and had gone abroad to seek for fortune under foreign skies. Herr Warner, on the contrary, considered that his mother had made a *fortunate* marriage, for her and her husband's mutual affection outlived the loss of their property, and if they did not become rich in the distant country to which they had gone, they at least obtained a competence there, and a peaceful, happy home.

After the death of his parents, their son went, with but a poor heritage, to the East Indies, where he married a young lady without any fortune. Good luck, however, seemed now to attend him; his cotton plantations thrived well and yielded large returns, and a beloved wife and three fine children made his home a paradise. At the expiration of a few years he determined to return to his native country, there to enjoy the fruits of his labours. An infectious disease, however, just then carried off his wife and her elder children, and with his youngest daughter, who alone was left to him, he sailed from India. But she died on the voyage, and was committed to the deep. Thus deprived of every tie, friendless and hopeless, the much-afflicted man quitted the ship in a French port, and repairing to Paris, he resided there for some few years, endeavouring to while away his time in the pursuit of science and literature, the pursuit of wealth having lost all interest for him, who had no one now for whom he cared to work. At length he returned to his native city, where he lived quietly, frugally, and in great retirement, visiting at very few houses except at that of his cousin Herr Kraft, in whose family he appeared to take a warm interest; the regard, however, which he entertained for them all was only returned by the daughter, who became much attached to him. Herr Kraft made a point of disputing with him every day, and had so accustomed himself to this amiable habit, that he absolutely could not do without his relative and these demi-quarrels. There were many different opinions about the state of his finances. "He must have saved something in the East Indies, where money is as plentiful as grass," said some; but others, among whom was Herr Kraft, declared "that he only had enough to make shift with, and it would be a wonder if the little he possessed should hold out during his life—for he was one of those persons whom Dame Fortune seldom favoured, as he did not put a proper value on her gifts, letting his money slip through his fingers by bestowing it on every one who came with a whining tale to him, he was so foolishly soft-hearted." And Herr Kraft was right there.

In the large drawing-room, which was furnished more richly than tastefully, and where everything looked stiff rather than comfortable, Herr Kraft and Herr Warner were pacing up and down. Their conversation had come to a stand. They had been disputing about some of the measures of the government, and Herr Kraft had called the government stupid and despotic; he said it took upon itself to be the guardian of the nation, and to treat the burghers as if they were children under age, prescribing to them, forsooth, what they were to do, and meddling in their own private affairs! He was as warm a supporter of free trade for the

higher grade of merchants, as he was an advocate for restraints upon the working classes, for he looked upon all those in an humble sphere of life as "trash, full of fraud and tricks," who must have "a rod held over their heads." It was the old story—liberality for the higher, despotism for the lower; and this will be repeated till the end of the world. Herr Warner had differed from him in opinion; he thought confidence might be placed in a wise government, and he wished freedom and justice for *all*, whether they were rich or poor. The argument might have become an angry one, but Warner gave in, for he was anxious to avoid exasperating his violent-tempered cousin, to whom he had come that morning on a delicate mission, requiring no small degree of tact.

A very fine young man, who had been for some time much attached to Louise, and who had won her affections, had determined to ask her hand in a respectful letter to her father. But the reply he had received was a flat refusal, Herr Kraft having made up his mind to listen to no proposals for his daughter except from a suitor selected by himself. Louise wept and was very sad. "Aunt Regine," as she was styled, favoured her with sundry ill-natured dissertations upon ungrateful and disobedient children, Mops growled and snarled as if he were taking part with his mistress in the family disagreement, and the entire house and household appeared even more dull and silent than usual. Herr Warner exerted himself to the utmost to bring his cousin to reason, but in vain. Herr Kraft was much enraged that his daughter should have presumed, even at the house of his own sister, to have become intimate with any person who was unknown to him, and could not forgive her having dared even to think of any one as a lover without *his* permission. "And the fellow such a poor wretch into the bargain!" For what was a small landed property, not much bigger than a couple of peasants' cottages and cabbage gardens? He was of an ancient and noble family, it had been said—but what of that? He, Herr Kraft, did not care a straw for nobility; it was merely an idea—an imagination—that some men are to be better than others, because their forefathers, perhaps a hundred years ago, had been people of some renown. Herr Warner maintained that such an "imagination" contained a moral obligation to be also a distinguished, or at least a worthy man, not to dishonour one's ancestors; and reminded his cousin that he himself was by no means indifferent to his descent.

"No, in that he was certainly right," said the merchant: "but *he* had good grounds for his pride in his forefathers, because for more than a hundred years they had been wealthy merchants, who had established and maintained a highly esteemed commercial house. *That* was something solid—not mere fancy." And then he went on exhibiting all that arrogance which is sometimes to be found among the rich burghers, who are quite as proud of their wealth, and their burgher's brief of a century old, as any nobleman of his genealogical table, or his forefathers' wounds or scars received on the field of glory. But Herr Warner had to go away without having disclosed his errand, and could only console poor Louise with the uncertain hope of a brighter future, in which, however, he himself had little confidence.

Soon after, her prospects became still darker. Herr Kraft gave notice suddenly one day that he had promised Louise to the son of one of his

commercial friends, that the betrothal was to take place in eight days, and the wedding in three months. The husband destined for Louise was the son of a rich man, but he was far from handsome, and was still less agreeable. Aunt Regine bestirred herself to make every preparation for the betrothal; Louise implored with tears that her father would not insist on this sacrifice; she said she would give up the man she loved, to please him, but she could not marry another. Uncle Warner, as Louise called him, did all he could for her, and pleaded her cause with her father to the best of his ability; but Herr Kraft laughed—a thing he seldom did—at hearing him speak of true and faithful love. “Sheer folly, childishness, absurd sentimentality and foolery, that would not pay a shilling of interest.”

“You will make your child miserable,” said Warner.

“On the contrary, she will get a husband worth half a plum, with the prospect of a great deal more,” said the father.

“That may be; but he squints, and has red flaming hair.”

“Bah! People don’t notice these trifles after they are married.”

“But he is also dull and stupid, and obstinate and wearisome, and unfeeling and concealed——”

“Well! and what else? However, whatever he may be, she shall take him, and so—Basta!”

“She will not take him—she will throw herself into the sea rather.”

“Bah! It is both wet and cold in the sea. She will take him, because she *shall* do so. To-morrow we shall have the betrothal, as sure as my name is Kraft, and I will not hear another word on the subject. Will you give us the pleasure of your company at the betrothal? It will take place at seven o’clock in the evening, precisely.”

Herr Kraft and Aunt Regine were the only persons in the house who slept that night. Every one else was kept awake by uneasiness and anxiety, and the unfortunate Louise cried till her eyes were so swollen, that in the morning she could hardly read a few lines which one of the housemaids brought to her from her sympathising friend, Herr Warner, who was always anxious, as well as he could, to comfort the afflicted. After reading them, she wept still more bitterly, and the servant girl observed her wringing her hands in despair.

The day wore on, the evening came, and at seven o’clock precisely the invited guests had all arrived, forming quite a family congress of the members of the two wealthy mercantile houses. Uncle Warner was there also. In the morning he had requested an interview with the bridegroom, and had plainly stated to him that Louise loved another, and did not entertain even the slightest friendly feeling towards him; but the young man bristled up, thrust his hand conceitedly through his carrotty locks, and looked into the corner of his own eyes, while he replied with the comforting assurance, that what he had been told was nothing to the purpose, it gave him no concern, and that he would not give up the match “for any price,” as he expressed himself. Uncle Warner was deeply disappointed at his ill success with the self-sufficient gentleman. They met again at the betrothal party, and the young man had arrayed himself, as he thought, to the best advantage, and looked as smiling as if he were awaiting a beloved and devoted bride. All was ready, and Aunt Regine went to Louise’s apartment to bring her.

Heaven and earth! She was not there! She had gone! A letter lay on a table in her room, and that was all the information Aunt Regine could give. But old Maren had heard some one leave the house about an hour before, and almost at the same moment she had observed a carriage drive away, which had been standing at least a quarter of an hour in the street, as if the coachman were waiting for some one. There was presently an awful hubbub in the house. Herr Kraft rushed like a madman from room to room, Aunt Regine hobbled after him, doors were banged, and every corner of the mansion was searched, but Louise was nowhere to be found, and it was now certain that she had fled to escape the threatened evil. The letter she had left was then read, and a heart of stone might have melted at the anguish and the terror expressed in it, as well as the earnestness with which she prayed for forgiveness; every word breathed of a spirit that was utterly crushed and prostrate. But her father threw the letter into the fire, and exclaimed, in a firm, harsh voice:

"I have no longer a daughter—her name shall never again be mentioned within my doors—I disown her—I——"

Uncle Warner caught his arm, and pressed it so tightly that he involuntarily stopped, and the curse he was about to utter was arrested on his lips. Aunt Regine began to howl with all her might.

The bridegroom and his family took their departure, and the rest of the party speedily followed their discreet example; Uncle Warner alone remained with the enraged father. But every attempt to mollify his anger, or to awaken in his mind any regret for the harshness by which he himself had driven his daughter to this desperate step, was addressed to deaf ears. Herr Kraft's wrath was only increased by every new argument the good Warner brought forward in the hope of allaying it, and at length he took his leave, expressing his intention of making every inquiry concerning the fate of the unfortunate fugitive. But just as he had left the room, the door was suddenly opened, and Herr Kraft roared after him, in an imperious voice:

"I desire to be troubled with no information you may gather; and with this—Basta!"

He then slammed the door so hard, that the noise resounded throughout the whole house.

A whole year had elapsed, but time had worked no change in Herr Kraft's vindictive feelings. Constant fretting, however, had impaired his health, and he became ill. Uncle Warner thought it might be a good opportunity to soften his heart, and he led the conversation to the sad position of forsaken old age, and upon the comfort of an affectionate nurse amidst sickness and infirmities. But Herr Kraft replied that *he* could never be forsaken in his declining years, for he had a son, "the heir of his house;" and as far as concerned illness and infirmities, the best attendant was some hired sick-nurse, for she thought only of the good wages she was to get, and it never entered her head to speculate upon what he might leave. He did not put any faith in all the babbling about affection and love, and such nonsense; it was self-interest and money that people thought of in this world, and those who had wealth would always get plenty of attention.

"But you might lose your fortune, you might become as poor as many others are, and then you would stand in need of affection, and learn to know its value," said Herr Warner.

The rich merchant stared at him with contemptuous surprise; then, with a scornful laugh, he said:

“Yes, to be sure; the moon might fall down from the heavens, but it would not be necessary on that account to put up an umbrella. Don’t tease me any more with such nonsense. Enough of it—Basta!”

Herr Kraft got better, and he resumed his accustomed rich man’s life—the constant yearning and busy schemes to become richer; but in his cupidity he never thought of Providence.

The moon certainly did not fall from heaven, but within the space of three years, one fine morning, as Herr Kraft was lounging over his breakfast-table, and congratulating himself on being worth a very considerable sum of money, the postman brought him a large packet of letters. His spirits fell the moment he had read them, for they conveyed the startling and afflicting intelligence of a commercial crisis in a foreign country, which had caused the failure of many houses of old standing; and their failure had brought down several others. Among these sufferers was Herr Kraft himself. Yes, the wealthy Kraft, dragged down by others, was now *a bankrupt*! At that time bankruptcy was a more serious matter than it is now-a-days; a bankrupt never raised himself to fortune a second time, and there were *then* no instances of a man having failed several times, and yet being able to live on the fat of the land. However, credit, in those days, was a very different matter from what it is now.

Herr Kraft had failed—the honourable, ancient, commercial house was ruined, its riches and its lustre annihilated in a moment. What during a century, and by the zealous labour of several generations, had been gathered, had been destroyed by a single storm, and scattered like chaff before the wind! The cash-keeper suggested—and it was true what he said—that the ready money which was lying in their iron chest might be easily removed and placed somewhere else in security, and that *it* alone would be sufficient to yield a competency to any man for life. But Herr Kraft was a rigidly honest man, and had not the fall of the house thrown the cash-keeper also out of bread, he would have discharged him for advising such a fraudulent measure. Everything was given up, and as an honourable and respected, but a poor and ruined man, the lately so wealthy and so envied Herr Kraft took his departure from his forefathers’ abode.

Herr Warner showed the warmest sympathy in his misfortunes. He immediately proposed that his cousin should come to his house, although he knew that he would have also to receive Aunt Regine and her pet, Mops. But Herr Kraft had already accepted his son’s invitation to spend some time with him. This invitation to his house was perhaps not more than was due to a father who had placed him in so independent a position that he was now in easy circumstances, and had not lost anything by the failure of the house. But yes, he had lost the expected rich inheritance, the succession to the firm, &c. &c.; and as he was his father’s son, and brought up in his ways, he was very well versed in the calculation of the interest of money, and in book-keeping by single and double entry, but knew little about humanity and kind feeling, which, from his earliest infancy, he had heard his father ridicule.

His failure was a cruel trial to old Herr Kraft; his pride was severely wounded, but his heart was not at all softened. During these sorrowful days, a letter was brought to him by the post, but, as he recognised his

daughter's writing, he laid it aside, and when "Uncle Warner" came, he handed it to him unopened, saying, "If you know where the writer lives, be so good as to see that this is returned; and therewith—Basta!"

His residence in his son's house was destined to be another heavy trial. The son's wife was the ruler there, and she was far from amiable. Aunt Regine had always been an eyesore to her. Her long-winded prosing was now cut short and ridiculed, and her Mops dared scarcely put his nose outside of the good lady's petticoats, under the shelter of which he lay snoring from morning till night. The endless talking about what everything cost, and the eternal reference to the advantage of having money, which formerly had never annoyed Herr Kraft, were now exceedingly disagreeable to him, and drew many a sigh from his oppressed heart. It was given out that everything was to be done to please him, and he heard several times a day these words: "Whatever papa likes—our only desire is that papa may be comfortable in our house." But he felt as often that these were empty phrases, a mere *façon de parler*, and that his wishes, in reality, were never consulted. Had he known what *heart* was, he would have deplored their want of it; as it was, he only grieved for the loss of his fortune.

When a bubble that has been blown is nearly exhausted, an atom will make it burst. The life Herr Kraft led in his son's house was such, that he only waited for some event to form an excuse for leaving it; he could stand it no longer. The opportunity was not long wanting. His son's wife purchased a dog, which was double the size of Aunt Regine's Mops, and was a very pugnacious animal. It was a great amusement to the young couple to set the two dogs at each other, and they enjoyed exceedingly the terror which Hector's entrance into the room soon seemed to cause Mops, who, with as much speed as his fat would allow, would always waddle towards his mistress, and rush for protection under her garments, which she hospitably raised to admit him, sometimes, in her anxiety on his account, to a most ludicrous height. One day Herr Kraft was sitting on a sofa reading the newspapers, Aunt Regine was taking a quiet nap in an arm-chair near, and Mops, seduced by the stillness and the warm sunshine, was stretched full length upon the carpet, as happy as dog could be. Suddenly the door of the room was opened, and the son's wife entered, accompanied by Hector. As quick as lightning the animal sprang forward and pounced upon the half-sleeping Mops, Aunt Regine started from her slumbers, and lifted her dress in her hurry up to her very knees, but before Mops could take flight to that opened temple of peace, Hector had rendered the asylum useless—he had put an end to the poor favourite's existence, and Mops lay dead upon the floor! The son's wife was shaking with laughter at Aunt Regine's comical appearance, and was so amused that she forgot to call off her dog from Mops, and even when she saw the calamity that had occurred she could scarcely stop laughing. Herr Kraft witnessed this scene over his newspaper; his knitted eyebrows foretold a coming storm, but he mastered his anger, and, taking Aunt Regine by the hand, he led her out of the room.

For the first time in his life he felt a sort of longing for a sympathising friend, and sent to ask Herr Warner to come to him. That gentleman had been much engaged in the affairs of his cousin's bankruptcy, and had been striving to make the best possible arrangement with his creditors for him. Herr Kraft wished to know if he thought it would

be possible to rescue as much as would enable him to live with great economy in some retired country place, for the short period of time he might still remain in this world. Nothing would induce him, he said, to remain longer in his son's house, or in Copenhagen, and he would not forsake Aunt Regine. Herr Warner encouraged him in this judicious plan, and promised to do his best to find a residence for him that would suit, in all respects, "an amiable family," he added, "where you can have the society of worthy people, and yet be as much alone as you choose. For in the days of adversity it is kind-hearted people to whom we cling, and in your son's house, though everything is very handsome and in the nicest order, there is no disposition to make any one happy, and no trace of real hospitality." Herr Kraft made no reply to these observations, and when his cousin was gone, he fell into deep thought.

A few days afterwards, the indefatigable friend brought him the information that he had been so fortunate as to find a family at some distance in the country who were willing to receive Herr Kraft and Aunt Regine. The terms were very reasonable, and the size of the house would admit of the host and his guest being quite independent of each other. The family was small, the gentleman was clever and well-educated, his wife, indeed, was absent from home for a time, having gone to some German baths on account of her health, but the house, nevertheless, was well managed. The country round was pretty, though the situation was rather lonely. "The person in question is named Warner, like me," said the cousin, "but we are not at all of the same family. I take it for granted that his name will not be disagreeable to you." Herr Kraft shook his hand with a friendly smile, and agreed to the arrangement. Two days after this he quitted his son's house, and went into the country, accompanied by Herr Warner, Aunt Regine, and old Maren, who for many years had been Herr Kraft's especial attendant, and was acquainted with all his ways. She was the only human being of whom he would have felt the want, she knew so well how he liked his bed made.

Uncle Warner's namesake received the travellers very politely on their arrival at their future home, and regretted that his wife was not there to welcome her guests; "she was at present at the baths of Pyrmont," he said, "but would be back ere long." Two fine children, half hidden by their father, gazed with curiosity at the strangers who were thenceforth to live with them. By the kind care of Uncle Warner, a portion of Herr Kraft's own furniture had been brought thither from Copenhagen, and he immediately found himself quite at home in his new sitting-room: every arrangement had been made with a view to his convenience, and the indulgence of his former habits. Aunt Regine's tastes and comforts had also been sedulously attended to; her bed-chamber contained all her favourite articles of furniture, and she had a delightful surprise on finding in a basket near the stove a second Mops, who licked her hand affectionately, and was so like her defunct pet "of blessed memory," that she instantly took a fancy to him.

Uncle Warner spent a few days with them, and then returned to town with the pleasing conviction that his cousin could not fail to be comfortable in his new abode. And so he certainly was. Herr Kraft began by degrees to associate with his host, whom he found to be a sensible, pleasant man, and whom he began gradually to like and respect. Before a month had elapsed, Herr Kraft had become so much accustomed to the

quiet, secluded life he led, that he would have regretted leaving the peaceful home where he had found so much hitherto unknown comfort, and where he felt that, though stripped of his fortune, he was treated with much more attention than had ever been paid to him in the days of his affluence. Nature had hitherto been a sealed book to him; he now studied it in his wanderings amidst the charming scenery of the neighbourhood, and it spoke to him in language which he could never before have dreamed of understanding. He had never formerly taken any notice of children, but his host's two sweet children managed to insinuate themselves so much into his good graces, that he was always happy to see them, and have them about him. He could not imagine why he took such interest in them, but they were such good-tempered, pretty, clever little creatures, that it was impossible not to be pleased with them. And Aunt Regine liked them almost as much as her new Mops, and *it* almost as much as her first canine favourite, so that old Maren was right in saying :

"Well, this is really a blessed house we are in; we seem to have all become better-tempered since we have been here; even the master himself is quite a different creature, and does not find fault with his bed as he used to do; formerly, there was no making it to please him. And really now, when he sits leaning his cheek on his hand, wrapt up in his own thoughts, he looks quite a good old man."

And Herr Kraft often sat with his cheek resting on his hand, wrapt up in his own thoughts, but what these were he communicated to no living being; perhaps they were hardly clear to himself, for they were frequently new and unaccustomed thoughts that came to him in his solitude.

Herr Warner occasionally paid him a short visit, and when he began to speak of commercial matters and the affairs of his late house, the old merchant would heave a deep sigh, and say: "If every one has been paid, and no one has lost anything by me, my wishes are fulfilled. I desire nothing more—my time is over—and therewith—*Basta!*"

But the word came forth like the echo of a sound—the ghost of a habit now almost forgotten; and this conclusion, which had so often caused consternation by its irrevocable vigour, seemed now almost sad.

About the time that the mistress of the house was expected back from Pymont, Herr Kraft felt very much indisposed, and when she reached home, he was labouring under a fever, the violence of which had made him delirious. In his delirium he sometimes fancied himself the rich man, whose commercial influence extended over half the world—sometimes impoverished and destitute, a dependent on those around him; but it was always on money that his fevered dreams dwelt, and the demons of gold fought their unhallowed battles in his clouded mind. In the course of a week or two this state of morbid excitement passed away, and was succeeded by an utter prostration of strength, an extreme degree of weakness, in which he lay, for the most part, with his eyes closed, as if sleeping. With how much kindness and solicitude was he not tended during that long illness! Day and night was his anxious hostess in his sick-room, and whenever he opened his eyes, they always rested on the same form. And when the crisis was over, the greatest danger was past, and all the family would assemble round his bed, any one would have

thought that he was a dear member of it, they treated him with so much affectionate attention.

One evening, in the dusk, when they had all left his room for a short time, and old Maren alone was sitting by his bedside, he suddenly opened his eyes and gazed around him, as if he were trying to recollect where he was, and what had happened to him. He then asked about the children. Maren clasped her hands in joy that her master had recovered to consciousness again, while he repeated his question, and added :

"Is it not true, Maren, that the boy is called Ludvig, and the girl Georgia? These are both my own names——"

"Well, that is very natural," said Maren, significantly. "What else should they be called?"

"Is my cousin Warner here?" asked the invalid soon after.

He was there, and Maren went immediately to call him. Herr Kraft made a sign to him to sit down near his couch, and another to Maren to leave them by themselves.

"Cousin," he said, "I see now how things are—I am in my daughter's house. I have been very ill, but I did not lose the use of my eyes, and Louise has watched by my bed, and attended me."

Herr Warner nodded in affirmation of what he had said.

"You knew it all along. You took the place of her father when I threw her off—is it not so?"

Warner nodded again; he was so surprised to hear a person generally so stern and overbearing speak thus gently, that he could not utter a word for a moment.

"But her husband was not named Warner, and he had only a very small property, not such a large place as this? How are all these discrepancies to be reconciled?"

Herr Warner then related to him in a few words that his son-in-law had assumed *his* citizen-like name out of gratitude, because he had presented Louise with a considerable sum of money he had received from the East Indies, for which he had no use himself, but which had enabled the young couple to purchase this large property, where they had lived as happily as they could do while under the ban of his displeasure, and without having obtained his forgiveness. But now he would surely not longer withhold that, and they would all be happy together, for which he thanked God from the bottom of his heart.

To Herr Kraft it seemed all a romance. The discarded daughter had received and devotedly attended in his illness her harsh and unforgiving father; the scorned son-in-law had won his friendship and esteem; the poor cousin had been able to give away a fortune; and the rich merchant lay there an impoverished and repentant man.

"Money was in your hands only an instrument of doing good—to me it was an idol!" he exclaimed, after a silence of some duration. "But I have learned to know that our Lord did not will money to be a primary consideration. It is all gone now, however!"

Herr Warner assured him that it was not all gone; there would be a surplus left for him after all the creditors were paid, and that he himself had a little money laid by, and they would commence business together; they would soon increase the capital, as Herr Kraft understood mercantile affairs so well. The bankrupt shook his head at these smiling

prospects, and replied that his hours were numbered, and he had other employments for the few that might remain of them.

"Whilst I was so ill," he continued, "I had very singular dreams. It appeared to me as if an angel and a devil were contending which should get possession of me; the angel always resembled Louise, and at last she drove the devil away, and as he was going, I seemed to hear piles of money falling down, as it were, with a crash. It was a dreadful sound. But just then I heard a voice singing solemn hymns, and, lulled by the soothing melody, I felt a sense of peace and happiness steal over me. I sank into a deep sleep, and had such a charming dream—so charming that I cannot describe it."

Herr Kraft folded his hands and fell back on his pillow somewhat exhausted, but apparently tranquil. In a few minutes, however, he became restless, and moved uneasily from side to side on his bed. Suddenly he raised himself till he sat upright, and cried, in an excited tone, "Where is my daughter? Bring her to me—and her children—and her husband."

Herr Warner summoned them all. Louise kneeled by her father's bed, and kissed his hand, over which her tears fell fast. He took her hand and placed it in that of her husband, and then pressed his own hand on her head, as if invoking a blessing upon her. Warner brought the children to him, and he kissed them on their foreheads; he then stretched out both his hands to his cousin, but before the latter had time to clasp them, the invalid had fallen back on his pillow exhausted. It was a solemn moment, and one of entire reconciliation, without a word having been spoken; but they understood each other without words, for language is not always so necessary as many think.

A state of extreme exhaustion succeeded this exertion, and Herr Kraft lay for a long time perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed as if he were sleeping. The party who surrounded his bed felt relieved from a load of sorrow, and, full of hope that he would recover, they whispered cheerfully to each other. Late in the evening he awoke, and spoke of his son. "Tell him," said he, "that I always loved him, but I was foolish in my way of showing my affection. Tell him that, exclusive of a provision for poor Maren, all that can be saved from the wreck of my fortune shall be divided between him and Aunt Regine. Louise, you have had more of a father in Uncle Warner than in me, and may God bless him for his kindness to you! You will all remember me, I know, with affection!"

He held out his hands to them all, and smiled cordially to them, but he retained Herr Warner's and Louise's hands in his. He then lay for a few moments in silence; his lips moved, however, though no sound was heard. Perhaps he was engaged in prayer. A little after he exclaimed half aloud:

"Is it not declared in the Bible, that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God?' The Almighty had placed much in my power. But He will be merciful to me! Every one has got his own—I have defrauded none, and I possess nothing. Yet God has made me rich—and with that—Basta!"

A happy smile flitted over his countenance—a pleasing remembrance for those who survived him. By midnight all was over; he had passed into the deep, dark sleep of death.

AFOOT TO MEXICO.

IN 1849, that *annus mirabilis* of revolution, which sent Germany fifty years back on the path of progress, and robbed her of her most hopeful scions, M. Julius Fröbel, philosopher, doctrinaire, and umquihle professor, had the distinguished honour of forming a unit of the Frankfurt Rump Parliament. We can all remember how the farce terminated—how the leaders sought shelter in Switzerland, leaving their misguided followers to suffer fearful punishment at the hands of the vengeful Prussians, while themselves fared delicately at the expense of their deluded country. Strange to say, the republicanism of Switzerland did not appear sufficiently pronounced for M. Fröbel: the country was evidently police-ridden, like the one he had lately quitted in disgust, and he had no other alternative than to emigrate to America, the real shop where only the genuine article is disposed of under the guise of liberty. In the book he has published since his return to common sense and his fatherland, it is amusing to see how thoroughly M. Fröbel has been undeceived as to the advantages America holds out to aspiring republicans.* In fact, we can hardly imagine a better remedy to administer for incipient democracy than a stay of some years in America. It would act like the famous recipe for curing the confirmed drunkard, by giving him brandy in every article he ate or drank. But we would not have it supposed that M. Fröbel's book is exclusively devoted to assaults on American institutions: on the contrary, it furnishes an admirable notion of the mode of life which a wandering savant will have to endure who wishes to earn means of existence in the United States, and we therefore purpose to devote a few pages to a summary of the chances and changes that befel our author during his residence in America, believing that a beneficial lesson may be derived from them. Hence, then, we will leave on one side all his disquisitions about American politics, preferring to follow him along the thorny road, which he soon found was the only one open to a man who had no trade at his command.

After many attempts at establishing himself in the more civilised portions of America, and going through the usual gradations of educated Germans, such as soap-boiling, cigar-making, and—worst resource of all—newspaper editing, M. Fröbel acted on a hint given him by Mr. Squier, and set out for Nicaragua, determined to travel through that country as a naturalist, in the mean while waiting, after the fashion of Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. He took passage on board a small schooner bound for Chagres, and went on board just as the guns were giving a parting salutation to Jenny Lind, who was going to Boston. The company on board was decidedly heterogeneous.

Beside myself and my son there were seven passengers on board, two Americans, two Irishmen, two German-Polish Russians, and a German. Our captain was a Scotchman by birth. He told me that in his youth he had been a com-

* Aus America. Erfahrungen, Reisen und Studien von Julius Fröbel. 2 Bände. Leipzig: 1858.

rade of Lord Byron, and had run many risks with him on and in the water. Now, he was a very calm, thoughtful, and pious man of the Methodist persuasion, and held service in the cabin through the whole of the voyage. He took an early opportunity to tell us that he was quite certain his soul was saved, and even our indifference would not prevent him from trying to save ours. He had an ample stock of hymn-books on board, and expected us to join him before and after prayers in a canticle. When he found that he could not carry this into effect—which he ascribed unjustly to our indifference, for the two Irishmen were Catholics, and the Warsaw gentlemen indubitably of the Mosaic faith—he said, solemnly, “If you are ashamed to praise your Maker, I am not so;” and then, without paying the slightest attention to us, he sang from his book a hymn of twelve verses. I saw how he took to heart our want of piety, and so joined in the next Sunday, and the others followed my example. Even the Jews aided in our Christian worship. A marked contrast was, however, afforded by two men; the mate, who had formerly visited the coast of Africa as slave-dealer, and the captain’s son, who parodied the ecstasy of Methodistic fervour in the most unscrupulous fashion. From him I learned a hymn, recommending itself greatly by its simple piety, and give the beginning and end of it, between which an *ad libitum* middle may be interposed. It begins thus:

“Where do you say is old Father Adam?
Where do you say is old Father Adam?
Where do you say is old Father Adam?
Way down, in the promised land!”

From Adam the hymn then runs through the entire series of patriarchs down to Wesley, with the same question and answer, and finally concludes with the following strophes:

“By-and-by we shall go for to meet him,
By-and-by we shall go for to meet him,
By-and-by we shall go for to meet him,
Way down in the promised land!

“There we will shout and sing for ever,
There we will shout and sing for ever,
There we will shout and sing for ever,
Way down, in the promised land!”

Chagres has undergone a wonderful alteration since it has become a station of the Californian route. A North American settlement has sprung up, composed exclusively of stores and inns—wooden buildings sent straight from New York, and put up here. Opposite the vessel was the “Irving House,” the first hotel in the settlement, of which M. Fröbel had seen flaming placards in New York, which stated that travellers would find here the comforts of the temperate zone, combined with the delicacies of the tropics. It was a large two-storied barn, in the ground room of which some hundreds of travellers were eating ships’ fare on unplanned tables; while in the upper room were several hundred poor wretches tortured by ague, and lying on filthy blankets. In front of the houses gamblers had set up their tables, and so little attention was devoted to agriculture, that even the fodder of the few cows kept was brought from New York. On the opposite side of the bay is the native village, nestling round the fort of San Lorenzo. Between the natives and the Americans a guerilla warfare had just broken out, and it was no uncommon thing for passengers to be shot, by accident, of course, in crossing from one village to the other.

The castle may be called a ruin, though from no other cause than the neglect of repairs. The sandstone of which it is built crumbles away very rapidly in this damp atmosphere. A crazy blockhouse in one of the court-yards was tenanted by an official, who was betitled the commandant. Iron and brass guns and mortars, and piles of shots, bombs, and grenades, lay in the grass of the court. I counted thirty iron and ten brass guns, but there were probably more. Many were of very heavy calibre. Two brass mortars bore the inscription, "El Escorpion. Solano, fecit. Seville, 1749. Ferdinando VI. Hispaniæ Rex." We went into the casemates, and some of us happened to be smoking. In one of the vaults we found a quantity of chests piled up, which we examined more closely. There was a damp black substance in them, which we soon discovered was gunpowder. I cannot say what quantity there was, but I am certain not less than forty to fifty hundred weight. We were naturally rather startled, and spite of its dampness, we held our cigars with great caution.

The next place our author visited was St. Juan del Norte, better known among us as Greytown. At that time it consisted of some sixty houses, containing a strange conglomerate of nationalities. The place, however, was far cleaner and more comfortable than Chagres, owing to the presence of the British police. St. Juan is far from being a new settlement; more than three hundred years ago its harbour was known. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a Spanish garrison here, and in 1796 the King of Spain declared it the customs port for the adjacent country. The Spaniards had at that time twelve military stations on the river—a proof that the trade must have been considerable. The later history of the town, since its importance to the trade of the world has begun to be seen, is rather interesting. The English, who have kept a hold over Honduras since 1638, and in 1794, for the sake of a quarrel with Spain, crowned a king of Mosquitia at Jamaica, have continued their squabbles since at the expense of the Central American republics. Robert Charles Frederick, third king of British manufacture, and father of his present majesty, in 1840 sold to the Messrs. Shepherd, for a quantity of brandy, a large territory, a portion of which belonged to Nicaragua. When this state protested against the invasion of its territorial rights, the Messrs. Shepherd applied for assistance to Colonel McDonald, superintendent of British Honduras, who came up to San Juan in the *Tweed*, seized the Nicaraguan town commandant, and took him away as prisoner for alleged violation of the Mosquito territory. In 1847, Lord Palmerston, without any reference to history, geography, or national law, dictated what the frontiers of Mosquitia were to be, and on the 1st of January, 1848, the English assaulted San Juan, tore down the Nicaraguan flag, confirmed the King of Mosquitia in his claim, and, lastly, rechristened St. Juan as Greytown.

After nine days' sail up the river M. Fröbel arrived at Granada, though not without undergoing the accumulated miseries of the Chagres fever, which fortunately went off as rapidly as it had assailed him. At Granada, where our author remained some time, he formed several valuable acquaintances; among others, with the unfortunate Ponciano Corral, at that time town commandant, who was eventually shot by Walker. Here, too, M. Fröbel made another attempt at earning an honest livelihood by setting up a cigar manufactory, together with another German. There were consequently two masters and but one labourer, and it was certainly scandalous for an incipient socialist like M. Fröbel

thus to invade the rights of labour. They scraped together a capital of twenty dollars, hired a Bremen cigar maker just arrived, and set to work, rapidly making a fortune. The Californian travellers eagerly purchased their wares at extravagant prices, when suddenly the whole speculation fell to the ground. The workman awoke to a consciousness of his dignity as a fellow-man, and thought proper to get drunk. While in this condition, he broke all his masters' chairs and tables, and ended by getting into the Calabozo. M. Fröbel, disappointed in his brilliant expectations, was forced to return to his botanical pursuits, which he varied by "prospecting" for gold and silver mines. Considerable excitement had been aroused by an artful trick of a couple of Yankees, who had shown some gold-dust in a spot where it was sure to be noticed; and M. Fröbel could not refrain from joining in the hunt after gold. Needless to add, that he only increased the stores in his botanic case, but found himself no richer than before in the article he most desired.

From Granada M. Fröbel proceeded to Leon, the capital of Nicaragua, where he had letters of introduction from M. Squier to the leading men. In consequence of the repeated civil wars, Leon presents but a poor aspect: a greater portion of the houses has been burnt down or destroyed by bullets, and there is not much prospect of them being rebuilt. M. Fröbel, however, soon found that he had not much chance of carrying his plans into execution at Leon, for, although the members of the government were well disposed towards him, and General Muñoz even offered him a commission in the army, he had his doubts, and they were fully justified by the outbreak of the revolution half a year later, which overthrew Muñoz and his entire system. At length he determined on returning to New York, to which city he carried private letters from the Nicaraguan government, and a letter of credit. Unfortunately, the house on which it was drawn had just failed, and the next post brought the news of Muñoz's downfall, so that M. Fröbel once more had all the world before him where to choose. He was not long at arriving at a decision. He formed the acquaintance of M. Samuel Kaufmann, of the firm of Mayer and Co., traders to Chihuahua, and was offered a berth as waggon-master. He quickly accepted, for he had grown very tired of New York, and within a week he and M. Mayer, junior, had started for Independance, on the Missouri, whence the train was to start.

The town of Chihuahua, the furthest of all Mexican towns from any seaport, has for a length of time received goods through the centre of the United States by what is termed the Santa-Fé route. On a mere comparison of distances on a map, this appears difficult to comprehend, but slight consideration will explain it. The extraordinary facilities of transport by railways, canals, and steamers from New York to the Missouri—the natural good roads across the prairies, the cheapness of travelling where the provender of the cattle costs little or nothing, and, above all, the spirit of enterprise peculiar to Americans—have gained this route a preference over the transport of goods by mules across the difficult passages of the Mexican mountains. The chief consideration was that a maximum of profit could be obtained with a maximum of danger, and what American could withstand a combination of such allurements?

At Cincinnati our travellers were forced to remain four days, as M.

Mayer was going to be married to a lady in that town, who preferred to make her wedding tour across the prairies. On starting once more the travellers met with an adventure which might have ended fatally :

At Lexington the Missouri makes a great bend, and the current is very rapid, making the river very difficult to navigate. A few miles below the mouth of the Fishing, we ran upon a snag, which caught one of the paddle-wheels. The boat creaked, and fell over on its side ; the water poured in over the lower deck, and put out the fire under the boiler. *Chests, casks, and numerous articles of furniture fell off the decks into the water, and floated away gracefully, accompanied by all our firewood. The steamer had, in the mean while, released itself, but floated down the stream, and ran a risk of being impaled on other snags. At last, however, we succeeded in running her ashore. When the vessel heeled over, we were just going to sit down to supper. The tables were upset ; all the good things were strewn on the floor, and we had to wait till twelve o'clock for a fresh supper to be prepared. The coolness of the Americans, both male and female, on such occasions is truly wonderful, and compensates for many sins of omission. On board our ship the perilous position in which we were placed did not even interrupt the merry discourse of the ladies collected in the stern gallery. After six hours' toil, the vessel was again ready to continue its voyage, and all went on well.

The caravan which M. Fröbel found awaiting him at Independance had something truly American about it. The waggons are built to carry from five to six thousand pounds, and are drawn by five couples of mules. These are guided by one driver, sometimes riding, sometimes walking. The waggons are of extraordinary strength, and will endure an incredible amount of knocking about. They principally suffer, however, from the dryness of the atmosphere in the higher western regions. Hence on every possible occasion the wheels are thoroughly watered ; still, without any unexpected accident, a clever waggoner will cross the entire continent and not break a single accessory of his waggon. The provisions consist of flour, bacon, dried beans, coffee, and sugar. Spirits are not served out on these journeys except on very rare occasions. Coffee, however, is an indispensable article, and is drunk twice a day in incredible quantities. A favourite article of food is the *frijoles* of the Mexicans, or dried beans. These are boiled in water till they are soft : a pan of fat is then placed on the fire, in which the beans are boiled once more, and they thus form the most admirable dish that can be placed before a traveller. The principal men of the caravan do not, however, limit themselves to such simple fare : the dignitaries of M. Fröbel's train, for instance, took with them all sorts of preserved meats and vegetables, and any quantity of champagne. Sardines are esteemed great delicacies on the prairie, and the consumption of them is so great that a traveller need only follow the empty cases to go with certainty from Independance to Santa-Fé. Of course the whole company were well armed. Each driver and groom had a good gun, to which several added pistols. M. Fröbel satisfied himself with two six-chambered revolvers and a double-barreled gun. And now for the start :

The scene on the first harnessing of some hundred mules which have hitherto run about wild, and have never had a bit in mouth, almost defies description. The waggons are so arranged that they form three-fourths of a circle, the other segment serving as an entrance to the corral. The mules are driven in, and the entrance then closed with a rope. A couple of men, armed with whips,

are posted here to drive back the animals when they attempt to jump over the rope or creep under it. In this space, then, imagine some two or three hundred wild mules assembled, and ten to fifteen men among them, all striving to throw a lasso over them, force the bit into their mouths, and lead them to their appointed waggons. In a caravan of from twenty to thirty waggons, the first attempt takes the greater part of a day, so that the most that can be effected is to move the waggons a short distance. The mules are well aware of the dangerous properties of the lasso, and try to escape it in every possible way. The animals press to the side of the corral with their heads turned inwards: some of them place their heads under a waggon or between the wheels, so that the lasso cannot be used effectually. Others are still more clever. They stand motionless, and seem to offer their heads for the noose. So soon as the rope is seen to fly through the air the animal makes an imperceptible motion with its head, and escapes. Still all these stratagems are of no permanent avail. As the band run from side to side, one after the other feels the rope round its neck. It runs madly into the centre of the mules, dragging the man after it. Two or three others hasten to his assistance. The groans of the half-strangled animal are heard above the entire tumult of the wild scene. At length one end of the rope is drawn between the spokes of a wheel, and the brute is drawn nearer and nearer to the waggon. Then they try to force the bit between the mule's teeth, and just at the moment of fruition the animal makes one desperate effort to escape. It falls on the ground, kicks violently, until the men are forced to leave hold, and away it flies to join its comrades. At length it is captured, and the bit thrust between its teeth. It is then led to the front of the waggon, and the second scene of brutality commences. When we recollect that the same scene has to be performed with ten animals to each waggon, and that it is going on simultaneously before twenty to thirty waggons, an idea can be formed of the utter confusion. When the waggons are all ready the corral is opened: the supernumerary animals, with the bell-mare, are let out, and the procession is supposed to start. For the first time the mules drag—for the first time they feel the whip and spurs of the driver, who has taken his seat on the back of one of them.

For the first two or three days there is never-ending labour, and scarcely any result to show, but gradually the mules grow accustomed to the new movements, and the train is in fair progress. At night they are turned out to feed under a guard, and it is a very curious fact that they will always follow the bell-mare wherever she may go, through the natural affinity they appear to have for the more noble representative of their race. It is impossible for the Indians to carry off the mules, until they have secured the mare, but when they have effected that the mules will follow them anywhere. As a general rule, the waggons travel from dawn till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when a halt is made to rest and cook. In the afternoon a second journey is made, the camp formed, if possible, before nightfall, and the mules taken out to water. A guard is then appointed, and is relieved once or twice during the night, while the mules are driven into the corral just before daybreak, as predatory Indians generally select this hour for their attacks. Of the privations such a journey entails, a sufficient proof is found in the fact that M. Fröbel never once took off his clothes during the hundred and five days occupied in travelling to Chihuahua, and his shoes only thrice. Of the night-watches he thus complains:

The night-watches are the hardest part of the fatigues of such a journey, especially after forced marches, such as are often rendered compulsory by want of water. Even the constant peril of being surprised by an Indian and scalped did not prevent me at times from falling asleep at my post. During the whole

journey I only neglected my night duty two or three times. On the plateaus of New Mexico, at five to seven thousand feet above the sea, the bitter cold of October and November increased the unpleasantness of these nocturnal duties, from which no man is exempt, unless, as in Mr. M.'s case, when accompanied by his wife. As, however, in the United States a portion of the wife's privileges always reverts to the husband, the waggoner's gallantry on the prairie has introduced the tender habit of excepting a man travelling with his wife from night-watches. In consequence of this custom, Mr. M. was in an enviable position, and whenever during my watch I compared his situation with mine, I could not refrain from singing Leporello's "*Keine Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht.*"

On reaching the little Arkansas our travellers came on the first trail of buffaloes. Before long, so many of the animals had been killed that several of the drivers sickened from the immoderate use of fresh meat. From the 1st to the 8th of September they travelled through herds of buffaloes, forming an uninterrupted line many miles in length. The great inconvenience these animals entailed was that they ate up all the prairie grass, and thus placed the mules on very short commons. The men, however, had no cause to grumble: before they had left the buffaloes behind them they came up with herds of antelopes; then came flocks of ducks on every marsh; and on the Rio Grande they found geese, cranes, hares, quails, and other such small deer, which kept their table most bountifully supplied. According to our author, the greatest delicacy to be found on the prairie is a buffalo marrow-bone slowly roasted over a fire of *bois de vache*. Nor does there appear much difficulty in securing this tidbit.

The scene may be sufficiently wild and exciting when a band of Indians are rushing after a herd of buffaloes. Various travellers have described this, but I had no opportunity of witnessing it. Our party only carried on what may be termed a retail buffalo hunt. When we wanted meat, a man rode among the pasturing buffaloes with a six-chambered revolver. The great army of these animals is divided into brigades, again subdivided into companies, under the command of an old bull. The connexion is never entirely interrupted, although the several bands move about perfectly independent. The sportsman selects an animal out of a band, and begins to chevy it. This portion of the army soon begins to grow restless, the animals run about at the heels of their leader, though rarely quitting their track, which bears a striking resemblance to that of human beings. The result of the chase depends on the training of the horse and the certainty of the rider. The horse is kept on the left side of the chased animal, and the hunter gets up so close as to fire first behind the shoulder-blade, and he must be a very clumsy shot if he cannot bring the animal down without firing his six charges. I know no instance of any resistance on the part of the buffalo, or of a mutual attack on the part of the herd, nor did I notice that the grand army paid any attention to the presence of a stranger among them, except as regarded those in the immediate vicinity. The numerous holes of the prairie wolves render this sport very dangerous, and it is advisable to have a horse thoroughly trained to the ground.

Among the curious events connected with these prairie wanderings the "stampede" certainly deserves a place. Now and then the mules will start off suddenly, as if struck by a panic, and fly in every direction. In the darkness it is a matter of some peril to follow and secure them. It is the more dangerous, as it is a favourite exploit of the Indians to frighten the mules and carry them off, as these animals are of great value through Mexico, and the loss of the draught animals generally entails the ruin of all connected with the expedition. At Fort Atkinson the train first made

the acquaintance of the Indians. A large camp had been formed during the summer, for the purpose of distributing the gifts annually given by the American government as a species of black mail to these wild tribes, and M. Fröbel arrived just in time to form an acquaintance with some distinguished specimens of the red earth.

Several great chieftains and celebrated warriors of the northern Comanche honoured us with their presence, all provided with written testimonials, which they hastened to lay before us. These are the only instances of the introduction of the passport system in the United States. Very frequently they are comical enough. Take such examples as these for instance: "The holder of this is the Red-Sleeve, a celebrated chief of the Apaches, who lives in friendship with the whites. Travellers will do well to show him respect and kindness, but at the same time be on their guard against him!" And under this the visa of travelling merchants "The Red-Sleeve visited our camp, and, with his companions, behaved properly." And further on: "Do not trust the fellow, he is a cursed Indian." When such a recommendation is laid before you, with all the silent gravity which only an Indian is capable of, you should have the same command of your features as has an Indian, not to laugh in his face—an impropriety which might entail dangerous consequences.

The name of "Fort" given to the American stations must by no means be interpreted in the common English acceptation. Fort Atkinson, for instance, was built of adobé bricks and a canvas roof, or something between a hut and a tent. These buildings appear to serve more as stations for the trains to stop at and procure fresh provisions, than as military outposts. Still, there were eighty men of the United States army in the fort, sufficient to keep the Indians in check, and cause them to refrain from their favourite amusement of robbing the mail. On quitting the fort, and crossing the Arkansas, our travellers may be said to have commenced their regular out-camping, and severe were the privations they had to undergo. The worst of all was the "norther," a fierce blast blowing with inconceivable fury across the prairie, and rapidly freezing everything exposed to its influence. Such climacteric changes must prove very trying to the constitution, and M. Fröbel soon began to regret, through the sharp twitchings of a rheumatic attack, that he had given up newspaper editing for a life on the prairie. With the arrival of the caravan at Fort Fillmore, our author takes occasion to make the following remarks about the American army:

Fort Fillmore had a garrison of two hundred infantry and two hundred dragoons. We encamped about two miles down the valley, and a soldier from the fort, a German by birth, came to pay us a visit. His complaints about bad treatment we saw were comically contradicted by his plump face and his thoroughly comfortable appearance. The physical aspect of the man, indeed, left nothing to be desired. He was armed with a good fowling-piece, and had gone out to kill a turkey or hare, as an extra dainty. He was evidently revolving in his thoughts an idea of desertion; and, indeed, we met him in Mexico afterwards, with several comrades, all well armed. At Chihuahua I found the Mexican officers mounted on very handsome American horses, which had crossed the frontier in this wise, and had been sold for a trifle. On asking the man the cause of his discontent, I found it emanated chiefly from arbitrary curtailment of pay, and refusal of extra pay for agriculture, as promised. Such curtailments generally fell into the officers' pockets, and enabled them to lead a luxurious life. If the case be really so, we must doubly admire Uncle Sam's liberality, which is so great that, after deduction of all defraudation, more is left for the soldier

than he can expend. At all these forts the traveller can purchase saved-up rations and supernumerary cloaks, the latter in such excellent condition that many a German citizen would gladly wear them. I do not believe that Europeans can form an idea of the luxury in the administration of the United States army, and if the same attention were paid to the adjutant-general's department the Americans might have reason to feel proud of their military system. These matters, however, are not in much better condition than the printing department of Congress, in which the nation has also no great cause for boasting. But, if we examine more closely into the repeated desertions from these frontier forts, the causes will be pre-eminently found to be moral. The officers live in an aristocratic seclusion apart from the soldiers, and nothing is done to save the men from the weariness of idleness. The majority of the desertions occur through ennui.

When the caravan arrived within distance of the Mexican frontier town, El Paso, M. Mayer thought it advisable to set out before it to make the requisite customs arrangements, and was accompanied by our author. They found, to their great delight, a German inn, and the beds, though dirty, were such an unwonted luxury, that M. Fröbel willingly pardoned the landlord when he brought him a dirty tablecloth instead of a towel. As in all Mexican towns, the only conversation the inhabitants indulged in was about the Indians. They were worse than ever, and carried on their forays to the very gates of El Paso. They were chiefly Apaches, and the authorities knew no better way of keeping them in order than by hiring the Comanches to attack them. This notable scheme was eventually frustrated by the Indians joining in their turn, and most impartially plundering the Christians. The negotiations with the custom-house at El Paso lasted a week. The traders never think of paying according to the Mexican tariff, but succeed in getting their goods passed for one-half or one-third the proper sum by judicious bribery. To give an idea of the extent of the trade carried on, we may mention that M. Mayer, with all these advantages in his favour, paid more than 10,000 dollars for duty. The import of some articles is entirely forbidden, such as ready-made clothes, of which M. Mayer had three chests, and fondly hoped he had made it all right with the director. When the caravan arrived at Chihuahua, it was found that these contraband goods had been denounced from El Paso, and thus the officials obtained some very handsome clothing at a remarkably cheap rate.

Chihuahua, or the "Town of Pleasures," is situated on a plateau, about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. It is celebrated for its silver smelting works, the ore being brought from Santa Eulalia, about fifteen miles distant. With the gradual decay of the mines that of the town has kept pace, and from a population of 76,000 it has sunk to 12,000, nearly all of the poorer classes. The town is consequently more or less unsafe. M. Fröbel was warned not to go out into the court-yard after nightfall without his pistols, as he might be shot from the overlooking windows. The female portion of the inhabitants are in a wretched moral condition, but our author considers that they are to be regarded with pity. The clergy of Mexico are foolish enough to charge an enormous fee for solemnising the sacrament of marriage, and thus the poorer classes are obliged to live in sin. To give an idea of the extraordinary quantity of silver ore still existing in this country, we

may state that hundreds of houses, and the walls of gardens and fields round the town, are built of slag, in which analytical researches have shown that there is enough silver to render the stamping remunerative. M. Fröbel gives us also a more favourable account of Mexican courage than has hitherto been conceded :

Gabriel Guzman, a servant on a neighbouring estate, with seven other shepherds defended his master's flocks against sixty-seven Comanches for nine hours, although they might have saved themselves by deserting the flocks. All the eight were killed, after committing great slaughter among the enemy. Guzman and a Comanche were found lying side by side, holding each other by the hair, and each transfixed by a knife. This occurred shortly before my arrival. Another man of the same class, Jesus Dominguez, who was my companion on several excursions, is renowned for his daring and courage. He has been repeatedly wounded, and when I first saw him was suffering from an arrow-shot near his back-bone. In order to recover some valuable horses stolen from his master by the Apaches, he followed them into their hiding-places in the mountains with some comrades. At nightfall they caught sight of the robbers. Dominguez, who had for a long time lived as prisoner among the Indians when a boy, took off his clothes, and produced a startling likeness of a Comanche chief. He hurried on foot by a main road across the mountains, and as the Apaches passed with the stolen horses, he rushed out upon them with the Comanche war-cry. He shot two Apaches from their horses, and so terrified the band, that he availed himself of the confusion not only to carry off the stolen horses but several others as well. For such heroic acts these men are often enough ungratefully treated by their masters. Thus, when, on a similar occasion, Dominguez lost his own horse, his master—a very rich man—never thought of making up his loss.

The greatest scourge the Mexicans receive from the Indians is the loss of their children, who are carried off into captivity. It is generally asserted that these lads, when they have grown wild among the Indians, become the most dangerous robbers and fiercer foes of the whites than the Indians themselves. The government of Chihuahua have tried various experiments to put the Indians down, but have generally failed. About fifteen years back, an Irish adventurer, James Kirker, who had raised himself to the rank of a Shawnee chief, came into these parts, and entered the Mexican service with his band, promising to carry on a war of extermination against the Apaches. They went on very well for several years, until the band being decimated, they were forced to resign the unequal contest. In 1850, the government engaged the services of a notorious Texan desperado, Glanton, who arrived at Chihuahua with a band of similar characters, *en route* for California. These men, who were paid a settled price for each scalp, found it more convenient to sell the government the scalps of their own citizens, whom they shot down when they got a chance. They inflicted but slight injury on the Apaches, with the exception of a disgraceful massacre of a party invited, under a safe-conduct, to a conference. This band soon became more dangerous to the state than were the Indians, and they were heartily glad when they retired to California. They were eventually killed to a man on the Colorado by the Yuma Indians. In 1852, Colonel Langberg met the celebrated Seminole chief "Wild Cat," and the equally well-known Gover Jones, the negro, with the remnants of the expatriated Seminole tribe. The colonel engaged them, in the hope of employing them against the Apaches. The government of the state, however, declined to fulfil the

agreement, and the heroes who had gained a classical name in the Florida war quitted Chihuahua with extreme indignation, declaring that they had not found a single gentleman among all the members of the government. At length, the alliance was formed with the Comanches, and for a time appeared quite successful, as every death on either side was so much gained; but this pretty plot the Indians spoiled, as we have already stated.

Our author had a favourable opportunity of visiting the interior of the state through an offer made him by a merchant, who asked him to accompany him on a money-collecting expedition. Possibly the invitation was not perfectly disinterested, for a most dangerous country had to be traversed, and a bold companion was very desirable. There were plenty of banditti about, besides the perils from Indians, but M. Fröbel did not allow these to daunt his inclination. They travelled in a coach drawn by two excellent horses, Don Guillermo driving, and our author seated by his side holding a gun ready cocked. They were preceded by Dominguez as outrider, and had a formidable arsenal of two-and-thirty shots between them. Dominguez, however, was a host in himself: he was thoroughly acquainted with all the tricks of the Indians, and was more than a match for them. The savages murdered his father and brother, but he was so fortunate as to gain the favour of the chief Gomez, the most daring ruffian known at that time in Northern Mexico. Gomez grew so fond of the boy that he at length gave him his liberty, and conducted him himself close to the gates of Chihuahua, giving him good advice for his future guidance against the Apaches. "When you are travelling," the old chief said, "avoid the high road; always keep a hundred paces off it, for the Apache conceals himself on the road, and will kill you." On their first night of camping, a herd brought them some pleasant "novedades" from the south of the state. We may observe here, that, in this happy country, the word *novedades*, or news, is only employed in an unfortunate sense, and principally refers to accidents caused by Indians. Thus, "No tiene usted novedades?" signifies so much as "Has no accident occurred to you?" or, "Are you quite well?" "No hay novedades," is as much as to say, "The road is safe—I have seen no Indians." The special news, then, the herd brought, was that a number of Chihuahuans, on the road to Durango, had been attacked by Comanches, several being killed, and suffering a loss of three thousand dollars. Our author, however, was fortunate enough to escape any interview with the savages, although out in their country for a month. Yet he must have had a narrow escape, as witness the following:

We saw in the distance the stately buildings of the Hacienda de los Charcos, property of Don Estanislao Porros. He was employed at this time in building, at the upper end of the Canada, a large fortified house to shelter travellers against the savages. The building was nearly finished as we rode past. A month later, however, when we had returned safe and sound to Chihuahua, a band of Apaches occupied the house during the night, attacked from it a passing caravan, and murdered from twelve to fifteen persons.

Among other curious anecdotes our author heard about the Indians, was one relating to an Apache chief who had received a decent education in the house of a clergyman in Sonora State. When he set up on his own account as a robber, he employed his ability to read and write as

well as any civilised highwayman could have done. He stopped the mails coming from the mines, obtained all the necessary information from the letters as to transport of silver and goods, and did altogether a most thriving business. At length he fell with his band into an ambuscade of Mexican soldiers, and they were utterly exterminated. This Indian lived with a Mexican girl, whom he had stolen from her father's house. She played her part in the fight against the soldiers like a thorough Indian woman. Her countrymen cried to her that they knew her, and that she had nothing to fear if she surrendered. She spurned the offer, however, and fell with the last of the band, after killing several of the soldiers with her arrows.

Among the many curious customs still kept up in Mexico is one which seems derived from the old Roman law. Whenever a debtor is unable to meet the first claims of his creditor, he is compelled to become his slave. An instance of this occurred within M. Fröbel's knowledge, and as it throws a strange light on Mexican manners and customs, we will make an excerpt :

A respectable man in Temósachie had bought goods from time to time of Don Guillermo in Chihuahua. The latter had given him credit for some hundred dollars, and had always been punctually paid. The man died, and the son came to town with a letter apparently written by the dying father, in which the trader was asked to bestow the same favour on the son. Don Guillermo willingly acceded. The young man took up several hundred dollars' worth of goods. Three years elapsed without payment, and the don now thought of looking him up. . . . "Natividad," said Don Guillermo, "as you did not come to me, I must come to you. Why have you not been to Chihuahua lately?" "Sir, I was unable to pay your honour." "Can you pay me now?" "No; I am poor: I have nothing." "Then you must come with me and work for me." "I am ready: I believe your honour's demand is just." "Then get ready, for I have no time to spare." "I am ready: I wear all I possess on my body." This all consisted of an old straw hat, a coarse cotton shirt, a pair of wide trousers of unbleached linen, sandals, and a gay but ragged serape, with which even the poorest Mexican theatrically drapes his rags. During the whole of this conversation, which decided the fate of several human beings, we had not dismounted, nor the old mother uttered a word. She now burst into tears, and turned to the don. "Your honour is in the right, but how wretched I am in my old days. He is my only child. But I have long foreseen he would not console my last years. He did not follow the example of his father. But will not the caballeros dismount and enter my lowly hut?" she added, with that courtesy which even the lowest man of Spanish descent never forgets. "Yes," said Don Guillermo, as we entered the hut, "his father was a respectable man. How has his son got into such a wretched condition?" "Oh, sir, he gambled away his whole fortune." "Had it not been for his father's letter, I should not have given him credit. How could he recommend a son whose bad character he must have known?" "Ah, sir, my husband did not write the letter: the boy forged it by the advice of bad comrades." "Then you deserve to be punished," said the don, turning to the young man; "and you, señora," he added, to the old woman, "can console yourself. In his present state the boy can be of no comfort to you. I will take charge of him. I will teach him to work and live like a respectable man, and I trust he will return to you hereafter to be a credit to you. You will follow me to Texas," he said, turning again to the son. "Wherever your honour pleases," the latter said; and after a short stay, during which the old woman regaled us with "tortillas" and "frijoles," while Natividad was taking leave of his wife and kissing his child, we left the village and commenced our return. It is curious that the whole affair, which did not occupy half an hour, was settled without the intervention of any public authority.

On the road the travellers picked up another debtor, who, although he had been a robber during his career, evinced not the slightest hesitation to obey Don Guillermo's requisition. The two men were compelled to run at full speed after the carriage, but they had no alternative, unless they preferred being scalped by the Apaches. At Cerro Pietro the travellers put up at the house of a robber chief, and Don Guillermo would have liked to carry him off as a Peon too, for he was deep in his books. But great personages cannot be treated like the commonalty, for the man, besides standing at the head of a powerful band, was one of the most respected gentlemen in the town. He received Don Guillermo with excessive politeness, and business was settled with an infinity of courteous phrases. Not a word was said, however, about payment on account, for even if the gentleman had paid up, the travellers would, in all probability, have been stopped on the road and made to refund. On the return to Chihuahua, a sudden alarm of Indians set the little party in commotion, and arms were hurriedly given to the Peons. Strange to say, they made no attempt to assert their liberty, but willingly followed their new master to a life of slavery.

On returning to Chihuahua, M. Fröbel remained the winter, and had an opportunity of seeing a Mexican revolution. The garrison "pronounced" and deposed the government, and our author found himself once more in the very thick of that commotion which had secured to him a necessity of existence at home. The result of his investigations was that continental nations might take a profitable example by the Mexicans as to the way a revolution should be conducted. We should remember, however, that practice makes perfect, and hence ought to feel no surprise that the Chihuahuans deposed their government with the utmost politeness. By the time Germany has gone through an equal number of revolutionary phases, she will evince none of those excesses which M. Fröbel appears, honestly enough, we believe, to regret. The chief benefit our author derived from the *émeute* was that it procured him employment as head of the commissariat and field-train departments of the revolutionary army, the new general having hired from Messrs. Mayer and Co. ten of the largest waggons, with the necessary adjuncts, for the sum of three thousand dollars. At the head of these M. Fröbel set out for El Paso once more.

Our expeditionary force consisted of five hundred infantry, fifty-five cavalry, and six to eight guns. The greater part of the soldiers were well accoutred, and looked very creditable; but a smaller number, of rather equivocal character, might more easily have been taken for a gang of gipsies than for a portion of a state's military force. These fellows, with a numerous band of women and children, who always follow a Mexican army, gave a strange and most grotesque character to our marches and encampments. Here, one of these bright boys, whose entire uniform consisted of a shirt and an old straw hat—another who had wrapped his naked body in a striped blanket, while wearing on his head a quite regulation shako—a third who had only a pair of trousers on, but who seemed burdened even by this slight costume, for he had tucked up one leg to the knee—there a woman with one child on her arm and leading another, continuing the long day or night march under this burden without a murmur—another who had carried for many miles from the last watering-place two gourds full of water. In spite of her fatigue, she was ever ready to offer the thirsty men a part of her supply. The devotion and perseverance of these women is

admirable, for only the desire of being near their husbands, and waiting upon them, could induce them to form the desperate resolve of enduring a march, on the first morning of which several men fell dead from sun-strokes. In spite of all the fatigues of the march, our camp was always the scene of the cheeriest humour. Three bands tried to keep up our spirits from time to time. The cooking, eating, and drinking went on amidst gossip, laughter, and jests. The conversation of the Mexican populace is witty enough, and relates to subjects we should hardly expect. One of our waggoners, a native of new Mexico, carried on a lengthened conversation with a Chihuahuan about the respective merits of their countrymen. "In New Mexico," I heard him say, "the people make good verses, and you cannot do that." "Yes," the Chihuahuan replied, "our people are not so poetical, but they have a greater knowledge of the world." I should like to know on what German road waggoners carry on such a conversation? One day, while walking about camp, I saw a soldier reading a book about the French Revolution. When I went up to him, he began talking about this subject, and diverged from it to the state of Mexico, which he regarded in a gloomy light.

Before the convoy reached El Paso, a courier arrived to inform them that Santa Ana had been appointed president, and approved of the march. Great festivities were instituted, but M. Fröbel appears doubtful whether they were sincere. During the entire march the Indians displayed their natural impudence by surrounding the camp each night and setting fire to the prairie, at considerable risk of blowing up the ammunition waggons. At the Hacienda Encinillas our author saw a flock of six thousand sheep defended by two six-pounder guns, which moved along the plain on either side of them. A few weeks later, on his return to El Paso, he found the entire place covered by dead or dying sheep. The two guns were left unprotected, for the Apaches had attacked the shepherds, driven off the escort, carried away a large number of sheep to the mountains, and lanced several hundred on the spot,—an amusement of which they are very fond. After completing his arrangements with the Messrs. Mayer, our author returned to New York for a while, whence he proceeded eventually with another waggon train to Texas. As we, however, visited that country so recently in the agreeable company of the Abbé Dome- nech, this portion of M. Fröbel's work need not detain us. The fact that he has returned to Germany appears sufficient proof that he is in a fair way of recovery from the socialistic tendencies which forced him to quit his fatherland in the first instance.

A DREAM OF NAXOS.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

THE sun went down upon the Grecian sea,
 And on the fair and lovely Cyclades,
 Quenching his fiery arrows in the waves—
 The blue, smooth-swelling, foam-bell'd summer waves—
 That broke in music on the yellow sands.

A charmed heaven was o'er me, and around
 Lay scenes which well might tempt to the belief
 Held by the ancient poets, that their gods
 Had oft forsaken the august delights
 Of high Olympus for the odorous shades
 And verdant meads of Naxos.

Snow-white flocks

Fed on the rich soft herbage of the vales,
 Where wandering streams, so free from aught impure
 That one might count the white and purple shells
 And tinted pebbles of their shallow beds,
 Now mirrored back the changes of the sky,
 And now in pools more deep and dark, yet clear,
 Beneath the dark-leaved, fair-flowered myrtle boughs,
 Formed baths, where in the haunted days of old
 The heated nymphs had laved their beauteous forms,
 Fearless that gaze of Satyr or of Faun
 Could pierce the screen of bell, and bud, and leaf.

The soft air bathed my brow with cooling balm
 Of aromatic blossoms, for the hills
 That met the shore were overgrown with thyme
 And scented heath, whence the great golden bees,
 Which built their nests in hollows of the rocks,
 Sucked such rich fragrant juices as might shame
 The boasted limpid honey of the mounts
 Of Hybla and Hymettus.

From the woods,

Where the pomegranate ripened in the sun,
 And groves of orange and of lemon bent
 With fruit, that through the glossy dark-green leaves
 Gleamed like red orbs of gold, came murmurings
 Of happy winged creatures ; and the elms
 Were crowned with such long wreaths of clustered grapes
 And graceful leaves, as the close twining vines
 Clad their rough arms with beauty, that I thought
 The curls of Bacchus never wore a crown
 Would lend them more of grace.

Along the heights

The pale-hued olives waved, and giant figs
 Mellowed to ripeness, and great mulberries,
 With thousand other of her richest gifts,
 The earth bestowed upon this favoured isle.
 And as I lay beneath the drooping vines,
 The hum of insects, and the low sweet moan
 Of the bright ocean, lulled me into rest.
 But with such gentle pace did sleep come on,
 So gradual was the drawing of the veil
 Between my senses and the outer world,
 I felt not where thought faded into dreams.

I saw upon the rocks a human form—
A woman, beautiful, and fair, and young—
Alas! that beauty such as hers no more
Is seen on earth, to urge the sculptor's art
To emulate its perfect outward form,
And bid the poet breathe his life away
In the fond effort to find glowing words
That might, however faintly, shadow forth
The loving heart within, that lent its charm
To every glance and gesture.

On the rocks
She lay asleep; her golden hair, unbound,
Flowed in rich masses of bright wavy curls
Over her white robe to her little feet,
Half buried in the green and yielding moss.
One white arm pillowed that sweet antique head,
Whose straight, pure, delicate outline had no peer,
And a warm flush burned on the smooth round cheek,
Whose dimples, as she smiled in happy dreams,
Showed like the ripples of a glassy lake
With sunset glories on it.

As she breathed,
The radiant silken tresses o'er her spread
Heaved with the heaving of the swan-white breast
They but half veiled.

I knew her queenly brow—
The daughter of a king—the beautiful,
The peerless Ariadne, and I bent
To catch the perfume of the gentle breath
That issued from her red, red parted lips.
But as I bent, the fringes—gold-tipped, long,
And brown as autumn nuts—that edged those lids
So fair and delicately veined, were stirred—
A moment quivered. Then her starry eyes
Beamed full upon me, darkly-blue and clear
As is the cloudless sky of summer noon
Reflected in a shadowy woodland stream.
One hasty glance she cast around the spot,
And starting up, she scanned the shining beach,
Where the moist sand bore traces of a keel
Dragged o'er it hastily.

Then wild alarm
Paled her young face, and lightened in her eye.
She wrung her fairy hands, and cried aloud,
And the grey mountains and the silent vales,
The sounding shore with all its creeks and bays,
The air above her, and the woods beneath,
With thousand echoing tones gave back the cry
Of "Theseus! Theseus!" but no other voice
Gave answer to her wail. And now her gaze
Discerned upon the far horizon's bound
A bark, so distant that to other eyes
It might have seemed a sea-bird on the waves.
But she—the lost! deserted! knew it well:
It was her false love's galley.

How she wept,
And rent her golden hair, and beat her breast,
Let them whose love like hers has been betrayed,
Find words to tell—my heart can give me none.

"Oh, Theseus! Theseus! hast thou left me thus?
Me!—and I perilled life to save thee thine!

Me!—and I left my father and my kin,
 Forgot the duty that a daughter owes
 To him who gave her life, to rescue thee
 From the dread labyrinth—and all for this!
 I know thou wilt come back to me no more—
 Thou wilt not come to her who hath nought else
 In all the world but thee. Oh, Theseus! Theseus
 Is this the end of all thy vows, thy oaths,
 That won me to forget all else but thee?
 Oh, Ariadne!—miserable! lost!
 Deserted Ariadne! Cursed for aye
 The day that saw thee born, and doubly curst
 The hour that brought that stranger, false and fair,
 Before thy sight! My Theseus! oh return!
 'Tis but some idle sport to try my love—
 But be not cruel or suspicious, Theseus.
 Have I not proved how much my love could bear,
 To please or profit thee? Come back, come back!
 Oh! shall I not behold thee any more?"

But still the echoes answered her alone,
 And still the distant bark kept on its way
 Between the sea and sky—now but a speck—
 Now fainter—farther still—and now 'tis gone
 And the monotonous lapping of the sea
 Brought back the waters that had borne him on.

But while she wept and raved, I saw advance
 From a dim marble grotto in the hills
 A being on whose vine-wreathed, bright-tressed head
 Rested a glory and a joyous youth
 No mortal ever wore; his face was flushed,
 And one hand held his thyrsus.

It was he,

The deity of Naxos, and he came
 To comfort and to woo the beauteous waif
 The bounteous ocean cast upon his isle.
 At first she shrank from him, and would not hear
 The words he spake. But soon her shrieks were lulled
 To moans and sobs; and as he further urged,
 She sat in silence, listening, but her eyes
 Still wandering o'er the waters. Then at length
 She yielded to his guiding hand, and rose.
 And so he led her o'er the glistening sands,
 Along the shore towards his temple grot;
 But ever and anon she turned her head,
 And took the wide horizon in a glance,
 And, with a brief and sudden frenzy seized,
 Cried, "Theseus, my loved Theseus! oh return!"

But I awoke, and knew that I had dreamed
 Of fables that were once religious faith;
 And dull reality chased far away
 The vision of the maiden in her woe,
 And the consoling Bacchus.

Can it be,

That in this old-world story of the nymph
 So comforted doth lurk a hidden jest,
 And Ariadne, when she found her love
 Gone, fled for ever, sought and haply found
 Forgetfulness in the inspiring draughts
 Which claim the jovial Bacchus for their god?

A PEEP AT THE FAR WEST.

BY AN ENGLISHER.

No sameness is so wearisome as that encountered at sea. I will not, in consequence, inflict *ennui* upon the reader by a recapitulation of our no-doings on board ship in a transatlantic voyage to Boston. The commander of the vessel in which I made the passage was a kind, attentive, open-hearted, and obliging seaman, resident in the port to which I was bound. We had what was called a "fair" run, though to me "fair" was "foul," for no funeral procession could exceed in sluggishness the "pleasant and speedy passage" we made, adopting the captain's phraseology. The animal yclept the sloth, which takes a week to climb a tree, was in motion swift as "greased lightning" to that of the vessel, judging by my feelings, and using the Yankee term so expressive for the occasion, if not implying the most elegant of comparisons.

Boston Bay is pretty, studded with green islands. The entrance to the harbour is narrow, and, in appearance, strongly defended; they told me with a hundred and fifty mounted guns. I was surprised at the form of quarantine being gone through, though it would appear only as a matter of form. Several Bostonians came on board, and were not merely civil but really polite. They had been boating, and proffered me some of the fruit they had taken with them for use during their excursion. We were tugged up to our anchorage off the far-famed Bunker's Hill, so renowned in the War of Independence.

I was struck with the clearness of the atmosphere around me, so different from that of the "old country," as some of the Boston Americans still call England. They informed me that anthracite coal alone was burned in the city, but that could hardly have been the cause, though it gives out but little smoke. The heat was excessive, the thermometer standing at ninety-eight degrees, and yet there was no appearance of haze in the horizon; a thing I could not comprehend. The inconvenience of an unceasing and very copious perspiration was the consequence, with some inability to sleep, though not to rest.

The city, regularly built, though the streets are rather narrow, was completely old English in aspect—that is, it bore a resemblance to some of our older towns, in which the aspect of half a century ago is unmasked by newer edifices. It is much of it substantially erected of the granite found in the vicinity, whence it bears, in its native nomenclature, the name of the "granite city." The suburbs, to which passengers and goods are conveyed by steam-ferries, are remarkably still and free of bustle. There the houses, generally built of wood, are painted of a light colour, and the windows have all green Venetian blinds, looking clean and airy. In the city, the market-place of bluish granite, and the Custom House, supported by columns of the same material, each of a single stone, struck me as the most remarkable edifices. Referring to the last-mentioned establishment, I found its officers very civil, doing the duty without annoyance beyond what was necessary. I was told they

were very highly paid compared to our own, and that one there did the duty of half a dozen in England.

It was a pleasing source of reflection, so far from home, to find myself apparently among English people, to hear my native tongue spoken by all around me, and to find so little difference in manners, and in the aspect of the streets and shops. Still, the latter were but second-rate to those at home, and drapery goods dear. The difference in the dialect here did not equal that between a town-bred Londoner and one bred in some of the English counties. To reflective persons this must be a source of honest pride. The language of our island must soon rule from the Arctic to the Darien isthmus, in America, among a population of hundreds of millions, and in like manner will it soon prevail over the vast shores of Australia.

A street called Eleventh-street was one of the handsomest I saw in the city. I visited what is called "the Common," a sort of park for promenade, having an undulating surface, tastefully planted. There is a noted willow-tree here, looked upon as a relic, and fenced round, remarkable for having sprung up from a gentleman's walking-stick. There was a museum, which I did not visit, and a theatre near it. I found the acting poor, and the audience scanty, owing, perhaps, to the great heat of the weather—greater than had been felt for years—and barely sustainable in such a place among a closely-packed audience, even by the natives of an American climate.

The gentlemen appeared to me much more English than those of New York, or any of the country whom I had met in England. There was more mildness of manner, and even gentleness, particularly in the presence of the other sex. Slenderer in frame than the men of this country, as well as the women, they were urbane and even polite in manner. I have to express my full sense of their kindness and hospitality.

The New Englanders are among the best specimens I have seen of their country. Very far above the usual mark of English tradesmen in appearance, manner, and modes of thinking, they may be said to hold a place between the tradesman and the gentleman at home. As to manner, they were neither rude nor servile. The American ladies did not strike me so highly. Two or three beautiful young faces I certainly encountered, but the generality were thin, and pallid of complexion. Of the two or three sweet faces I met among the young, their mode of dressing did not set them off to advantage. In a general way, the fair sex does not inspire the stranger with those favourable ideas which in some other countries they seldom fail to produce. Their pale, marble features and complexion, with their fragile forms, are not met by those artificial means which tend to obviate such disadvantages even among the more juvenile. Those near middle life seem to fade prematurely at a period when in Europe beauty is often in its ripeness of bloom. That the American ladies are by no means as attentive as they might be to gracefulness in their attire must be fully admitted. In their morning habiliments they often look slovenly, in place of wearing them gracefully loose and easy. Here and there in the streets, though but rarely, did I see a female elegantly or even well dressed. The majority were in appearance such as, coming into one of our cities from the rural districts, are often called "country cuts." They seemed much

less refined than the same class in Europe. Their voices were loud, and struck me as being greatly disproportionate to their light bodily frames.

I cannot, before I leave this city, omit to mention that the high temperature of the day was moderated at sundown by the most delicious freshness of the atmosphere. All appeared to be new born at sunset; nor did I suffer from the intense heat so much as I expected. Weak brandy-and-water was represented as the best beverage to keep up the perspiration, the existence of which here is so necessary to health. Day after day the temperature had been nearer 100 deg. than 90 deg. of Fahrenheit. Despite the extremes of heat and cold, I should consider Boston and its society one of the pleasantest residences for an Englishman, out of the "old country," in which his native tongue is spoken. I should prefer it to any of our colonies, in which there are always too many classes full of silly pretension.

I took leave of one or two American acquaintance with regret. Genuine hospitality was displayed to me on every side, though I scarcely possessed a single introduction. I took a place on the Boston and Worcester Railway to Albany by express. The country through which I passed agreeably disappointed me. It was in most places densely wooded, and the green colour of the surface fresh and deep as at home. Some parts through which we passed so much resembled Derbyshire and the west of Yorkshire, I could scarcely believe I was not in my own dear island. Wooden houses, which here and there appeared, tended to weaken the illusion that I was not in Old in place of New England. Huge granite blocks in some places seemed as if rained over the ground; they were apparently from twelve to eighteen feet square. Streams amid dark forests, and the gorgeous appearance of some wild flowers, and azalias in profusion, I could notice in my rapid transit. I left Boston at one o'clock, and reached Albany at half-past eleven—a fine town, constructed for the most part of red brick, the shops much finer than in Boston; indeed, equal in some respects to those in Oxford-street at home.

At Albany, I took up my quarters at a boarding-house in one of the principal streets. The best are Broadway and State-street. The prices of manufactured goods I found high here compared to England, but groceries and spirits cheap. I left Albany for Buffalo, a place of great traffic and populous, but straggling. It has a novel air in everything, and seemed to have sprung up mushroom fashion, nothing appearing to be the result of design, but all as if the inhabitants had set out their dwellings originally by accident, and afterwards had attempted to make a uniform town upon an accidental arrangement of the houses.

I inspected Niagara, which has been described to satiety. It lies but a short distance from this busy, bustling, and outlandish place, which bids fair to be one day, from its position, a first-rate town of the Union, if it is not so at present.

My intention when I first set out was to visit the Lakes as far as Michigan, and then cross the Mississippi into Iowa, for I determined to penetrate into the far west, so as to obtain some idea of Nature in her wildest mood. The business which brought me to America I concluded in the few days I spent at Boston, and nothing remained to prevent an

overland journey to California, if I felt inclined to return home by Cape Horn or Panama. I therefore proceeded to Toledo by railway, along the shore of Lake Erie, towards the west. The shores of the Lakes are generally flat and uninteresting. The railroad passes through primeval forests, and in many places intercepts the view of the great inland seas over which no opposing shore is perceptible. Toledo appeared to be one of those ephemeral places of which so many are scattered all over the States—infant towns which in time grow into populous cities, where, as here, a busy trade by the Lake shipping is carried on. The railway enters Toledo upon piles driven into the soil beneath the bed of a river, the rails being laid on cross timbers upon their tops. The heat was intolerable, and the dust added to the suffering. The carriages, too, of which one class was lined with Utrecht velvet, added to the high temperature, increased the inconvenience, and made me get into the second-class carriages, which were without linings. These long carriages are more convenient than ours. They hold eighty persons, who sit facing the engine. Each seat will contain two persons, and between the seats there is a walk down the middle. Thus four sit in a line, two on each side of the walk or passage, which runs from end to end. The seats turn over, so that a party of four friends may, if required, sit facing each other. The first-class carriages are generally preferred for sleeping in when travelling at night. The price is the same for both kinds. There were no blinds to keep out the dust, which came in to an extent almost suffocating. The railway engines were not of Stephenson's pattern, appearing far more complicated. A deep-toned bell sounded on leaving the stations or while stopping. This can be heard at a considerable distance by any other engine that may chance to be approaching, and is an excellent safeguard.

The country seen from the rail being generally forest, possessed little interest. I arrived at the station at Chicago after an uninterrupted ride of a thousand miles, as I should judge. Not cheered by the aspect of one of the worst places I had ever seen in the Union, I began to look about me for quarters. They told me the upper part of the town was better than the vicinity of the station, and there was need enough of it. Low, villanous boarding-houses lay thickly scattered there. One of these I entered. A due sense of the necessity of a night's rest after travelling so long by rail could not but be felt. I took the word of a porter, who happened to be standing there, in the way of "recommendation"—a word never to be taken in Yankeeland upon any consideration, as I found from experience, if a wearied traveller has a regard for the commonest comfort. The hotel-keepers engross all the cars, I believe keep them, to secure the passengers. Therefore walk up the nearest street, if you are a stranger such is my advice, until you see a tolerably decent house—that is, if you can find what I never could yet discover in this part of America without great pains. I found a place in this way, called the "New England Boarding-house," but had the mortification to be told they had retired for the night. It was about half-past ten P.M. "And I guess you want supper, but we never cook for anybody whatever after that hour." Nothing would they give me in their pride of independence but a glass of lemonade. I was then shown into a dusty, dirty room, with no traces of furniture save two stump beds, having patchwork

quilts. On asking for a washstand, they said such things were never brought up-stairs — everybody washed below at the *tap*! Jaded, hungry, and forlorn, I saw there was no help for the misery, and prepared to get into bed, when an alarm of fire was raised. The flames appeared close by, and I observed that the houses were of wood. I was much alarmed, and my alarm did not diminish when a well-meaning Irish servant assured me there was no occasion for it, as there was “a fire in Chicago almost every night.” The next day I was told that nearly a whole street had been consumed, but that it was nothing; fires and robberies were the commonest of all things in the western locations. They might have added, and swarms of those insects, too, which so honour the houses in our own British metropolis. They certainly must have exceeded in number in this paradise of the West any that tormented the Egyptian Pharaoh in the days of old. The Irish servant the next morning consoled me by saying, “And is it not true that nobody can answer for what may be found in his house in this place?—it’s different in old Ireland, you know; and don’t I wish I was back there again—and I do.”

Chicago is one of those American towns which has arisen with astonishing rapidity. The place stands on the south end of Lake Michigan, on the west shore. The ground is level, and it lies on both sides of a river of the same name. The houses, run up within a few years, of all shapes and materials, are said to contain fifty thousand inhabitants, a medley of all characters and breeds, with a great external show of business and professions of religion. I should imagine it to be a place in which the presiding deity is Mammon, the mode of worship not at all scrupulous about its genuflexions and orisons. I had expected to see in America a greater devotion to agricultural pursuits, and the vast range of land, which for many ages cannot be cultivated for want of hands, as the access of population must continue thus long before the States can be moderately peopled, seemed to point to the peaceful labour of the husbandman as that which would be most followed. But rivers and lakes are not merely the highways for the conveyance of produce from off the land,—they are so many roads for foreign traffic. Few comparatively are attached to the soil, so as not to look beyond home for their livelihood. There seem to be no great number of middle-men, who collect and make the exchange of one product for another. The sale of his produce in the west is generally carried on to the last by the owner. The grower of pigs will travel with his hams a thousand miles to dispose of them, purchase what he wants, and return home to repeat the labours of his avocation. He follows out his goods to the end, and knows how to strike a hard bargain as well as any trader upon the eastern coast.

I left Chicago for Iowa, crossed the Mississippi at Rock Island in a steam-boat, and thought I was near the termination of my wanderings to the westward. A couple of stout, low horses, or mules, for my luggage, one for my own riding, a rifle of the most approved make, a species of holster before me to carry the means of destruction and of life, in other words, a revolver, and something to refresh the inner man, and I should find myself ready for a start to any distance. There had been three or four Europeans with me in the train, one of whom was from the “old country,” a Dorsetshire man, who was bent upon making his way to California,

without any other idea of the distance or direction than that it lay far to the west, and "it was easy to get all the information necessary on the subject as he got along." The rest of the party were "rig'lar Yankees," as might be known by their conversation through the nose, and the continual repetition of the words by which in England we are prone to describe our transatlantic brethren. Another of our party I could not fathom. Secluded, taciturn, replies in monosyllables, and an evident desire to be uninterrupted, as if to brood over something evil or good, as the case might be, caused me to imagine he had left home for no good cause, and was pleased to keep moving—the sure mode in this vast continent to escape recognition. I hope I did him wrong, but his extraordinary reserve must bear the blame if I did, since the lines rushed upon my mind irresistibly:

Nature made man's breast no windores
To publish what he did within doors,
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.

The heat was great, and my companions by no means lively. During the noontide hour, we "spliced the main brace," as sailors have it, though we were near the city, our journey's end. Every place is a city here with Jonathan, when he puts on the great man, "because, if it is not a city now, it soon will be, I guess, and that is all the same."

Our taciturn fellow-traveller who dealt in monosyllables, and had such a "great taste for silence," as the Frenchman said, having found no letters for him at Iowa, complained of the irregularity of the post in America. "I guess you are very particular," observed one of our Yankee companions; "we go along pretty well, howsomever. When I was upon Red River I got a letter once in eight months, and thought I was well enough off. When one don't hear, one don't trouble oneself about other people, who know how to take care of themselves. There's a place down west where a post-office was never heard of, and the folk did not know what a letter was. 'Why, master, what is a letter—is it anything in the truck line?' 'No,' says I, 'it consarns the paper trade.' 'Oh,' says he, 'I guess it will be some time before it's worth while to open a shop for any such article here, where yet we deals only in logs and lumber betwixt and between ourselves.'"

Iowa is the name of a district or territory about six hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty broad. It is a country with an undulating surface, and, though larger than England, has not a population of more than a hundred and fifty thousand. The city of Iowa stands upon one of those plateaux by the river-side running in the same direction, which mark a higher water level than that of the present river of the same name, and there is another plateau above that, and a third higher still. The impression is that the land had risen above the early river level, or the river receded, which is scarcely possible. I observed in several instances on the banks of American rivers the same apparent subsidence of the stream, the banks taking the form of steps. I believe geologists have before noticed this terrace-like appearance.

There was nothing inviting in Iowa, which appeared to be the germ

only of the metropolis of a state which time alone can populate. Yet one of its inhabitants vaunted of the Capitol, or public hall, and wanted us to see "a really fine thing." It is a square, good-sized building, perhaps twice the size of one of our new London churches, having a cupola, too small in proportion. Two or three of my companions, I found, were Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, who were proceeding to what they called their camping-ground, some little way beyond Iowa. We crossed the river of that name on a floating bridge, having several waggons in company. By camping-ground was intended a temporary establishment of the brethren who were going westward over the prairies, and had encamped in tents upon that spot in order to purchase oxen, waggons, mules, or horses, to carry them on their journey to the Great Salt Lake city. I agreed to accompany them to their camping-ground, at a distance from the city. Here I found a motley assemblage of men, women, and children, the larger part from England. There were a few covered waggons used at night for sleeping in. These were all that had yet been procured, but the majority of the assemblage, not less than eight hundred or a thousand in all, were in tents, which, during the day were intensely warm, so much more so than I ever felt it in England, that I went into the woods and lay in the shade during the hours when the sun had the greatest power. I rose at half-past four A.M., and retired to rest at twelve. Thus sleeping in the heat of the day in the shade, I contrived to pass the time without the inconvenience that many sustained. To my regret and astonishment I found my countrymen so utterly impracticable, as to move about with the thermometer at 100 deg. in the shade, and the women positively frying pancakes when the sun's rays could not have given a heat of less than 120 deg. Nothing would make them alter their mode of action in a climate so different from their own. One or two, they told me, had died of sunstroke, but no warning was taken from their fate, and several were laid down with bilious fever.

I found no confusion, but good order among the brethren, who were civil, and indeed kind, to the poor "Gentile" who had ventured among them. To give the managers their due, they seemed to possess extraordinary influence, and to use it beneficially. Nor did their authority appear to be a sinecure, for the flock of self-named saints they were leading to the promised land did not yield obedience in all cases as they should have done. It was evident they were grossly ignorant, the larger number, and the impression upon my mind was that the certainty of getting the ownership of a little land for their families, of which they could never have the least hope at home—the chance, in short, of obtaining property by labour—was a strong bait to embrace the most extraordinary, because the most absurd imposture that has ever been promulgated among the thousand-and-one religions which have appeared in the world. I do not mean as to doctrine, but in the lame story of the gold plates, translated by inspiration out of a language that never had an existence by a man who knew none but his own. After the revelation was promulgated, Smith seems to have felt that he had no chance of becoming a great man by the invention of a new revelation, if he had not kept up a strict morality of life; it was his only chance

of success to act up to his profession. He insisted that his disciples should preserve the marriage-tie sacred—one wife and one husband—and when Brigham Young and other sensualists proposed polygamy, under various pretences, he would not hear of it. The conduct of those who persecuted and murdered Smith fixed the creed of the Latter-Day Saints, borne out in all its atrocity by the United States government, who suffered his murderers to go free and pocket the plunder of his followers with perfect impunity. In vain did they petition for redress. Young saw his time, and, full of ambition to be a leader, pretended to all sorts of revelations that suited his purpose, aspired to be both a spiritual and temporal ruler of Smith's flock, led them where he could manage them uncontrolled, and by getting a tenth part of their labour or its product, sent out elders, as they were styled, into the States and into Europe to obtain an accession of strength and raise himself to that consequence to which he aspired. It was he who declared he had a revelation to practise polygamy, which Smith had opposed. His followers from Europe were of the lowest and most ignorant class, their state of poverty naturally leading the larger number to consult their imaginary temporal benefit under the cloak of becoming followers of the new creed. Many educated persons, who are for ever seeking novelties in faith, and who cannot imagine a religion without a deep mystery, joined and became elders. Young, uniting the temporal and spiritual rule, and leading the plundered people to the Rocky Mountains, established his authority there. A strong party of his envoys, sent to Europe, converted many, in the hope of bettering their circumstances. Thus he got them to look up to him as the Jews did to Moses. Emigrants went to America in flocks, as in the present instance, increasing the number of his followers so greatly, that he has at length set his country's rulers at defiance, and is said to be in open rebellion. To put him down there would have been no necessity. He would never have arisen had the murderers and robbers of the Latter-Day Saints in the bandit state of Missouri been promptly punished, as they would have been in any European nation. Yet the United States boasts of toleration, and violates it in practice. The consequence has been, the government will have to put down a rebellion at an enormous cost of money and life, which an honest adherence to their own laws, and to the laws of common civilisation all over the world, would have rendered unnecessary.

After these remarks, which seem demanded by the references which may arise in the sequel, it is needless to state, for the reader will presume as much, that the party into which I had fallen near Iowa consisted of an emigration of these people, the greater part English and Scotch, who had been led to abandon their own shores in the hope of peace, plenty, and an interest in the soil of America—a fee-simple interest. The adherence to a particular faith from worldly motives prevails in all religions—in some more than others—and therefore the Latter-Day Saints did not stand alone in the practice. How the contest will terminate cannot yet be seen. If Young is only as successful as he is cunning—if it be only for a time—he will tell his followers that Heaven fights on their side. If he is beaten, it will still not diminish the followers of Smith's doctrines, for it will be regarded as a war of persecution, after the unredressed murders and robberies practised upon these people when

living on their own lands upon the Mississippi—crimes the perpetration of which drove them from their homes to the mountains.

There appeared to be an excellent organisation in the camp. The elders, or leaders, had to provide for the multitude—a multitude consisting of men, women, and children, always apt to grumble upon the slightest ground; but the interference of the majority siding with the leaders uniformly restored harmony. The elders mounted guard in the camp at night, and did not seem to spare themselves, for they were compelled to show the people how to harness their bullocks and to load their teams, and harassed enough they were. How they preserved order was to me wonderful. At all hours of the day and night one might walk among their tents in peace. Not an oath or curse was heard, and everything was conducted with decency and order. I saw no trace of immorality, and there was great cheerfulness notwithstanding. To myself, a Gentile, they were civil and kind in the fullest degree. It was evident that the mass were under the impression of a religious sentiment, and where that is the case, let the creed be what it may, if it is to be a creed of serious morality, the impression will rule the mass and overawe those who are only nominal believers in it. I was so pleased with what I saw, that I asked my fellow-travellers whether I might be admitted to accompany the cavalcade some part of the way. I thought of proceeding across the Missouri with them, and then returning by way of St. Louis, and so up the Ohio to Pittsburgh. The reply I received was a hearty welcome. There were more than a score persons in the camp who were going all through with the brethren. It was only necessary to conform to the rules observed for the general advantage, in resting, and in the order of march. I confess this kind of camping had a charm for me. I felt a sort of freedom and hilarity in the open air which made me anxious to enjoy more of it: perhaps it was the internal spirit of freedom, which slumbers in the habitant of cities, but carries its full energy in the savage of the wild—the man of Nature.

I now secured a couple of mules, an Indian pony, a buffalo-skin to sleep on, and a species of umbrella tent, very light. I have before alluded to the necessary appurtenances, but I also engaged a youth, one of the brethren, to take care of my luggage, which was light, and consisted principally of articles absolutely necessary for refreshment and subsistence. Altogether my mules had not to carry more than two hundred and fifty pounds' weight between them.

The camp was divided into tens. Six of these composed a band. The vehicles were for the most part waggons, drawn by two, four, and six oxen each, according to their load, oftentimes too wild for the yoke. The waggons were some of them divided into sleeping and travelling apartments. The leaders of these people were certainly endued with wonderful patience—a patience, I should have thought, incompatible with their ignorance and prejudices as to creed. Under the blazing sun I saw the leader of a band of sixty waggons toil up and down his train six or seven times in an hour or two to keep them together, help on the drivers unaccustomed to their work, and themselves whipping up the half-broke cattle. Several of them rode mules, it is true, but an equal number proceeded on foot, "learning to endure," as they phrased it. I wondered how they stood it, and they had no waggon to rest in at night.

The west of America must be a healthy country, except where the land is low or near sluggish mud-banked rivers, for there intermittent fevers prevail as well as elsewhere. There seemed in the midst of the excessive heat a power of exertion, a springiness not at all like the faint, relaxing sensation of a very hot English summer's day. I speak of the dry prairies of the west. The air was always clear, dry, and exhilarating beyond idea.

On one tolerably high spot where we once rested, and felt weariness out of the question, in the bosom of Nature's own wildness, the scenery, noble yet scarcely picturesque, I stood on a steep bank and saw the great river, the broad Missouri, sweeping majestically along until it was lost in the distance—that prodigious stream, at such a vast distance from the ocean!—now lost for a moment, then bending and sweeping onwards until it disappeared in the bosom of the hills, or “bluffs” as they call them, that bounded the horizon. Among the hills on the northern shore of that mighty stream there were only seen a few wooden houses. We reached the post village of the Florence of America—a Florence only in America. What can possess the Yankees to misname their villages and towns in this way? What recollections of the Italian Florence can be connected with a few log huts and fields filled with tree stumps two or three feet out of the ground? How much finer, because more consistent, an Indian name—something new—would be! At Florence, too, reposed the bones of the ancestors of the Indian chief Black Hawk, and here he resided until 1832.

The mode in which the brethren travel to their Paradise Regained is slow and tedious, but has its advantages, for it admits of the traveller getting out and walking whenever he pleases; and if he has a saddle-horse, mule, or Indian pony in addition, nothing better could be desired by the lover of Nature in her wild mountain or prairie attire, where the pure air is the elixir of life. In low grounds, and on the banks of sluggish streams, the mosquitoes are a torment, but they are little felt on what are called the high prairies, those interminable wastes. There is dust, it is true, quite enough, but on horseback the effect of the wheels and feet of the oxen in this regard are avoided. There is a feeling of freedom in scouring those vast plains on horseback which I never felt before, a species of soul intoxication which came upon me, and has increased since I left Iowa about two hundred and sixty miles behind. The scenery before that was tame, but grew finer every day afterwards.

Thus I jogged on with these strange religionists to Council Bluffs. I found them pleasant people enough, both men and women, orderly, decent in conduct, and strict in their ideas of devotion. They had early prayer when they rose. I do not think the worse of them for that. They are poor—that they cannot help—but they *can* help their ignorance. They often sang hymns, the poetry of which was not much better than Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, but the tunes old and familiar, and the notes, borne on the gentlest of breezes, came home to the heart, for they were those we recognise in church and chapel at home. Coming sweetly upon the ear, for they were sung correctly—sounds being much more easy to impress inerascably upon uncultivated ears than sense upon untaught minds—I was borne back upon the wings of memory to the shores of old England. A sensation of melancholy passed like a cloud across my soul, but was dissipated by the cry, “There are the Bluffs!” in

other words, the hills coming down to the Missouri, which formed the termination of one of the early expeditions from the United States, and where a council was held by the party to palaver the poor Indians. Since then those Bluffs are become but the frontier to the "far west." There is now an improving village at this remote spot. I found one or two persons suffering from intermittent fever, and ventured to prescribe for them with complete success. I wonder there was not more of this among them before leaving the lower country. Now, or shortly after, on the high prairies there could be no fear of such attacks. On the whole, I am persuaded that with a little care on the higher ground—that is, at one or two hundred feet above the river—the west country here is healthier than the eastern part of the continent to the north of 40 deg. or 42 deg.

It was now the moment when it was needful I should return to Iowa. Once across the Missouri, and on the high prairies, the emigrant party had a journey of a thousand miles before them. I had already seen more of the west country than most Englishmen who visit America. I was pleased with the wild gipsy kind of life I had led thus far, though only making distances of a dozen miles a day. In ninety days I might visit the head-quarters of the Latter-Day Saints, a thousand miles from the Bluffs. Should I proceed free from ties, as I happened to be both at home and in America? It was necessary I should determine promptly. One of the brethren decided me, by saying I might enjoy the chase of the wild buffalo on my way, get a shot now and then at a prairie wolf, and, perchance, fall in with a tribe or two of Indians, and see mankind much in the state of our first parents. There was nothing better in the way of food than the grilled marrow-bones of a buffalo, and that I should find, notwithstanding the sameness of the scenery, both an increase of health and of amusement if I proceeded. If I reached the Salt Lake Valley I should find the brethren kindly, as I was a sober man and neither cursed nor swore, as the people from the East did, and that made a great difference; that though a "Gentile," I should be brought to confess that their religious friends were not such a set of mad fools and enthusiasts as their enemies would fain make them out to be. "We have been driven so far away by the persecution we suffered in the west, for no reason but that we would not join in the drunkenness, rioting, and swearing of those around us—that we had morning prayer every day, and worked hard for our bread, set our faces against slavery—a crime in Missouri, that worst of all the states—and interpreted the Scriptures in our own way." Not a word did this man say of the Book of Mormon, of which I am told their leaders are getting shy, as the trick by which it was produced was too glaring for any but the most ignorant to swallow. Their first rough-hewed creed will, I believe, be smoothed and polished in time, like many others, to suit existing habits by pruning early extravagances. I hesitated, resolved, hesitated, and then determined to pay a visit to this singular valley, I confess more for the pleasure of the journey than any I expected to derive from the sight of the settlement itself.

My resolution fixed, Council Bluffs was the place where necessities were generally stored up for the journey. I purchased a waggon and a couple of oxen to carry the burden before borne by my mules, one of which, for the lad I have before spoken of, I retained, as well as my pony. In the waggon I placed my tent, ammunition, and stores of tea,

coffee, sugar, bacon, hard biscuit, flour, and similar articles, and having secured one of "the brethren" as a driver, upon very reasonable terms, I joined the cavalcade. After crossing the Missouri, with the thermometer at 100 deg., and getting clear of the muddy river and its bluffs, we were soon upon the vast undulating plains watered by the river Platte. Our course lay on the north side of that river, which flows into the Missouri; but in place of being a turbid, unhealthy stream, like that great river, it is broad and clear, with a fine sandy or gravelly bottom, very shallow, and here and there disclosing sand-banks. On the right or north side there was, at no great distance, a succession of steep sandy hills, and on the south the same kind of soil, mostly destitute of verdure, except patches of grass here and there, coming down to the river; in fact, for some miles, it was nearly all sand and sky.

One particular spot—I speak only of a few miles of the way with this aspect—was remarkable for the murder of a person named Babbet and his party by Chienne Indians. He had been foolhardy enough—having five waggons laden with merchandise, which had been attacked before he himself reached Fort Kearney, and two of his men killed—on finding them at the fort, to start them off afresh, and to follow them alone. The spot was a wild hollow between the sand-hills, which seemed as if made for the scene of death which followed. It was twilight when we reached the place, and found the wheels of the unfortunate man's carriage, with part of the wooden axles; the rest was consumed. An Indian arrow, stained with blood, was picked up by one of the party, and some hair, supposed to be from the scalp of the man himself. A piece of a newspaper was also found with a part of Palmer's trial upon it, also part of a writing-desk, which had been shivered to pieces. There were traces of a camp fire, as if the murdered man had halted there for the night. The shin-bone, supposed of a female, and some light hair, evidently that of a woman, were picked up. The murdered man having had no female with him, it was supposed she belonged to the two men killed before, from whom she was taken captive, and murdered afterwards with an infant she had in her arms.

There was something striking in the desolation around the scene of this murder; it told its own tale in its wildness. We halted some way farther on, as if, though night was coming in fast, the instinctive horror of the spot had pervaded all. Fires were lit of Buffalo dung, called among the travellers across the high prairies "Buffalo chips." Fires thus made are equal to wood, and give out fully as much heat. Here I got water quickly heated for me by some of the sisters, who were very kind, and insisted on cooking ham for me, as I was not yet a proficient in the culinary art in the open camp. I was sorry I could make them no adequate return.

The scene was now quite new. Interminable plains day after day, with here and there a moleculon like a flattened British barrow, alone met the eye. The heat of noon raised the mirage, and the whole surface of the ground seemed, during the noontide hours, to be undulating water. The mornings and evenings were refreshingly cool. To-morrow, as there will be a halt for a couple of days, I promise myself a turn at buffalo hunting with a stalwart West of England man and a capital rifle shot from the state of Ohio.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

IV.

LIFE'S FIRST TROUBLES.

THE news of the execution of Robespierre had just reached us in Jena, and it caused a great excitement among the students; some had been his partisans throughout, others rejoiced in the downfall of a man whom they looked upon as a tyrant and therefore unfit to be at the head of affairs. Most of us had sympathised with the French revolution at its commencement, but the subsequent extravagances to which it had given rise had alienated the greater part, and amongst them myself.

Rosenthal had left Jena and was now residing at Weimar, where he amused himself by writing very indifferent poetry which I was expected to admire; he spent a great deal of his time with the Hannemanns, and the admiration he expressed for Ida often caused me momentary uneasiness. In the evening he would frequently ride over to see me, or we made appointments to meet at the theatre in Weimar. Prudence forbade me to visit Ida too often, but she wrote constantly and I never lost an opportunity of getting a letter conveyed to her. Veronica was in our confidence, and as she now resided at home, she was the mediatory channel of most of our communications.

Schiller had been absent all the winter, but since his return in May the intimacy between him and Goethe had greatly increased; they used to walk up and down the garden of the Observatory engaged in earnest conversation for hours together. I date my love for philosophy from this period, although the study of it was then subservient to that of anatomy, which occupied most of my time.

One day—it was in the beginning of September—my father surprised me by an unexpected visit. Fortunately I was surrounded by books, and appeared more industrious perhaps than usual.

"I am glad to see you at work, Hans," said he, cordially, as I rose and offered him a chair. "I was afraid from all accounts that you were idle, and it's the ruin of a man at your time of life."

"I am not aware of ever having given you cause to think so," I replied.

"The young men with whom you associated gave me reason to suppose that you were inclined to follow in their track. I am glad Rosenthal is no longer in Jena."

"You have an antipathy against him, father."

"I believe him to be a scamp, but his aunt is not of my opinion, for when I warned her against him the other day she requested me to say no more, for she was in hopes, she said, that he would one day become a son-in-law."

I held the back of the chair firmly in my hand, and though I was agitated I steadied my voice sufficiently to say, "Rosenthal is the last man I should wish to see Ida's husband."

"You had better go to them and give your opinion about him, Hans; as an old friend of the family you might have some weight."

"I could never speak ill of a friend, and although I doubt Rosenthal's capability of being a good husband, still I would never breathe a word against him, for I believe him to be true at heart, although he is wild and frivolous."

"It is his money the Hannemanns approve of; they say he is likely to get an appointment which will double his present income."

"He has obtained it," I said, shortly.

"Oh, then the next step will be a proposal, followed shortly by a marriage."

"I do not think so."

My father looked at me, and after a pause, he said, "I used to fancy you had an attachment in that direction, but I am glad to find you are a wiser man than I took you for; and by way of warning, I will just mention that I will never give my consent to any such nonsense till you have made yourself a business, the income of which would enable you to keep a wife."

He looked at me fixedly the whole time he was speaking, but I do not think he read my secret in my face, for I stood quite motionless, and merely inclined my head in assent when he had finished. Just then the door of the room was flung rather roughly open, and two young men reeled into the room wrestling with each other; on perceiving that I was not alone they shook themselves apart and were about to retreat, when my father rose stiffly, and said with a sneer, "I see, I intrude upon your studies, Hans."

"Pray do not mention it, sir," said one of the young men, "we can wait."

"Good morning, Hans," rejoined my father; and without waiting to hear more he strode majestically out of the room.

"Who is that old corkscrew?" asked one of my friends, with whom I was in the habit of studying.

"My father," I replied, somewhat gloomily.

"Indeed!"

I was vexed that my father should thus be destined always to misunderstand me, but he had never been at college himself and did not sympathise with young men.

That evening I received a short note from Ida, begging me to come to her, as she had something to communicate. I need hardly say that I found myself alighting at a very early hour on the morrow before the door of her home, and that I hastened to find. There she was, seated alone and plying her needle most industriously. On perceiving me, she started forwards, exclaiming,

"Oh, Hans, I am so glad you have come!" There were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Has anything gone wrong?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Yes, everything, and I know not how to tell you what it is, but you will love your Ida still, and not think that she has been faithless to you, Hans, for she loves you more than ever."

"Why should I be afraid or angry when you give me that assurance?" said I, laughing.

"Ah, but appearances are against me. I have been so very miserable, Hans, ever since it happened." She paused.

"What happened?" I demanded, quickly.

"Oh, something so dreadful! and I have cried over it ever since; but now you are here, I feel as if I could not grieve about anything." Again she paused, and looked wistfully into my eyes.

"Do not torture me any longer, Ida, I want to hear the worst. Are we to be separated?"

She started and trembled. "No, no, do not say that."

"It shall never be so long as you love me," I replied.

"Thank you, dearest. But perhaps we ought to part—my parents wish it at least."

"Have you told them, Ida?" asked I, reproachfully. "Could not you keep our secret?" She was silent an instant, and I imagined this to imply that she had confessed all. "We are ruined, Ida, and you have done this by your hasty conduct. Why did you not ask me whether or no it would be advisable to tell our secret? Surely I have a right to direct you."

The colour mounted to her pale cheek, and she said, imploringly, "Oh, Hans, stop, I have told nothing yet, but——"

"But what?" And I seized her hand almost fiercely.

"But—my cousin Franz has asked me in marriage of my parents—they have accepted his suit—and I——"

"Speak, Ida, do not pause or hesitate to say what you have done."

"I said I could not marry him—that I was young and wished to be free a little longer, and that I felt convinced I could never love him. They said I was a foolish child, and did not know my own mind, and Rosenthal went away with the assurance that I should one day be his, but that we must wait. Wait! Oh, may he wait for ever!" And she buried her face in her hands.

Just then we heard a step on the stairs. Ida flew to her work, and I took up a book that was lying on the table: it was Goethe's "Egmont." The person, whoever it might be, passed on and did not enter the room; this was well, for in our alarm we had placed ourselves in the most unnatural positions, and looked as if we had no idea what we were about, or whether we ought to be found together.

"The danger is over," I said, as I seated myself by Ida; "your recital has distressed me very much, but we, by acting our parts well, may set all to rights. I will speak to Rosenthal upon this subject myself; he is generous and will not push his suit if he finds that you are so much against it. Should I be mistaken in him, however, you must continue to declare your desire to wait—time is all we want."

Ida sighed heavily; she knew better than I did what a hard task lay before her.

"Are you still afraid?" I asked.

"No, Hans, we love each other, and God will not suffer us to be parted."

I was silent for a few moments, and then said eagerly, "Do you believe in His existence?" But this question startled me almost as much as it did Ida, and I would willingly have recalled the words.

"Of course I believe in Him," she said; and the colour mounted to her cheeks and brow. "It is only wicked people who doubt His existence. How could you ask me such a question?"

"You have never studied, Ida," I rejoined, anxious now to exculpate myself, or rather perhaps to carry the matter with a high hand. "Science teaches us how creation may have been effected through natural causes. You must know there are certain gases——"

Ida put her hand before my mouth to prevent my speaking—"Science is man's invention," she said, resolutely. "I do not believe a word of it, and I would rather not hear any more."

"I did not mean to imply that I disbelieve in a Creator; that there was a guiding hand is most probable, and solves the difficulty at once, but there is a vast field for conjecture."

"For faith you mean, Hans," said Ida, half frightened, half angry; "I cannot bear to hear you speak in this cold manner, you used to be very different."

"Ah, yes, when I was a boy and could not understand what I was told to believe."

"And does your increase of knowledge make you happier?" asked she, turning her searching eyes on me.

"I wish I had your faith, Ida," I said, without answering her question. "I need faith, for you cannot picture to yourself the struggles that sometimes go on in my brain; struggles between reason and faith, instinct and conviction—till I lose myself in a labyrinth from which my eye discovers no exit save through the wide portals of doubt."

"Oh, Hans, you are surely not an Atheist," said Ida, shrinking from me. "Say at least that you believe."

"Yes, I do," I replied; and I told the truth, for I was then only on the brink of the precipice which was afterwards to engulf me in its misery.

"Why did you frighten me so? You cannot think how my heart beat when you began to speak in this strange way. I was afraid you had grown too learned."

"Would you cease to love me if I differed with you on points of religion?" I asked, gravely.

"I must love you now, it has become a necessity, but I should try not to do so were you to become an——Why should I talk in this way? there is no fear, no prospect of anything so dreadful; let us forget what has just passed between us."

"Not quite yet," said I, "there is one thing more I wish to ask you: will you try and inspire in me your faith and trust? As soon as conviction and reason fail to explain to me what religion teaches, I doubt. Will you try, Ida, to give me a spark of that beautiful thing, for want of which the wise often envy the ignorant? Sometimes I grasp at faith with the energy of a drowning man who seizes the rope that is thrown to save him, but each day seems to make it recede farther from me, and, alas, I am often content to let it depart, and strive to replace it by reason, telling myself delusively that in dispelling the mysteries of religion I am advancing in my search after truth."

"Are you sure, Hans, that you understand what faith is?" asked she, gravely.

"Yes, I know in fancy and can remember what it is, but book-learning—philosophy—Ida, has deprived me of what once was mine, when I was content to believe in the great and glorious things my mother taught me and never thought of asking why. But then again I should have believed as faithfully if she had told me there were fairies and that the Arabian Nights were all true stories."

"Do not joke, Hans, the subject is too serious."

"You are right," I said, with a deep-drawn sigh, "it is much too serious."

"Why do you study?" asked Ida, somewhat abruptly, after a long pause—"why do you study, if it causes you to doubt? There can be no necessity for you to read such books."

"Ask the moth why it flies round the candle when it feels its wings and horns are scorching with the heat, and its answer would perhaps be the same as mine to your question. Ah, you have never felt a craving for actual proof to convince you of the truth of what you have been told to believe. I long to sift everything to the bottom, and ought not religion to bear any investigation?"

"Yes, and so it does," exclaimed Ida, confidently; "but when we begin our investigation, are we humble enough to confess that we are ignorant, and that our object is to learn, not to cavil and dictate? Do we not rather say within ourselves: my mind is capable of grasping every difficulty, and see, here is an incongruity; there must be some flaw, something wrong; my reason will not permit me to believe this?"

"I was not aware you studied philosophy, Ida," I said, smiling.

"Nor do I," she replied, blushing deeply at having been entrapped into saying so much; "I could not understand philosophy if I tried. And Hans," added she, in a childish tone, "I think it is a great blessing not to be able to do so after what you have said."

"Ah, well, it may be, but every one must confess that there is no pleasure equal to finding truth."

"When it is sought in the only place where it is to be found—in the Bible."

"And yet that standard contradicts itself," I said, bitterly. But Ida stopped her ears, and would not listen to me any more; she said she would rather not think of such things, she would rather be left to her unreasoning faith. I thought her in the wrong then, but I envied her in my heart. "Bear with me, my little wife," I said, coaxingly.

"All my life long," were the sweet words that sent joy to my heart; and we parted, as we had always done, with longing and regret that parting was necessary, and that we should have to be separated so often and for so long.

I wended my way slowly to Rosenthal's house, for I had much to think about, and the interview which I was on the point of having with him was very doubtful as to its issue. I flattered myself with the idea I knew his character, and from this fancied knowledge I judged that I should be successful if only I were skilful enough to touch the right chord in his heart, and thereby arouse the more generous part of his nature. We had not met for some days, and he greeted me heartily.

"The world is going smoothly with me, Hans," he said; "I consider myself highly favoured by Dame Fortune, and wish you equal good luck."

It was well for him that the fickle goddess had been so bountiful, for he never would have made his way in the world by the mere force of industry. I sat down beside him, and I suppose he perceived some constraint in my manner, for he inquired if anything had gone wrong.

"Not exactly—I come from your aunt's house."

"Well, and have they told you what is likely to happen?"

"I saw Ida," I remarked, without answering his question. "She was alone, and we conversed together some time."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Rosenthal, carelessly.

"I have known her ever since she was a child," I continued to say, averting my head; "she is accustomed to speak to me confidentially, as if—as if I were her brother."

"No news to me, Hans," said Rosenthal, raising his eyebrows.

"I am aware of that, but I want to show you how it happens that I am authorised to speak on a matter which concerns both of you very narrowly."

"Umph! a little friendly caution is coming, I suppose, after all this preliminary talking. Pray proceed."

"I am not going to offer advice, Rosenthal, I am going to appeal to your generosity."

"Which is so vast, that no one yet has been able to reach it."

"You have made proposals to Ida's parents; they have accepted your suit, and she has rejected it."

"Pardon me, I am almost her affianced husband."

"Have you heard Ida say with her own lips that she loves you?"

"No, I am banished for a time, and thereby have my liberty a little longer."

"If these be your real sentiments, you do not love her," I said, bitterly; "and let me assure you that I have but just heard her declare that she could never love you. This apparent compliance is but to please her parents who desire the marriage. You will never gain her affections, Rosenthal; desist, therefore, and do not torture an innocent being whose life you may thereby blight for ever. I appeal to your generosity, to your better nature: is it fair, is it just to make use of your interest with her parents to gain your object?"

"You speak with the confidence of an accepted lover yourself, Hans," said he, fixing his eyes with intent scrutiny on my face. I did not shrink, and replied with perfect composure:

"I speak as a friend to you and to Ida. A forced marriage is never a happy one; desist from following up your suit."

"My honour as well as my inclination forbid me to do so, unless I have good reason."

"Is not the fact of her coolness towards you reason enough?"

"Hans," said he, hotly, "if you wish to preserve our friendship you will not insult me any longer—I will not answer for the consequences." And he started up and paced the room uneasily.

"I do not mean to insult you. Pardon me if I said anything hastily, and remember it is for your sake and hers that I ventured to speak at all."

"And in no way do you speak for your own interest?" said he, stopping short and confronting me. "I cannot account for your earnestness—it is strange!" And he continued his walk without expecting an answer.

I was silent some time, for I thought it best to let him consider of what I told him, and he appeared in no way anxious to continue the conversation.

"Have you ever spoken personally to Ida on the subject?" I asked at length.

"No, never; and I am forbidden to do so till her compliance with her parents' wishes is certain. I am content to wait."

"Wait on, then," said I, rising; "and if you wait for years, remember my warning, and do not accuse me of want of friendship."

I extended my hand to him; he did not take it, but said angrily, "You speak to me as if I were a man of stone without passions—you think it would be no sacrifice to me to give up the only woman I have ever loved! You are wrong, Hans, and as long as there remains a faint hope I will cling to it."

I did not know that his love for Ida was so strong, and I was moved by this speech. I would have said, "May your perseverance be rewarded!" had it been love for any other woman than Ida that inspired him. As it was, however, I was silent, and he turned from me.

"Do not let this dispute estrange us, Rosenthal," said I, approaching him; and I said this honestly, for I was not jealous of him, I was so sure of Ida's affection.

Rosenthal went to the window, threw it open with force, then turning round, he said vehemently, "Hans, I believe you are in love with her yourself." I was angry, and felt my brow contract, but at the same instant, as if repenting of the harsh tone he had used, Rosenthal added, in one of those sudden impulses which so often prompted his actions, "Tell me now," and he grasped my arm, "are you really in love with her? If so, I will not stand between you and happiness; besides, I believe you have a better chance of gaining Ida's favour if you try."

I looked up at him, and would willingly have poured forth my thanks; but prudence stepped in, and though I have since bitterly repented my want of confidence in him, I prided myself on my self-command at the time. "You are a noble fellow," said I, with a degree of earnestness that startled him: "and I would willingly have saved you from the pain of being a rejected lover. I have known Ida all my life, we are as intimate as brother and sister, and I am convinced she will never consent to a marriage with you. Forgive me for having been the first to assure you of this. As to myself, matrimony is not one of my present speculations."

He said nothing, but from the expression of his dark eyes I judged that my evasion of his question was far from appeasing his suspicions, and the necessity for disguising my feelings better became more apparent. To have shown the least anger, agitation, or change in my friendship for him would have been to disclose the secret I had guarded so long. Had I appeared estranged from him by this conversation he would only have concluded that I was jealous of the relations in which he stood to the Hannemanns, and jealousy is caused by rivalry. True, I had not a shadow of fear respecting the result of his suit, and therefore it was easy for me to say, "Let us talk no more on this subject, Franz, but come and fish with me. Think over what I have said, and believe me I spoke thus openly out of friendship for you both."

My conscience told me this was not entirely the case, but I soothed its

upbraidings by telling myself that I was in fact doing Rosenthal a service, for I was convinced Ida's parents would not force her inclinations, and in another year's time I might be in a condition to claim her openly. Alas, I had begun by using deceit, and had not strength of mind to retract then. All might have happened differently had I but spoken the truth and disclosed my engagement to Ida; but the punishment this secrecy brought upon me was great.

Rosenthal took up his hat in silence, and having arranged our fishing-rods and tackle, we went out, and from his manner my companion appeared to have forgotten what had taken place. "He cannot love Ida," I mused, "if the thought of losing her troubles him so little. How different it would be with me were I in his place!"

"Well, Hans," said Rosenthal, lightly, "how fares it with the inhabitants of Jena?"

"As well as usual," I replied. "Old Professor —— was nearly drowned the other day, but he is walking about now as if nothing had occurred; there is no want of vigour in him yet."

"Old people are tougher than we give them credit for. It would not have been much loss had he been drowned outright. What a stickler for rules and order he is. I am glad I am out of Jena; it is getting too sedate. You will all be old women soon."

I laughed, for it had not been my good fortune to meet with the reformed students.

"Schiller is not long for this world, in my opinion," I said, after a pause. "He is looking ghastly, and every one says he leads a most unhealthy life. By the way, have you read Kotzebue's 'Stranger?'"

"No, but I hear it is being acted everywhere, and meets with great applause. What does he mean by expatriating himself, and living in Russia?"

"They say he contemplates returning to Germany," I replied. "For my part he may stay away as long as he likes; I am not proud of my fellow-townsmen, nor of the paper he showers upon us."

We were passing through the market in front of the Stadtkirche, and were close to Herder's house; it looked dark and dingy, overshadowed as it was by the church. Perhaps his dwelling is symbolical of his life. Poor Herder! I always pity satirical natures; they cannot feel that love for their fellow-beings which sees rather the bright side of human nature, and willingly blinds itself to its defects. They seek out the bad, the ridiculous, and expose it to the light of day with a pleasure which is but momentary. They are isolated within themselves; their sympathies, if any, are few, and their portion fear, perhaps respect, but not love, and without this life is indeed dreary.

Neither of us spoke for some time, and I fear Rosenthal was brooding over our conversation of that morning. We were now in the esplanade, away from houses; the air was cool, and the birds sang merrily above us.

"Hans, I believe you are actually reforming me after your own fashion," said Rosenthal, suddenly. "I have been excessively studious these last few days, and what do you think my studies were?"

"Nay, how can I tell?"

"Phrenology! I have been reading Gall's work, and am a convert. When you arrived this morning, I was on the point of practising on your head, but your errand put a stop to my investigations."

"I do not believe a word about it," I said.

"That is because you have not studied phrenology."

"There may be something in that, but I do not believe it has many disciples."

"The science is in its infancy; wait awhile and you will see very valuable discoveries will be made."

"Nous verrons," I said, carelessly; "but as yet I am a sceptic."

"What do you think of Mesmer and his theories?" asked Rosenthal.

"I am sorry he is a German," I replied, "and look upon him as a complete quack. He makes a good livelihood in Paris, I believe. He suits the frivolous, novelty-seeking French."

"Why, Hans, your philosophical studies have made you a disbeliever in everything," exclaimed my companion.

"I am afraid they have," I said, mournfully. Rosenthal did not know how near the truth his words were, or perhaps he would not have uttered them in joke. Anxious to change the subject, I said, "There is to be a students' ball at Jena, to-night—will you come?"

"I am engaged to go to the theatre with the Hannemanns," replied he, averting his head.

I pulled my moustache and vented my vexation by hurting myself. I felt I could trust Ida, but I did not like doing so.

HOGG'S LIFE OF SHELLEY.*

DESPITE its unquestionable interest, this is in some respects a provoking work. There is sap and strength in it, but it is overgrown, and would bear a deal of pruning and lopping away. Mr. Hogg can write shrewdly and pointedly, but he is sadly diffuse and digressive; he is off at a tangent, and hard to bring back again; a wilful man, that will have his own way, and take his own time about it too.

Towards the middle of his second volume, Mr. Hogg winds up an irrelevant passage with the remark: "But I am not writing the history of my own life and times, but the biography of a Divine Poet, to the illustration of whose remarkable character alone every word should tend." The words that do not tend thitherwards may, unhappily, be counted by the thousand—or rather are innumerable. Indeed, were it not for this assurance to the contrary, we should have thought that Mr. Hogg *was* writing the history of his own life and times, and that almost as fully as the biography of a Divine Poet. In the refreshment department alone—we mean his personal experiences of bad breakfasts and dinners—large is his outlay of precious space, prodigal his expenditure of words—of which every one, he avows, ought to have direct reference to Shelley exclusively. This particular is the more noticeable, because Shelley himself was so indifferent as to his meals. "At his meals, a book lay by his

* The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. (In Four Volumes.) Vols. I., II. London: Moxon. 1858.

side, on the table, open. Tea and toast were often neglected, his author seldom; his mutton and potatoes might grow cold; his interest in a work never cooled." "He was always abstemious in his diet."* His biographer, on the contrary, lays an even amusing stress on matters of the table. His memory is wonderful for a bill of fare, even of forty or fifty years since. He tells us, with almost aldermanic emphasis, how a large dish of scalloped oysters stood within the fender, and what befel it; how its loss was supplied by "apples, oranges, almonds and raisins, and a little cake;" how Dr. Lind gave "a light and digestible repast of tea . . . and of bread-and-butter prepared upon sanatory principles, the butter being thinly superinduced upon bread, the stalest that could be procured, or of the same bread lightly toasted, and taken without any condiment;" how Mr. Hogg at Oxford, in the short vacations, commonly found himself alone at dinner, "which consisted of a joint of meat, bread, and potatoes; all very good of their kind, no doubt; but it was impossible to obtain anything else;" how at a Berkshire inn a "stale handmaid" put on the table "black, and greasy, and utterly uneatable" mutton chops, "with raw potatoes, muddy beer, stinking cheese, and wine that might be paid for but not drunken"—and how "breakfast was a repetition of tea," no eggs, no bacon; how at Abingdon "a nasty little girl gave me some nasty tea in a nasty cold room;" how at a Covent-garden hotel he and Shelley had "some excellent tea and a liberal supply of hot muffins;" how in Garden-court they had "a comfortable dinner

Of steaks, and other Temple messes,
Which some neat-handed Phillis dresses.

We heard them hissing in a small kitchen adjoining our dining-room, and Phillis brought them in, hot and hot;" how Mr. Hogg breakfasted at the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham, "at that time [1811] one of the worst and dirtiest of the many bad and dirty inns which make the recollection of former days too often bitter"—and bitterly, and feelingly, Mr. Hogg gives it expression; how at Ellesmere he "had a most delightful supper," repeated every night of his stay there, of Welsh rabbit ("that engaging little creature"), and ale that equalled nectar; how at Llangollen he was afflicted with a visitation of "greasy, blackened chops and tough steaks;" how at Alnwick he found "a filthy and utterly useless breakfast at an odious little inn in a very narrow street;" how at Berwick "the inn was superlatively nasty, and the dinner impracticable, impregnable;" how he wouldn't stay any longer on the top of Arthur's Seat, along with poor young enthusiastic Mrs. Shelley, because, he says, "I was hungry, for I had not dined on either of the two preceding days. . . . So I left her, and proceeded slowly down the hill, the wind blowing fresh;" how, arriving late one evening at Liverpool, "dinner was not to be thought of, so I ordered tea, and after a cup or two my spirits revived, and I boldly asked for chops;" how at Chester "the supper was nasty, and the inn dirty and disagreeable;" how at Conway, where he was hoping to get "warm tea, hot toast, and possibly boiled meats" for breakfast, he had to his sorrow "vile bread, vile butter, and

* At Oxford "his food was plain and simple as that of a hermit, with a certain anticipation, even at this time, of a vegetable diet, respecting which he afterwards became an enthusiast in theory, and in practice an irregular votary."—I. p. 128, Cf. II. pp. 28, 31, 319, 414 sq.

the vilest tea;" how in the inn at Holyhead, *en route* for Dublin, he was induced by the waiter, being short of time, to purchase and take off with him what was on the table, to wit "a nice roast leg of mutton, mealy potatoes," and a "fine large loaf"—all which he purchased, but did *not* carry off, for the waiter tricked him after all; how, during the passage by sea, he "should have enjoyed a little breakfast, however homely; a crust of brown bread and milk, skim milk, oatmeal porridge, cold cabbage, anything; but no man gave unto" him, and he had to watch, covetously, a bishop at the open window of a purple coach, who "sat sipping hot chocolate out of a large china cup;" how, landed on Irish ground, he found "the inn odious, the food abominable;" "to get anything to eat was difficult, to get anything fit to be eaten impossible;" how a grave, civil Scotchman invited him to his table, whereupon Mr. Hogg "fell to, like a starving man. There were cold fowls and boiled eggs, both excellent, and good bread: the other things were nasty. He had more fowls and eggs brought. . . . I ate freely, and was filled and comforted;" and how again in the cabin of the packet he saw another Scotch gentleman "seated at a small table with a fine cold fowl before him, and a large loaf"—to which, being invited, Mr. Hogg, after becoming apologies, did justice, we presume, "commending, as was most due, the excellence of Irish poultry;" how, when travelling once by a Birmingham coach, "which stopt to breakfast at Stratford-on-Avon," he "willingly forfeited" his breakfast that he might see Shakspeare's House—and was complimented by his fellow-travellers with the assurance (on the strength of such self-denial) that he would surely be a poet himself; how he sat with Shelley, walked with him, talked with him, and, "that there might be no limit to my self-devotion, dined with him"—a sacrifice appreciable when we learn what the dinner was apt to consist of, to wit, "a roasted shoulder of mutton, of the coarsest, toughest grain," and "potatoes in every respect worthy of the mutton." "Sometimes there was a huge boiled leg of mutton, boiled till the bone was ready to drop out of the meat, which shrank and started from it on all sides, without any sauce, but with turnips raw, and manifestly unworthy to be boiled any longer. Sometimes there were impregnable beef-steaks—soles for shooting-shoes. I have dropped a word, a hint, about a pudding; a pudding, Bysshe said dogmatically, is a prejudice." Well may poor Mr. Hogg dilate pathetically on the Shelley *ménage*, though he "submitted cheerfully," he assures us, "to so many inconveniences and privations." "I was never indifferent to the amenities of life; I had always been accustomed to comfort . . . for in a district where the creature comforts were well cared for, my own family were always conspicuous for an exact and exquisite nicety." Dreadful were Mr. Hogg's privations in London, after (to speak Yankee-wise) the customs of the country. "The provisions supplied at lodgings in London were too frequently in those days detestable. . . . Our dinners, therefore, were constructive, a dumb show, a mere empty, idle ceremony; our only resource against absolute starvation was tea. . . . We meekly sought relief in buttered toast; but the butter was too commonly bad. . . . Penny buns were our assured resource. . . . A shilling's worth of penny buns for tea. . . . To say the truth, I love a good penny bun to this hour; I look upon one with gratitude, as a friend in need, with emotion, as my preserver!" And yet Mr. Hogg calls himself no Poet. Who but a born Poet could write thus of

penny buns? And, once more, mark the enthusiasm of a passage in which he recalls his Sunday dinners, as a Grammar School-boy in an "old cathedral city:" "The roast pigs, the roast geese, the roast hares; the loins of veal and ham; the overflowing dishes of green peas, asparagus, and new potatoes; the well-sugared, juicy fruit-pies, with their attendant custards; plum-pudding with its brandy sauce,—according to the vicissitudes of the seasons,—were set out on Sundays punctually at two o'clock on the boards of the poorer clergy, to cheer their famished families and friends. . . . How many a genial Sunday dinner did the hungry grammar boy share with these humble apostolical men; to look back upon their simple, but succulent fare, through the long vista of half a century, is almost as satisfying as a full meal." Such are the Pleasures of Memory, with "simple but succulent fare" in the far back-ground of the long vista.

It is Shelley's utter disregard of table-topics like these that makes their prominence in a biography of *him* the more observable. In various other respects, the contrast is broadly defined between him and his biographer. Mr. Hogg shows himself a man of sagacity, practical habits, orderly self-government, worldly wisdom, with a turn for shrewd satire that sometimes trenches on the cynical. Shelley is shown to have been flighty and hare-brained in the extreme—running here and there without a purpose—inviting people to come across England to see him, and flitting before they arrive—accepting invitations, and breaking them without a thought—borrowing money as hap-hazardously with one hand as he dispensed it with the other—talking the wildest contradictions, fabricating the strangest stories, cultivating the most unaccountable society. Shelley would read aloud to his friend, and "with rapturous enthusiasm," the wondrous tales of German Illuminati; his friend would express doubt or disbelief, and then the poet was "disappointed, sometimes even displeased." "Your friend," said a lady of the perfectibility party, once, to Shelley, "is a very strange person indeed. . . . He seems to make it the sole business of his life to scoff at everything." Of the perfectibility party, in fact, Mr. Hogg was not careful to hide his contempt—or at anything else that he suspected to be humbug in the main. And his opinions in matters ecclesiastical and political were, and are, of a kind to render him especially impatient of tendencies that attracted Shelley. Mr. Hogg is avowedly a Tory, in days when the race is by some thought to be extinct—a Conservative he regards as an emasculated Tory: it is his pride to belong to the "high Tory party," meaning "Tories of the good old times—of fine old English gentlemen of the old school—of men who wore the Windsor uniform before Peel and his Manchester men had mixed their Shoddy with the sound, home-grown wool of honest Yorkshire broad-cloth." It is his pride, too, to be of the "highest Church" party; and so charmed is he with the Oxford Tracts, that he winds up his eulogy of them with a quasi-regret that the author of "Queen Mab" did not live to enjoy them too: "Had it been the fate of my incomparable friend to have met with these, or rather with some of them"—for to go the length of Number Ninety might have seemed going too far—"with how much delight and instruction would he not have perused and profited by them." What Shelley's opinions upon religion might have become, had he lived till now or lately,

we cannot even surmise: singular reactions there might have been, and conflicting "phases of faith:" but one of the least easy flights of fancy we can set a-going is that which carries us to see him absorbed in a perusal of the Oxford Tracts, and by *this* means, of all others, almost persuaded to be a Christian.

Mr. Hogg has a deal to tell us of the poet's domestic relations. These volumes will be a very boon to those who crave acquaintance with his family failings and family feuds. His father, Sir Timothy, appears to the utmost disadvantage; nor can we say that the son, as such, is all that could be wished as such. There was a time when he was "exceedingly fond of his father"—and his sisters remember seeing him watching at Sir Timothy's sick-room, with a solicitude that after events made sadly strange. He was then fourteen. At nineteen, he as much as hates his father, and says so. He talks infidelity to him, and laughs at his inability to make a logical reply. Passages like the following, in Percy's letters to Mr. Hogg, are not pleasant reading: "I think, were I compelled to associate with Shakspeare's Caliban, with any wretch—with the exception of Lord Courtney, my father," and one or two others—"that I should find something to admire." "Is this irrational being really convinced of what men have attained by the use of reason? If he is, he is a disgrace to reason. . . . But he is nothing—no *ist*, professes no *ism*, but superbism and irrationalism." "I had a letter from my father. . . . God send he does not write to your father; it would annoy him. I threw cold water on the rage of the old buck." "I take the opportunity of the Old Boy's absence in London . . . the Kill-joy, as I name him." "When I see him, though I shall say the civilest things imaginable, yet I shall not look as if I liked him, because I do not like him." We are told he "appeared to be pleased with the Earl of Oxford, because he disliked his father." Of his mother, too, Shelley speaks with a sort of flippant disrespect that grates unpleasantly on the ear. His sisters he apparently does his best to de-Christianise—and loses his interest in them when the scheme fails. Of one of them, however, his third sister, he continues to hope well: "There are some hopes of this dear little girl; she would be a divine little scion of infidelity, if I could get hold of her. I think my lessons here must have taken effect." He had no sympathy, it would seem, with the spirit of Tennyson's remonstrance,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Miss Westbrook, the first Mrs. Shelley, was not the first Harriet whom the poet loved. A Miss Harriet G., sister of one of Mr. Hogg's correspondents, was at one time the object of his hopes; but she became uneasy, her brother says, "at the tone of his letters on speculative subjects," and the engagement—for there had been one, sanctioned too by the heads of both houses—was broken off. That was in 1810. In 1811 Shelley became the admirer and correspondent of Harriet Westbrook, in an evil hour for them both. These volumes enable us to trace the progress of the attachment, by occasional glimpses of what is going on. In

a letter to his biographer, from Wales, in 1811, he writes: "Miss Westbrook, Harriet [for there was an elder sister, the object of Mr. Hogg's unmitigated satire—and eventually, of Shelley's implacable dislike], has advised me to read Mrs. Opie's 'Mother and Daughter.'" (We may here, by the way, observe, that Harriet Westbrook has been misrepresented when described as illiterate. Whatever her disadvantages of family position, she was a lover of books, and of a different order to Mrs. Opie's. Her zest in reading aloud amounted to a passion, and became a positive affliction to Mr. Hogg, for one. Her husband describes her in 1812 as "attacking Latin with considerable resolution," and already able to "read many odes in Horace." And early in 1813 he tells Mr. Hogg: "Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter. If you have an Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, she will thank you to bring it.") Anon: "I shall see the Miss Westbrooks again soon." And, next letter: "Your jokes on Harriet Westbrook amuse me . . . but if I know anything about love, I am *not* in love. I have heard from the Westbrooks, both of whom I highly esteem." In the very next: "I shall certainly come to York, but Harriet Westbrook [underlined] will decide whether now or in three weeks. Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. She asked my advice: resistance was the answer, at the same time that I essayed to mollify Mr. W. in vain! And in consequence of my advice *she* has thrown herself on *my* protection . . . Gratitude and admiration, all demand that I should love her *for ever*. We shall see you at York. I will hear your arguments for matrimonialism, by which I am now almost convinced." But as he that's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still,—the anti-matrimonial poet's "convictions" on this important point appear to be quite the other way. "Matrimony," he subsequently declares to be "the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to, to bind the noble to itself." He pictures to himself Elysium in beholding his "only perfect one daring the vain world, smiling at its silly forms, setting an example of perfection to an universe." At last, however, he professes himself "convinced" in favour of wedlock—but only because the sacrifice otherwise made by the woman is so disproportioned, as the world goes, to any which the man can give. Shelley and Harriet Westbrook were married in Edinburgh—"how, or where," Mr. Hogg remarks, "I never heard. Harriet had some marriage lines, which she sent to her father. I never saw them." The wooing had lasted for some six months. Mr. Hogg visited them in Edinburgh, where he saw the "lovely young bride" for the first time—"bright as the morning," he calls her—"as the morning of that bright day on which we first met; bright, blooming, radiant with youth, health, and beauty." She amused herself, about this time, with translating one of Mme. Cottin's moral tales—writing "the whole out fairly, without blot or blemish, upon the smoothest, whitest, finest paper, in a small, neat, flowing, and legible feminine hand." "For her years, she was exceedingly well read"—but the biographer tells us that he never once saw a Bible, a prayer-book, or any devotional work, in her hand—nor ever heard her utter a syllable on the subject of religion, pro or con.—nor ever heard her say she had been at church, or had ever once visited a place of worship. "She was always pretty, always bright, always blooming; smart, usually plain in her smartness; without a spot, without a wrinkle, not a hair out

of its place. The ladies said of her, that she always looked as if she had just that moment stepped out of a glass-case; and so indeed she did." She worshipped her sister. Of her husband, in his absence, she spoke "in the style of an inspired prophetess of a glorious advent; of the impending commencement of a new millennium of happiness; of the instant return of the golden age." While she was yet radiant with health, and while Shelley yet found himself in her company "the happiest of the happy," she nevertheless indulged in meditations on suicide, which she would coolly discuss with her friends in the most matter-of-fact way—frequently declaring "her purpose of killing herself some day or other," and enlarging on this, "in a calm, resolute manner." "She spoke of self-murder serenely before strangers; and at a dinner-party I have heard her describe her feelings, opinions, and intentions with respect to suicide with prolix earnestness; and she looked so calm, so tranquil, so blooming, and so handsome, that the astonished guests smiled." "The poor girl's monomania of self-destruction, which we long looked upon as a vain fancy, a baseless delusion, an inconsequent hallucination of the mind, amused us occasionally for some years; eventually it proved a sad reality, and drew forth many bitter tears."—After an absence of some duration Mr. Hogg speaks of her as still discoursing of self-destruction, and how to effect it, as coolly as another lady would arrange a visit to the theatre. "She told me sometimes that she was very unhappy, but she never said why; and in particular, she told me frequently . . . that she had been very unhappy at school, and often intended to kill herself. I asked her again and again the cause of her unhappiness, but she did not know it. It certainly appeared to be mere talk, and I found a festivity in it; it became jolly, as it were, to laugh at her suicidal schemes, and the solemnity with which she unfolded them: with this she was now and then a little offended. 'Mamma is going to have some walnuts pickled next week,' a little girl once said to me, a little boy; and she added, with a grave look and an air of quiet resolution, 'and mamma says she is quite determined!' So poor Harriet was quite determined, and did not choose to be laughed out of it, being displeased with my apologue of the walnuts." It was, in fact, to her, no laughing matter.

She once astonished, not to say scandalised, a surgeon, by staying in the room to see him effect the excision of a tumour on the body of her little girl, Ianthe—narrowly observing every grade in the operation, and, of all who were present, never betraying, from first to last, any—the smallest signs of emotion. The surgeon declared she could have no feeling. "And he farther remarked, that a person who was able to discourse so calmly, so apathetically of suicide, could not possibly feel, under any circumstances, either for herself or for others."

Possibly, a mere dogmatic dictum, of Sir Oracular value. Be that as it may, we have noticed the circumstance of the poor lady's premeditations of self-destruction, chiefly on her husband's account—for on him, however indirectly, the onus of the fatal event, when it did occur, has been uncharitably imposed. The present moiety of Mr. Hogg's work closes before that estrangement and separation which may have urged on, but can hardly be regarded as the immediate incentive to, the catastrophe itself.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY HEBERDEN MILFORD.

III.

Vinum reponite mensis.—*Æneid*, vii.

Postremo stagnum calidæ aquæ introit respergens proximos servorum additâ voce libare se liquorem illum Jovi Liberatori.—TACIT.: *Annal.* xv. 64.

Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.—*Tom Moore.*

THE wines, the dried fruits, the strong waters, the pipes and the leaden jar were placed on the table, and each present seemed replete and happy. A pause followed the meal; M'Mallows spoke not, Browning threw himself back in his chair, and Roderick's small grey eyes began to blink like stars in a misty firmament. If you now peeped past the curtain, darkness and desolation were without—no footsteps sounded on the pathway far below, and the lonely gas-lamps burnt distant and dimly, and just shedding sufficient light over a narrow circumference to show that doors and shutters were closed—that nocturnal solitude had set in. The soft murmur of the night wind as it sighed past the sharp gables of that eyrie dwelling conferred something of an added feeling of comfort, when again the burning lamp, the blazing hearth, and the merry faces were beheld—when the dread world without and the little circle within were contemplatively contrasted.

That chamber seldom sounded with voices as now; being the home of a lonely and bookish mortal, silence for the most part pervaded the student's home. The kind of life passed by him who resided in it may to many be irksome, to some repulsive, but to others it has its charms as well as its cares. Browning carried within him so much of sound, practical philosophy, that few things gave him real uneasiness. If his compeers talked about examinations, rejections, and so forth, he laughed at the pigmy bugbears, and manifested an utter regardlessness of things which caused disquietude in others. If you, courteous reader, could have beheld him as the writer has so frequently done, slipshod and in the old velveteen, with his books and his coffee and pipe by his side, you also would have verily concluded that there was much of calm composure—much of unfretting happiness in thus passing, and not uselessly, the days and nights as they revolved in their course. During his attacks upon the various subjects of science, which would occasionally be protracted to half a moon's duration, the morning light would struggle through the curtained panes ere he threw aside those prolix and perplexing tomes, over which, in these fits of application, he absorbingly pondered. The brief respites in these hours were rendered more refreshing by a charge of the meerschaum and a glance at Byron or Burns; and thus, after a flitting flight into the fumes of Canaster and the fancies of genius, he would return with increased vigour to meditate

on Müller or Weber, and treasure up in the archives of memory the terse and wearying details of science. Browning was happy with his lot.

Browning. Gentlemen, the wine is on the table, also are the more potent liquors, with the *aqua calida et aqua frigida*, and the immaculate yards of clay! My revered and learned friend, the port is old, the sherry mild and oily. I profess to be something of a *connoisseur* in vintages, so don't fear the morrow. I ever held it as a principle that the man who would have bad wines would not scruple to purchase a second-hand coat or wear a pinchbeck breast-pin. Justus, you are silent. It would delight me to hear you awaken up into conversation; and as for Milford, who sits to your right, he is doubtless cogitating upon old Adam Smith or Malthusian sophistry. Come, Heberden, brew; it always delights me to see you rotate the slice of lemon in your toddy.

M'Mallows. I'll hae a wee drap o' speerit; and Tam, my gude pupil, if ye'll shove me the leaden jar and the clean whites I'll thank ye. Through my long career as a lecturer I have made it a rule to be on terms of friendship with those whom I have had the honour to teach; and, I must confess, after your laughs at auld Saundie, ye hae got for him a sort of respect as Rob Roy had a *sort* of honesty. If the addle-headed town council had only given me a chair, I'd hae entertained ye after; but gude guide us! his botany brings in a pair revenue, and——

Justus. We are all aware the university has sustained a loss in you, doctor, but be satisfied that you enjoy that respect which you undoubtedly possess, independent of corporate bodies. Remember, that in all those kind of appointments the race is not to the swift."

After a while, the conversation turned on the genius of Burns.

M'Mallows. It is unquestionable that Burns is the greatest lyric since Anacreon. Unlike the great scholar-poets, he received no polish from ancient learning—he was Nature's gifted, untaught child!

Howdie. For my part I never could see those beauties in his works which many have pretended to discover. It is a terrible jargon, and I can as much understand his vaunted poem on the "Haggis," as I could a cuneiform inscription excavated from the bowels of a Mesopotamian mound. He was the lucky man to avail himself of advantages. He applied words to renowned *airs*, and the merits of the music rendered him infinitely more popular than he would otherwise have been. "Auld lang syne" charms much more as a tune than a poem—it is its music which is its soul, its divinity, that stirs within us; and the same reasoning might very generally be applied when speaking of your celebrated lyric.

Roderick. The liquid smoothness, the silvery sweetness of the "Irish Melodies," are as much superior to the rugged crabbedness of what any Scottish poet ever wrote, as mellow Rhenish is to the Prestonpans we have this evening had to overflowing. There can be no exalted poetry if conveyed in a language half established. The beauty and perfectness of a dialect consist in no secondary degree in its polished and expressive idioms, and the diction and epithets which Burns employs are such as a people highly accomplished would not use. Look at certain of his longer poems; they end with words with their tails clipped off!

Howdie. Right—quite right. It is much easier to rhyme when the termination of an English line can be jingled into sound by a

complex Scotticism. Milton enunciated a great truism when he averred that rhyme was no necessary adjunct to the highest order of poetry. To commend Scotticisms appears to me to be as absurd as to praise broad Yorkshire or the slang of old Cockaigne!

Browning. Had Sam accompanied Milford and myself this morning to Carnegie, and heard a pretty little peasant girl say, "Ye sud come when the heather's bloomin'!" he would not have sacrilegiously compared the bonnie Lowland Scotch to the brogue of Yorkshire, or the idiomatic vulgarisms of old Cockaigne. Roderick talks sarcastically about clipping the tails of words—it would be a mercy to English ears if that fact obtained in the Emerald Isle. You see, Dr. M'Mallows, there is no slight amount of *finesse* in our Hibernian friend finding fault with the lingo of Scotland. I will protest that the bonnie barefooted little maid this morning accentuated as mellifluously as if she had enunciated in the Attic numbers of old time!

Justus. I agree with you freely and fully. There is a poetry in the language of Lowland Scotch; by dispensing with consonants a rolling softness is imparted. It is a very superfluity of vowels and a paucity of consonants in the Italian and the Spanish which have rendered it proverbial that the one is fitted for man to speak to his lover, the other to his God! Take as example the second verse in "Auld lang syne," before cited, and erroneously, by Sam, in the attempted maintenance of a false position:

We twa ha'e run about the braes
And *pu'd the gowans fine*;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

The first two lines glide over the tongue as softly as the waters of the "gentle Afton;" no lisping dissonance, no labiodental harshness, fall disagreeably on the ear—the tone as it noiselessly trembles from the lips is harmonious and pleasing. Then, to repeat the words, "*pu'd the gowans fine*," no sentence in English could so briefly, so beautifully express the crowd of suggestive images which this simple expression awakens; and as to the last line, it might be instanced like some of Homer's—music in itself irrespective of the sense!

M'Mallows. He was a painter and a sculptor as weel as a poet, an' I'll prove it. Did ever limner put on canvas a picture like this:

I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And *reekin'-red ran monie a sheugh?*

Ye just see the blude pouring down, like the gutters o' Cannongate after a thunder-shower—nae "vermil tints" could gie the same on canvas. And then, to instance anither picture—but ane o' calmness, o' tranquil, beautiful nature—

The *paly moon* rose in the *livid East*,
And *'mong the cliffs* disclosed a *stately form*.

You min' how he associates *pallor* and *lividity* when describing a nocturnal object. As night is the emblem of death, so he employs in description conditions which are the inseparable concomitants o' death. The "*livid East*" portrays to the fancy that dull obscurity which succeeds

light, but which is not veritable, unrelieved darkness. And wha amang us a' has not seen her broad disc become *disclosed* in *stateliness* frae out the eastern craggs? Lastly, for a piece o' sculpture :

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
Her limbs the polished marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Do ye no think o' the Phidian art, the Pentellacon mines, or the blocks of Carrara?

Browning. Milford, by his quiet and contemplative demeanour, appears dubious as to the opinion he shall offer.

Roderick. Don't disturb him. I verily believe he has no natural liking for either cockyleekie or Bobby Burns.

Howdie. Nor yet for haggis.

Browning. Immortal poem that written "On a Haggis," doctor?

McMallows. It requires as great genius to sing the glories o' a hamely dish as it does o' the deeds o' Troy. "Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!"

Milford. Nature is never prodigal of the noblest essays of her power. The precious ore, the shining sapphire, and the blazing diamond, are discovered in extreme rarity, as if she were conscious of such being the crowning treasures "of all yet made" in the inorganic world, as if their very paucity rendered them of greater value. So it is with the minds of men. Millions are created fit for the ordinary operations of life—kingdoms and continents teem with populations—swarming generations succeed each other—but, during a century, not half a dozen exalted children of genius are given to the whole world! The prime leaders of humanity can, from the earliest records of time, be counted on the fingers; though, as very men, they were like unto those whose numbers have been as infinite as the sands on the sea-shore. Homers and Aristotles, Bacons and Newtons, Shakspeares and Miltons have, at varying and distant intervals, figured on this sublunary stage, and their godlike works make them, as they will ever do, stand out in towering, Chimborazo grandeur, as the everlasting lights and landmarks to posterity; but these stars of larger magnitude, these planetary bodies in the firmament of thought, are seldom bestowed; they are distinctive, solitary creations. As a few celestial lights are deemed sufficient to illumine the otherwise dark hours of nocturnal gloom, so are a few radiant spirits equal to the necessities of the myriads over whom they are born to rule—to rule, but not by the inheritance of priority, or the vigour of an arm of flesh, but by the silent and mysterious power, the hidden, attractive influence of genius! Scotland has given birth to heroes who would have honoured a Spartan phalanx or the Tenth Legion; to sages in philosophy; to Leslies, and Blacks, and Cullens; to honoured historians, as her Humes and Robertsons; to poets, her Allan Ramsays, Fergussons, Pollocks, and Scotts; to a host who, by innumerable paths, have done honour to their common country; she has done more—she has brought forth one transcendant, one immortal genius—Robert Burns! Springing from the lowly lineage of peasant paternity, inspiring the first breath of life in the mud-built cottage, his advent vindicated the majesty of man, the law of nature, and

the will of God, that the marvellous in mind (as well as that One Immaculate in Spirit) need not the meretricious recommendation of ancestry or order, but, possessing the stamp of more than common mortals, their apostolic mission requires not the paltry distinctions of men; their semi-celestial, semi-terrestrial attributes confer what crosses and decorations, the sound of title, and the breath of princes cannot offer—the admiration, the very worship of their fellows. Just are these regulations, these innate tendencies, and were it otherwise, the ever-progressive course of the moral world would flow less smoothly; they teach us that men must have guides of earth, earthy while upon earth, and that these may originate from the ranks of the most obscure and least favoured of its children. Burns was formed of more than vulgar mould, and carried within him the distinguishing patent of a lofty and an ennobled nature. To laureate sovereign pomp, to swell the strain to kingly virtues in golden halls and ivory palaces, would never have been his office, as it was not his destiny. The unconstrained freedom, the ærial buoyancy of such a spirit, attained to grander, more elevating pursuits. His aspirations, his hopes, the joy and the end of his being, were to sing the fancies and feelings of those in whose state he had by Providence been placed, to hymn their affections, to chant the praises of his country, to be the bard as well as the worshipper of Nature. No Attic polish, no Mantuan elaborateness, as costly settings, showed off the jewels of his song. The artless language of rusticity was a vehicle sufficiently apt for the conveyance of images and the expression of sentiments, which are for ever niched in the hearts and stored in the memories of his people, and these creations, these apophthegms welled forth from the deep caverns of his soul, as freshly and purely as the mountain-rills of his native land!

M^r Mallows (with a silencing shake of the head, and in an under tone): Whisht, Justus, ye sudna chatter, man. Milford might hae preachit to the auld Covenanters.

Milford. To throw another charm over rural pleasures, to laud their harmless pastimes, was to confer an added happiness, to give another joy to joys already possessed. Noble the prerogative when endowed with such a power, and how one thus favoured is verily the dispenser of good! Despots may prate of their authority, ramparts may be raised, and serried ranks arranged in dread array, but the real sovereigns of races are those who by an insinuating and intuitive force of parts enchain the fancies and win the wills of men. They who are the mental leaders are the great apostolic conquerors of the world. A well-timed and fervid eloquence can move the multitude and actuate the masses, and so can the pen of genius, in the solitary closet, be wielded as the sceptre over the opinions of all time. Burns came forth to do what neither Anacreon nor Terence had done before; his great errand upon earth was to open fresh mines of thought, to point out beauties and sources of harmless gratification, which the unthinking multitude had passed by with little if any emotion; to proclaim to the great and proud that the affections and feelings of the obscure and lowly are as full and fervent as with any other order of humanity. His immortal verse consecrated the objects and occupations of humble life; nothing, however simple, however homely, was beneath the dignity of his muse; and he gloried in being the painter of peasant

hearths, the delineator of their good and ill, their joys and their sorrows. He could laugh loud with those who laughed, and weep with those who wept, because his only sins were towards himself, and his large heart was ever ready to yearn towards the unfortunate, and because he felt in all things as one of them. Like another great bard, he touched every chord strung within the breast, and knew the hidden workings, the motives, the impulses which obtain through all ranks and gradations. His caustic wit and ready satire, wherever directed, left an unobliterative scar; and his vindication of justice and right, erect, manliness of character, and indignant denunciation of cruelty and wrong, illustrate the native dignity of man! His lip-curved sneer at the lordling's pride, withering smile at petty power, and broad-faced grin at the follies of his fellows, are salutary censures, whose expressions will be cited for ever. The Scottish peer as well as the Scottish peasant feels honoured by his name; from the high estate of the one to the low position of the other, his epithets and phrases are constantly remembered; they are uttered as the words of wisdom; and, in the hovelled hut and castled hall, the Bible and Burns are generally neighbouring on the same shelf! He came as the eloquent expounder of all their sentiments and emotions; he told, in the graceful garb of poetic inspiration, truths as no other writer had ever told them; and he enlisted sympathies which had previously never been awakened. The primitive manners, the unassuming hearths, and the artless pleasures of the tillers of the soil received a charm from his genius, and he impressed the minds of his readers with pictures more vivid than even the pencil of Wilkie has drawn. His lyrics are the heart-outpourings of an original and fervid nature; they are not the studied metres of nicely-formed rhyme and elaborate diction, but the ready, facile, exquisite thoughts which men of all ranks can read, and which none can pursue without becoming conscious of their power, sensible of their beauty. The dreary moorland and the sterile mountain, the dark-blue lake and the gurgling rill acquire fascinating hues by that master-hand, and the softer and lovelier landscapes which are presented on the canvas are thrown out in grand relief, and tintured with silver, and purple, and gold. He attuned his harp to every strain; now he incites the warrior by an appeal to glories gone; then he mourns the day when "Mary from his love was torn;" in these verses he tells how peasant lads and peasant lasses can love with a thrilling purity which sordid courtiers never feel; in that poem the holy fireside of the Scottish poor man will be contemplated with reverend respect so long as the language endures in which it is written. An inauspicious climate and a barren soil compel the Caledonian to seek his fortune in more productive positions, beneath warmer suns, and thither, in a spirit of enterprise, tens of thousands have left their brown hills and mountain homes; they have carried with them the stern Calvinistic faith of their fathers, they have also carried with them the deep veneration, the enthusiastic love of (to them in especial) the poet of all poets, the poet of all times! On the golden sands of Ind, amid the snows of Canada, and amongst the remote antipodes, the influence of a great and departed spirit is felt; his maxims, his sentiments, his very words, are remembered in those distant lands, and this mysterious influence is that marvellous power which God had, in such goodly measure, meted out to Burns—the influence of Genius!

M'Mallows (laying down his pipe.) Bravo! Dinna, stop; I'll no' banter ye mair about beast-cheek brose! Milford, your health; an' I just believe ye've some Scotch blude in ye, or ye wadna thus panegyrisise our ain dear *Bobby the Gifted*.

Browning. I have a proposition to make: Milford was so eloquent on the Scottish bard and Scottish scenery, I am so sick of the session, and anxious for a few days' wander, that I propose a week's tour. What say you, Justus?

Justus. I'll start with you at sunrise.

Browning. Suppose we say Monday?

Justus and Milford. To-morrow—to-morrow!

Roderick and Howdie were men who acted less upon impulse than their compeers, and did not at once accede to the proposal. At length they consented, and without more ado it was decided to have a week's excursion. M'Mallows drank his toddy, and said something about his duties as a teacher, in the endeavour to keep his young friends at their classes. Argument was idle; they would go.

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

CERTAINLY, in the present day, the rich are not open to the charge of maltreating the poor. A few surly landlords may bully obstinate voters, but there are no tyrannical barons who cudgel their vassals or string up their retainers. Indeed, if we may venture the remark, we fancy there is a slight tendency to err in the opposite direction. While I have every feeling of kindness for my friend in the fustian jacket, I do not want him perpetually before me, and I do not like incessantly to be told my duty towards him. I am anxious not simply to do him justice, but to render him service, only please not to be exacting in his behalf, and insist upon my continually striving to bring him on a level with myself, an object which I cannot accomplish, and which it would be mischievous to attempt. Again, if Hodge, the farmer's labourer, should commit some offence, and receive at the hands of the magistrates a punishment a shade too severe, pray don't let the lovers of justice go crazy. Oh ye lookers-out for grievances, be merciful. In demanding justice, be ye just. Do not suppose that merely because Hodge lived on nine shillings a week, the magistrates magnified his guilt and increased his punishment. Refrain from long letters to the *Times*—keep down the howl of indignation—Hodge may be a wronged man; perhaps seven days' hard labour might better have met his case than a fortnight, but do not, by the worry and fuss, and agitation and annoyance, which you are inclined to create over the excess, almost make us wish that the next offence which Hodge may

commit may be of a nature which will involve his departure from this land of tyrants, so that we may hear of him no more.

And while we think that sometimes the poverty of the offender occasions a nervous and morbid apprehension lest any unfairness should be shown him, we are inclined to the view that the error is now and then committed of visiting upon the transgressor who is *not* poor an additional penalty on that account. Thus, hath not the foolish young clerk been told by the magistrate that for the very reason that he was respectable, that he held a good situation, and that there was every requirement upon him to have behaved himself, it was the more disgraceful that he drank too much champagne and assaulted the station-master at the railway? And hath not the magistrate, because, apparently, his decision would perhaps involve the poor fellow's ruin, proceeded to declare that he would take no fine, but would send the luckless wight to prison? Has there not been here a little pandering to the popular shout of one law both for rich and poor—a cry which, however plausible, points to a course of proceedings monstrously unjust? Undoubtedly a forty-shilling penalty very differently affects Mr. Cuthbert Saville, a well-paid clerk in the Foreign Office, and Ned Mahoney, a dockyard labourer. It is a contemptible matter to the first, and highly grievous to the second. But then fourteen days' imprisonment, with stone-breaking, form, on the other hand, a punishment manifestly unfair to the better-circumstanced offender. Such a sentence must almost destroy him. There are a score of young gentlemen anxiously waiting for his appointment, and this punishment will compel its vacation. This is not all. For a long time he will be shunned and scouted by many of his former friends, and ridiculed or scolded by others. He will scarcely ever get rid of the effects of the degrading penalty, and so far from being reformed by it (we are told that the end of all punishment is the reformation of the transgressor), it will be fortunate if, in sheer despair, he does not become reckless and lose every claim to respectability. Now, Ned Mahoney (foolish Ned, who, through pure love of a scrimmage, broke Tim O'Brien's head in the taproom of "The Lakes of Killarney") may also be discharged from his employment, but when his fourteen days are over he will soon be received again, or will find work elsewhere, so that his suffering in comparison with that of the unlucky Cuthbert will have been perfectly insignificant. We are dwelling for a moment on this theme, because we do fancy that there is a growing tendency to elevate poverty into a virtue—not to rest satisfied with legitimately aiding and advancing the lower classes, but to invest them with an ill-used appearance—to speak of them and to them in terms which would imply that, being poor, they must have causes of grievance—that they have a right to grumble, and ought to grumble, against the rich, who, being rich, must be greedy and unjust masters.

There is something of a mania just now for improving the condition of the working classes, and we would not it should be inferred from the foregoing remarks that we would seek to allay it. The working classes ought to be helped. There are certain ways in which they may be most legitimately assisted, without risk of assailing those barriers which exist between ranks, and the destruction of which would be fatal to the harmony, respect, and good-will now reigning amongst the community. Rely upon it that the lord cannot play at cricket with the labourer with-

out mischief. Assuming that the labourer can receive any gratification from the game under such circumstances (which we most thoroughly doubt), the unnatural companionship must be productive of loss of respect and healthy regard. It is very charming in theory that the upper and lower classes can be brought into close contact, into absolute familiarity, with benefit to both. Let it remain charming in theory. Let it not be attempted generally in practice, lest we give an impetus to tendencies already rather strongly manifest, and which in broader form might soon become dangerous. But among the legitimate modes by which the working classes are sought to be benefited is the delivery of special sermons on week days. We say among the legitimate modes, because who shall pronounce it unlawful or improper to endeavour to spread religion among both rich and poor? It is the great end for which every Christian labours. But the best means to that end form a fair subject for discussion, and we venture to advance the view that in regard to the working classes of London, special services and special sermons, except as part of a much broader system of advantage yet to be put in operation, are almost, if not wholly, useless.

There is no doubt the community goes mad at times. Some circumstance seizes the public mind, and persons always arise who twist the sensation created to a particular purpose. All of a sudden every one is denouncing an abuse and shouting for its reform, or vehemently pointing to a want and vociferating for its removal. Both abuse and want may have existed for many a long day. Generation after generation may have vented over them a groan, yet leaving them untouched. But at length the hour arrives. The entire community is roused. Newspaper editors, statesmen, and philanthropists cry aloud in concert. The movement finds its way into the country. Meetings are held. Provincial orators cause town-halls to tremble with their eloquence; and, as we have said, the community raves, for it is mad, stark mad, and requires a strait-waistcoat.

We question whether special services for the working classes would have become so general had not Mr. Edouart opposed their solemnisation at Exeter Hall. We believe that that proceeding manifested both narrow-mindedness and short-sightedness; the former because the effort was praiseworthy and liberal, and the motives of the men who made and supported it deserved respect and consideration: the latter, because every sensible man knows that when the popular will runs strongly in any direction, a weak and petty check, which is quickly disposed of, proves ultimately only to have had the effect of deepening and strengthening the current which it has sought to stay. Thus we think it not unlikely, remembering the vehement feeling which was expressed when the antagonism above alluded to arose, that buildings of all descriptions, where church accommodation is scanty, will by-and-by be used for the purposes of worship.

The philanthropic public determined that during the time occupied in removing by act of parliament the opposition encountered in the Strand, they would have special services all over London. Accordingly, arrangements were made at leading churches, and the novelty commenced. The Bishop of London, if we recollect rightly, led the way, and a host of celebrities followed. Now, two simple questions: Did the lower classes

attend these services? and if they did, to what extent were they profited?

We attended but at one of the services, at a church in the Strand, and on that occasion the working classes were very poorly represented. It was a cold, wet night, and as we peeped over our high pew we undoubtedly saw a few poorly-clad creatures shivering in the free seats in the middle aisle—but very few. A reverend gentleman, a clever man we well believe, who had previously preached a special sermon in Westminster Abbey, discoursed to us at great length. We were very glad when it was over. Pray, don't scold us. We were down-hearted. We could see at once that we had been present at little better than a performance. The poor were not to be converted by these means.

When the Bishop of London preached in the east, it was stated that the labouring class did really furnish the larger part of the congregation; and at a church in Southwark, if we remember rightly, no person was admitted without the distinguishing garb of fustian or corduroy. But the newspaper accounts generally were not favourable to the view that the effort was successful. There were tolerable congregations—sometimes overflowing congregations—yet our remembrance of newspaper comments is to the effect that working men and women were only dotted here and there amongst the mass of worshippers, and that it must be admitted that the services instituted for the poor were attended chiefly by the rich and the well-to-do.

The suggestions which we purpose advancing with reference to this coldness on the part of the working classes will also tend to cast doubt on the advantage which may be supposed to have been reaped even by that small fraction which did actually attend these services.

Now the controversy whether the way to Heaven is smoother to the rich man or the poor, is constantly in our ears. The well-known text of the camel and the needle is thundered at the church pews, while the strong denunciations which Scripture contains against those vices and short-comings to which the poor are particularly liable, are most emphatically hurled at the free seats. But whatever opinion may be entertained with reference to the defenceless state of persons whose vast wealth seems ever enticingly to beckon to sin, we think that there are few who will deny to actual poverty and discomfort an equal if not superior power to turn away from good and to lead to evil. Admitting all the seductions of riches, look for a moment at the embittering, hardening influence of positive privation. We do declare to you, reader, that as we have wended our way occasionally through some of the courts and alleys of London, and squalid wretchedness and manifest misery have abundantly met our eyes, no surprise has been created when our ears have been filled with the blasphemous execration, the furious threat, or the disgusting jest. Where pure air is never known, where a hearty meal is never eaten, we may, indeed, rejoice if we find piety. But there may be circumstances under which it will be harder yet to find it. Look at that lacklustre eye. We gaze upon a wretched idiot, a hopeless encumbrance upon a poor labourer, who has to support a large family upon wages which will scarce find them in bread. What shriek was that? It was the cry of the fevered mother who, racked with pain and prostrate with weakness, has witnessed some injury to an untended little one, which no nurse is

present to alleviate. Talk to us of resignation! We admit the duty; but, oh! speak gently, for turn ye to this suffering girl, upon whom scrofula, that fell disease which more frequently assails those who cannot combat it with the remedial measures which alone give chance of victory, has inflicted its ravages until it has made death a boon which not her most ardent prayers can sufficiently implore. We need not pursue the theme. Consumption, paralysis, heart disease, blindness, deafness—every calamity which can afflict mind and body—beset the poor to as great or a greater extent than the rich. Horror crowds upon horror. The poverty of to-day may become starvation to-morrow. Present discomfort may be maddening distress ere a week be passed. The vigour of youth *must* decay, strength *must* fail—we might almost say misfortunes dark and numerous *must* come; and when we survey this melancholy truth, will there be found among us one who will recklessly deny, that while the rich man may be lured to transgression or lulled into forgetfulness of the Creator of all things, there is ground for a terrible fear which *will* rise up, as we think of the condition of many of the poor, and of London especially, that they may remember that Creator only to regard him as a hard master, who claims to reap where he has not sown, and to gather where he has not strewed?

And if poverty be pregnant with obstacles in the path of religion, still more serious are the hindrances interposed by ignorance and unintellectuality. We are aware, indeed, that knowledge and wisdom do not necessarily induce piety. We know that the very excellency of our mortal frame, its wonderful adaptation to varied, difficult, and complicated purposes, may rather strengthen than silence unbelief. Because that the mind, while in the body, is affected by whatever influences the body, we sometimes hear the argument that the soul can only be a part of the body, living while breath lasts, and ceasing when dust returns to dust. Again, when instead of resting simply on the word of Scripture that in the precise tabernacle of flesh deserted by the spirit at death shall man see God, we begin curiously to consider how can such things be, the result of the intellectual effort may scarcely be favourable to the settlement of faith. For we know that the decomposed body passes speedily into other forms—that in course of time it becomes part of herb, tree, and plant—that in such new shapes it enters into the bodies of animals—and thus it comes at last to help in the formation of flesh and bone for other men and women. Thus, the materials of one body may ultimately be so distributed as to form portions of several bodies, and how then are we to believe that, clothed in the very same vestment of flesh which it inhabited on earth, every immortal spirit is to present itself for judgment?

The wonders of astronomy—do they convert us? It has been proved to us—as clearly as science can prove anything—that this world is merely part of a grand system of worlds, at thought of which reason totters. We are absolutely nothing in comparison with other glorious creations. And who knows even the number of these creations? It appears to be infinite. Thought fails us. We become powerless. Yet we are not necessarily converted. The very tremendousness of the view which opens before us may make us reckless, and the fearful strength of the evidence may but harden the heart which ponders it irreverently. Blinded and bewildered by the appalling manifestation of power, we may, by a strange con-

tradition, begin to question the existence of any power, and to form a shadowy notion of chances and combinations leading to the vast results which our senses cannot refuse to allow. Or the unfolding of these glories may suggest a milder, though still very terrible, matter of scepticism. If this globe of ours be but a poor speck in a magnificent system, can we credit that for *us* miserable creatures was devised and carried out a scheme of salvation, the which, putting revelation aside, would appear so immeasurably disproportioned to our position and our deserts, that the mere thought of it would make a man dread lest by his presumption he should have irretrievably offended his Almighty Father?

And even the pages of Holy Writ, scanned only by the curious eye of the mind, and not pondered by the loving heart, are by no means certain to bring faith into the soul. Many are the passages not simply obscure, but painfully suggestive of doubt, when submitted only to intellectual view. We are told that the Son of God was tempted in all points, even as we are, yet our temptations arise mainly from evil hearts within us, while in Christ was there no sin, and, consequently, no thought or imagination of evil. We are told the great mystery of the Trinity, nevertheless we find that life in the Son was the absolute gift of the Father. How many texts are we obliged to explain in a manner which would be inadmissible in worldly questions. We have to assent to limitations and qualifications, and to proceed even, it might be thought, to the verge of disingenuousness in arguing for the harmony of text with text in smoothing apparent inconsistencies and in defending seeming injustice.

Some of these difficulties are slender enough, but let us invest them with the utmost force which, with any degree of reason, can be supposed to attach to them. Inquiry after truth by the intellect does not necessarily result in placing truth in the heart. The judgment may be satisfied, but the will may refuse and the affections repel—nay, the will and the affections may positively so pervert the judgment, that its first conclusions may give way to others totally opposite and manifestly unsound. This is the danger of the reasoner. He may be deluded and betrayed by his own powers, and may become immeshed in the fascinations of intellectual might untempered by the blessed meekness of the poor in spirit.

Yet this we say, that, accepting the above difficulties to the fullest extent against the critical inquirer, the obstacles which lie in the path of the poor and unlearned are more serious and weighty.

For while not forgetting those obstacles, it is certainly necessary that, in order rightly to obey and love Our Father, we must have some conception of Our Omnipotent King. It is not until we have been awestricken with His majesty that our heart is in a condition to appreciate His love. The mind must solemnly make its effort—a feeble effort indeed, but not without result where the intellect has been duly trained for the exertion—to gain a dim view of its Almighty Author. Let the mind reverently strive with the truth that God is Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, that He is All and in All, that His reign knew not beginning and will endure for ever and ever. The mysteries of Redemption, let them be contemplated, and bid the heart try and imagine the love which they display. The stars in heaven—those glorious creations—let us ponder them and seek to get a mental glimpse of them as they roll in

their courses. The wonders of our own globe—the slow, strange process by which the world was brought to completion—the varied kinds of life—the awfulness of death—and even that last great mystery, that unknown land, that eternal world, that scene of unspeakable awe whereon new actors who have left this stage for ever are constantly appearing, and have been appearing since time began—all, all should be cast as a burden upon the intellect, making it, indeed, to totter and tremble, yet strengthening it for that wholesome daily struggle to know and to understand more and more of the vast First Cause.

And should the reader agree with us in this view, that, in order thoroughly to possess yourself of the heart, you must first make captive the intellect, he will see at once the importance of the conclusion with reference to religious efforts among the poor. Alas! how far does the mind of the poor man now embrace the magnificence of the King of Heaven? God, to the poor man, is merely the God who provides the means of subsistence—the Lord who punishes evil actions and rewards good. The poor man drags down the Deity, if we may use the expression, to the condition of one of the heathen gods of old. He expects from his Creator direct signs of encouragement or disapproval. He surveys him as a jealous Lord requiring exact service, and promising for such service favour and support. And as a consequence of this narrow view, the poor man is miserably disconcerted when the faithful servant is cast down and the daring transgressor apparently supported. These wondrous plans by which Providence often sees fit to work out His designs seem inconsistent to the poor man, and irreconcilable with the idea of Almighty power and purest justice. We ask persons in the habit of speaking with the poor who are considered religious, whether the remarks made by them do not exhibit the most grovelling impressions with regard to the Deity. We remember, for instance, hearing the reproachful observation that Mr. Spurgeon must have been guilty of a great falsehood, for he said, on the memorable night of his first appearance in the Surrey Hall, that he had come there by God's favour and direction, whereas an awful calamity was the result of his attendance. You hardly know how to deal with the intellect of the poor man. It is so encrusted with deplorable misconceptions, that the mode of bringing him to view the Creator in the slightest degree aright is a point of inconceivable difficulty. We must be pardoned for the remark that any attempt *to dictate* religion is a miserable error. The poor man must be *warmed* to religion—he must be led up to religion—his mind must be brought by simple lessons to get glimpses of God's glory. Forbear to thrust at him assertions on points of doctrine, and to back up such assertions by scriptural quotations which will be mostly unintelligible. The poor man must be assisted to think rather than told to believe. Instead of seeking to drag him upwards, you must rather give him the means of raising himself. Call upon the material evidences above and around to whisper to him of Deity. Call upon sun, moon, and stars to teach him; upon hill and valley, upon the waving trees, the golden corn, the beauteous flowers; call upon the broad ocean, the flowing river; call upon the lightning flash and thunder roll; call upon the summer sky and winter storm; call upon the mysteries of Revelation; call upon life and death; call upon the man's own existence, the wonders of his own frame, the curious workings of his own

mind; call upon all these to bear witness of a God, and to dash away the fetters which have bound that poor intellect, enabling it to embrace the profound and mighty truth that there is indeed an Almighty and Everlasting King in all and through all.

And simultaneously with elevating and enlarging the judgment of the labouring man, you must make it captive to truth, and having made it captive, you must plead through it with the affections, and then your victory will be won.

Two things, therefore, we believe to be necessary before the poor can be brought to church in large numbers, and before they can be in a condition to reap material benefit from their attendance:

Firstly.—Their social welfare must be still more cared for than it is. They suffer miserably in many respects even now. Their dwellings are deplorable; their labour is too severe, or, at all events, too incessant; the assistance they receive in illness is too scanty; and mishaps which should be allowed to work only temporary ill—ay, and we may add, perhaps, misdoings, which should only involve temporary discomfort—should receive more kindly consideration than they do, and certainly should not involve the ruin which sometimes they occasion.

Secondly.—In trying to teach them religion, we should strive more to show them why they should learn it. The least approach to dictation or to arbitrariness scares the uninformed or unwilling pupil. Pour gently into the mind of the working man those different influences to which we have herein alluded. Warm and rouse his intellect to an appreciation of the glorious picture which you place before it, and then beckon to his spirit to follow the road which that picture exhibits.

We cannot now enter into the detail of the machinery by which such work might be effected. We have no doubt that machinery might be brought into play, and with the utterance of that opinion we must rest satisfied. The labour we have sketched may not be very enticing. It is a hard battle to fight; success can be secured only by slow degrees; and it may be that the toil will be with one generation while the fruits will be enjoyed by another. So even we are told “one soweth and another reapeth.” Strangely contradictory appears that other text, “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Yet not really contradictory, for hereafter shall the seeming discrepancy be dispelled. Heaven shall witness a glorious gathering. Those who have taught wisely and those who have listened well shall meet again, and the song of the sowers and the reapers shall go up before God.

BARANTE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES.*

HIS previous series of "Studies," M. de Barante entitled "Historical and Biographical." The present one he describes as "Literary and Historical." The two volumes which compose it are rather superior than inferior in interest to the former two, of which, as the reader will remember, a commendatory notice was given in these pages. The historical studies come first in the present collection, and are devoted to a variety of interesting subjects. Thus we have an ample review of Matthew Molé's Memoirs—to illustrate the doings of the Parliament before the Fronde. The Memoirs of Brienne, of Cosnac (Archbishop of Aix), and of the Marquis de Villette, are made use of for our better acquaintance with the policy and pratique of Louis XIV. A very telling review of Lemontey's essay on that Grand Monarque's monarchical ways and means, is followed by another, with the same scope, on Fénelon's celebrated Directions for a King's Conscience—indited by the amiable prelate of Cambray for the avail of his promising pupil, the Duke of Burgundy. To these are added papers on Barbier's diary, on the history of France in the eighteenth century, and on declarations† of the Rights of Man, &c.,—together with what we may call (in schoolboy phrase) themes (only they are not of a schoolboy sort), on Sovereignty, on Universal Suffrage, on Government and the Legislature, on Public Employments, on Property, and on Labour. The "literary" studies make up the other volume—among the subjects of which are Saint Augustin, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Lemontey, Chateaubriand, General Foy, and Salvandy; of German celebrities, Schiller (who monopolises a "matter of" one hundred pages) and Lessing (who comes in for a poor half-dozen); and of English—all as dramatists—Shakspeare (in reference to his "Hamlet"), Otway (partly for the interest of his own life, and partly for the claims of "Venice Preserved"), and Thomson (*the* "Jemmy Thomson O!" pure and simple, of "Tancred and Sigismunda" renown); and lastly, a few elegant extracts from the list of literary ladies, the Baron's countrywomen,—including Madame Guizot, on account of her "Domestic Education," and Madame Necker de Saussure, on account of *her* "Progressive" ditto; Mlle. Aissé, whose "Letters" were annotated (in MS.) by Voltaire; and Mme. d'Arbouville, whose poems were not intended for publication, though some of them the public got hold of, and received too well to make the misprision unpardonable—and whose girlish verses written at fifteen M. de Barante quotes, and we after him, as characteristic both of the girlhood and womanhood of the fair versifier, *then* "standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood sweet:"

J'ai donc quinze ans !
 Âge charmant où tout est jouissance,
 Où l'avenir est tout en espérance,

* Etudes Littéraires et Historiques, par M. le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie française. Paris : Didier. 1858.

† English, American, and French,—made at their Revolutions, respectively.

Et ne promet que bonheur et plaisir ;
 Où le passé n'est qu'un gai souvenir,
 Où de l'enfant l'innocente folie
 Ignore encor les chaînes de la vie.
 Serait-il vrai que nos plus beaux moments
 Sont à quinze ans ?

A good many will assent, with an emphatic *Mais oui*. Her own experience of life made Mme. d'Arbouville one of the number. Ah, those misses in their teens, *si sua bona nôrint* !

The *études* in the first volume, on Louis XIV. and his reign, are valuable as embodying confirmatory evidence of the hollowness and weakness of that Grand Monarchy. They tend to the same issue as Mr. Buckle's damaging estimate of that misread era. The Memoirs of Brienne are characterised as "curious," on account of the light they throw on his Majesty's government, and the manner in which it was regarded by his subjects generally. August as Louis appeared to them, one and all, and seductive as was his personal presence, and capable as he was of inspiring respect at a distance, he was yet liable, from the first, and indeed especially at the first, to a sceptical sort of scrutiny among certain keen-eyed observers. Bussy-Rabutin was witty and satirical about the surname of *Dieudonné*, and Hesnault (in a sonnet attributed to Boileau) was pointed in expression and pregnant with meaning on the same epithet. The government of Louis XIV.,

Ce monarque absolu qu'on nomme Dieudonné,

is honoured by many as the type, the realised ideal of pure monarchy, according to modern notions of what pure monarchy means. As M. de Barante says, those who have no relish for free institutions, and for the opinions in which they originate, turn back regretfully to this reign of glory. Here, they see absolute power in all its *éclat*, invested with morality, sanctioned by religion, with a *cortége* of grave manners, a social hierarchy of unquestioned power, and complete harmony between authority and opinion. For them, it is the solution of the political problem. *L'Etat, c'est Moi*, appears to them a deep and sacred axiom ; they seriously acquiesce in the identity of a nation with the person of its sovereign. Now M. Lemontey shows that the *établissement monarchique* of Louis XIV. was destitute of any principle of permanency, of any solid guarantee, either for the ruling power or the subject people. He shows its dependency on a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, of an essentially transitory kind ; and explains how this harmony, this "ensemble moral," by which the best years of Louis XIV. are characterised, this accord between the good-will of a king and the good-will of a people, were nothing but a happy accident, and were incapable of lasting, even for the life of one man. In a word, he shows that it was not a constituted government, rooted in the heart of the country, but an administration as really unstable as it was apparently felicitous. And the picture does but represent the natural march of pure monarchy, even when, by rare chance, it falls into hands worthy to guide it. All this gravity, says Barante,—all this love of order, this administrative tact, this complete harmony between prince and people,—cannot prevent a rapid decline, cannot withhold the stream from following its course. A little

sooner, or a little later, all the benefits resulting from absolute power must of necessity disappear and be lost. Unhappy he therefore calls the people who have not, in themselves, a principle of action sufficiently powerful to apply a remedy of their own. For despotism, arrived at this point, may subsist for a protracted term. If beneficent, it favours a progressive movement which tends to its subversion. If mischievous, when once it has accustomed the nation to a kind of endurable and enduring disorder, it thereby ensures conditions of durability for itself.

Not only, our author further maintains, does absolute power, in its most salutary form, carry within it the germs of decay for the state which tolerates it, but is hurtful morally to the ruler, to whose virtue and intelligence it is essentially prejudicial. Louis XIV., he says, was born with sentiments of a naturally elevated order, and that triumphed over the detestable education he had received. At the death of Mazarin, he took the government upon himself with a noble *empressement* for whatever is great. He loved France; he would fain have her glorious, resplendent with prosperity of a substantial sort. This youthful ardour breathed through the letters, orders, official instructions of the first years of his reign. The evil lay in his fatal respect for his own royal will and pleasure, in his sensitive maintenance of the royal right divine. No one, king or publicist, has reasoned so justly on the chapter of the *jus divinum*, or gone more direct to the gist of the question, than Louis XIV. He has proclaimed it by the sole title it can allege in its favour, without becoming ridiculous. For him, the right divine was a divine mission, a direct delegation from God, a nature distinct from the mere human. In order to say to other men, "Obey, without inquiry,"—the ruler should be infallible. And that is what Louis XIV., with the best faith in the world, believed himself to be; what he repeated over and over again, with the utmost naïveté, during his prolonged occupation of the throne.

Thus, in his Instructions to the Duke of Anjou, his Majesty says: "Décidez: God has made you king; He will give you the requisite intelligence." In his Instructions for the Dauphin: "There are unquestionably certain functions in which, occupying as it were the place of God, we seem to participate in His intelligence [*connaissance*] just as much as in His authority."

Here we have, then, a human creature persuaded of his infallibility—convinced of his participation in the divine nature. No doubt, M. de Barante adds, a conviction so curious may at first elevate the sentiments, may impart a certain self-respect, an inward seriousness, a solicitude to be consciously just and honourable—feelings these, which do sometimes contribute to one's moral *perfectionnement*. But there is no escaping the conditions of human nature: pride of this degree is manifestly a corrupting leaven of the most active kind. For a man who is infallible, his own will is justice; his opinion is *the* truth; the pleasing himself, a duty; his desire, a law. He finds nothing within himself to battle against, since his thought, and will, and action, are the result of divine impulse.

Mon Dieu, quelle guerre cruelle !
Je trouve deux hommes en moi.

We are told that Louis XIV. exclaimed, when he heard these lines

of Racine's, "Well do I know them, those two men he speaks of." No doubt he knew them; conscience is not so easily "put down" and degraded as courtiers are; but then he treated its reproaches and monitions just as he did the remonstrances of the Parliament. Of the two men that co-existed within him, it was the man of passion, the man of the first impulse, the man of pride, that was king. The man of reflection, of reason, of scruples, of justice, was—not king, but—a rebuffed counsellor in disgrace. As for his Majesty's religion, sincere enough in its way, it was of no avail as a controlling influence. It consisted merely in outward formalities, without ever penetrating to the depths of the soul, to carry grace and light thither. It was a tariff of observances applied to a tariff of sins. All his life long, Louis met with priests whose doctrine it was that submission is the all-sufficient merit. Accordingly they supplied their royal penitent with a religion without morality, the sole result of which was to impose silence on the babblings of remorse.

No wonder that he passed his long life without ever refusing himself anything. Whatever he had a fancy for—not only as bearing on the glory of the monarch, but as contributing to the gratification of the man—it would have been humiliating to him not to have enjoyed. Hence so many pompous scandals—that amazing gravity in the slightest amorous fantasies, adultery elevated to solemn dignity, and *ces mœurs* that might be called mythological in the midst of a devotion all etiquette. In the scandalous chronicle which holds so large a place in his reign, is there even a trace discoverable of an expansive soul, disposed to tenderness, susceptible of affection? Nothing of the kind. Pride had withered and blighted the very core of his heart. That superstitious self-occupation of his had dried up his natural kindliness, and by no means emotionless sympathies. He was afraid of loving save for himself alone. The liking once over, the habit of it broken, he then ceased to have a care on the subject; he trampled on the object of his now extinguished tenderness, was angry with himself for being capable of emotion in the matter, and repulsed anything like grief as treasonable to his crowned headship. "Never be attached to anybody," was his advice to his grandson. Before he died, Louis lost brother, son, grandson, his whole family indeed, except a weakly infant; but his life was noway discomposed by all this; and save just the first moment of natural feeling, he did not allow sorrow to trouble him in his majesty, and to see others mourning was to him an intolerable bore.

He had men of ability for his ministers at first, but the contrast of his latter days in this respect was sad to see. So long as his wishes were reasonable, and intent on the interests of his realm, Louis liked well enough these distinguished statesmen. He had no dread of their counsels, because they "jumped with" his own convictions. He viewed with complacency the importance and authority they enjoyed, for these were of his bestowing. But in proportion as he gave himself up to his unreflecting impulses, and became absorbed in self-idolatry, he found his counsellors getting troublesome. His passion deranged all their plans, and the plans therefore failing, he was aggrieved: his pride was hurt at the possibility of a share in the failure being imputed to *him*. Ministers with an intelligent will of their own were not the ministers for him. He congratulated himself when death delivered him from them, and thus anticipated their disgrace. Rid of them, he must have mediocre men.

And it was on mediocre men that the king's favour and esteem were increasingly settled—of that king who had lived with the vigorous and intellectual generation of his minority, who had loved literature and the arts. The more his vanity absorbed him, the greater grew his horror of *esprit*. The more jealous he became of his authority, the more distrustful he became of reason. To think, to speak, were in his eyes two unpardonable wrongs: it was sedition begun.

Well may we agree with M. de Barante, that it is a good lesson to see this royal life commencing in an aureole of glory, amid the idolatry of the nation, with Turenne and Colbert, only to close with Voisin and Villeroy, with no other funereal pomp than the maledictions of the people.

Elsewhere M. de Barante comments on the mistake of supposing that it was merely a few choice spirits, like Fénelon, and St. Simon, and their intimate friends, whom the last five-and-twenty years of this reign inspired with aversion and contempt for the Great King's government. The feeling was general. The dissatisfaction of the nation at large might have no direct organ of expression, but its existence was only too evident. The King was detested; the deplorable condition to which he had reduced France, was more than France could forgive or forget. The letters of Mme. de Maintenon show the writer's uneasiness about the popular feeling, which, with curses on him, imputed to Louis all the wretchedness the people were suffering. The only excuse for despotism was a-wanting to him: his success having come to an end, admiration and respect were at an end also; devotion and affection had disappeared; his genius was no longer celebrated; high-minded and judicious men no longer descried in him anything but a medley of pride, weakness, and blindness. He was no longer surrounded by illustrious names. He had long done with Condé, and Turenne, and Louvois, and Colbert; and in their place were Villeroi and Chamillard. He died after a protracted decadence. The mob insulted his remains. The judgment of grave men upon him took no account of his better days, when he was prosperous and magnificent; for them Louis XIV. was merely the king who had revoked the edict of Nantes, and constituted himself patron and protector of James II., and kindled into a blaze the war of the Spanish succession.*

There is a behind-hand look about some of the literary Essays in this collection—dating as they do, many of them, so far back. The memoirs of St. Augustin and Bossuet are *Cyclopædia* articles. The long notice on the life of Schiller is readable, and that is about all, though it contains here and there passages of sound and thoughtful criticism. We are not disposed to quarrel with M. de Barante's estimate of Otway and Thomson, disparaging as his tone towards the former may be. The concluding papers are generally on French worthies, of little or no reputation this side the Channel. On the whole, it is rather in the historical than the biographical or literary section of these "Studies," that English readers will find themselves interested—and chiefly in those particular *études* to which we have called attention in this brief notice.

* See Barante (*Etudes*, t. iii.), "Mémoires de Brienne," pp. 100-1, 105 *sqq.*; "Etablissement de la Monarchie de Louis XIV.," pp. 127 *sqq.*; "Directions pour la Conscience d'un Roi" (Fénelon), pp. 178 *sqq.*

RENDERINGS IN LATIN.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

AN APOPTHEGM.

From Kerner.

I KNOW not whence that I was brought,
 I know not whither I shall go,
 But watches o'er me well I know
 A Love that will forget me not.

Latine redditum.

“Unde venis? quo tendis iter? Dic?” “Nescio ubique,
 Sed scio quod superum me vigilabit Amor.”

THE TRUE TEAR.

From Kerner.

There is a tear that rests within the eye, unborn,
 It falls not to the earth, nor sees it any one,
 No other speaks of it in pity or in scorn,
 And if 'tis ever shed knows God—none other—God alone.

VERA LACRYMA.

Stella velut, nubes inter scintillat oculo,
 Nec cadit in terras lacryma, nemo videt,
 Objurgat, ridens, miseret ve hoc pigrius amoris,
 Et si nascitur, quis sciet? Omnisciens!

AD INFANTEM.

Sir William Jones.

Assidens matris genibus, modo natè, querenti
 Tu fles voce, puer! lactificasque tuos,
 Sic vive! ut placidâ quom carpes morte quietem,
 Sint aliis fletus, lætaque cuncta tibi.

VIVAS DUM VIVIS.

Doddridge.

“Vivas dum vivis” gens luxu immersa profatur,
 “Carpe voluptatem prætereunte die.”
 “Vivas dum vivis,” clamat pius atque sacer vir,
 “Omnem daque Deo, dum fugit hora, diem.”
 “Vive! ut conveniat virtuti adjuncta voluptas
 Sic rectè vivens vivis et usque Deo.”

ON BURLY AND MARLY.

Brothers in craft, a pair I knew, two publishers of fame,
 In figure and in face unlike, but in their minds the same;
 One ruddy, full of smiles, well fed, for authors' brains his food,
 The other thin and deadly pale with thirsting for their blood.

Latine redditum.

Heu memini fratrum par nobile, Bibliopolas,
 Effigie varios, indele consimiles
 Hic ridens, rubicundus erat, cerebris bene pastus
 Auctorum, pallens sanguinis ille fame.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Sleep dwells within thine eyes, Peace in thy breast :
 Would I were Peace and Sleep so sweet to rest !

AB SHAKSPEARIO.

Pax habitat pectus, dulcis Sopor occupat, artus,
 Felices ! O si Paxque Soporque forem !

TO A RIVER.

From Goethe.

Flow days ! once dear-beloved, strain after strain,
 Down to oblivion's sea without a shore,
 No youth shall tune you to his lyre again,
 No maiden in her bloom-time sing you more.
 You told of love, of heart once linked to heart,
 Of truth, alas ! by chilling mockery cross'd,
 You were in water written : so depart,
 Borne on the stream, itself in Ocean lost.

AD FLUMEN.

Ab Goethio.

O quondam mihi cara ! obliviscenda fluatis
 Carmina in Oceanum,
 Vos puer haud iterum cantabit, nulla puella
 Tempore florifero.
 Nil præter nostros veteres memorastis amores,
 Ridet amorque novos,
 Vos in aquâ scripsi, nunc lapsu, perdita abite
 Fluminis instar aquæ.

THE RUNIC STONE.

From Heine.

Round the Runic Stone the Ocean raves,
 There sit I alone with my dreams—
 Whistles the wind, the seagull screams,
 Wander and foam the waves.
 Full many a maiden I've loved dear,
 And many a pleasant fellow ;
 Where are they now ? The wind pipes drear,
 Foams and wanders the billow.

AB HEINIO.

Liberè redditum.

Nox venit, et jaceo projectus littore, languens
Tristis eram, comites somnia sola, nigris
Me circumvolitant pennis. Ut sibilat Auster,
Ut resonant fluctus fluctibus usque novis!

Munus amicitiae, malefidae vota puellae,
Ætatis vernæ gaudia, fama, salus,
Omnia me fugiunt. Audis-ne ut sibilat Auster,
Ut resonant fluctus fluctibus usque novis?

FROM THE SAME.

There is a Pine lies low
In the north on a bare height,
And sleeps in a shroud of white,
A winding-sheet of snow.

And dreams of a Palm-tree,
That far in the Eastern land,
On a burning rocky strand
Stands—withered—lonely.

AB HEINIO.

Helochias inter rupes sua brachia pandit
Pinus, quam niveo tegmine vestit hyems.
Et videt in somnis Palmam, quæ longè, Oriente,
Vivit adhuc, exspes, marcida sola, silens.

ON A LADY'S HAT WITH HANGING CRYSTAL BEADS.

By Caroline de Crespigny.

Around her hat by fairy fingers strung,
Between the lacework crystal tear-drops hung:
Lady! these trappings are the signs of woe,
Or hast thou that within surpassing show.

Latine redditum.

Divarum digiti circumtexere capillam
Quam subter pendet plurima bacca vitri.
Hæ chrystallinæ lacrymæ sunt signa doloris,
Ast ubi Pax habitat pectora, nemo dolet.

ADVENTURES OF AN OLD SAILOR.

ALTHOUGH the French press still teems with the reminiscences of old soldiers, who had their share of the glory and perils of the first Empire, we very rarely find a French sailor boasting of the same epoch. The navy of our Gallic allies, in those days, had not attained the perfection which it has recently assumed, and we are not surprised that French writers should maintain a discreet reticence as to its deeds during the revolutionary war. However, M. de Jonnès has lately lifted the veil by the publication of a very amusing book,* which we purpose to analyse, because it breathes a hearty detestation of perfidious Albion, which is somewhat refreshing after the slightly insipid compliments which the two nations are now in the habit of exchanging.

In 1788, our hero was still at the college of his native city, Rennes, and he gives us a quaint account of the manners and customs then prevalent among the *jeunesse batailleuse*; but the excuse he alleges for them is, that the whole of France was at that day governed by personal chastisement. Children were whipped by their mothers at home and by their masters at school. The wife was beaten by the husband, and the latter thrashed in his turn by his best friends at the café. Military discipline, as may be supposed, was fearfully severe, and repeated instances of soldiers dying under punishment might be quoted. The Vicomte de Mirabeau, colonel of the Touraine regiment, was seen by our author running after the executioners and beating them with the flat of his sword, when he fancied they allowed feelings of mercy to influence them. But he met with his match at last.

Witnesses of these acts of barbarity, we gave the colonel the surname of *Carnifex*, which he fully merited, and devoted his head to the infernal gods. Four years elapsed before his disgrace befel him. He had married, for her rich dowry, a young lady of one of the first parliamentary families. Returning home half drunk from mess, the colonel insulted his wife, and ended by beating her. But he had to deal with a Bretonne of the old race. While he was sleeping off his debauch, his wife summoned her waiting-maid, who was as strong as a muleteer. They rolled him up in the sheets so that he could not extricate himself, then they thrashed him with everything they could lay their hands on, as pitilessly as he treated his wretched soldiers. On learning this heroic deed, the college wished to give the colonel a charivari and felicitate his wife, and could hardly be dissuaded from it.

These headstrong youths, as may be supposed, greeted the impending change in France with extreme joy. So dangerous did this feeling appear to the authorities, that they formed a camp at the gates of Rennes. The collegians hit on the idea of burning the camp of the Royal Swedish and Bouillon regiments with burning glasses; but, just when they were about to try the experiment, the troops were moved, and the collegians were sadly disappointed. In 1791, our author migrated to Paris to find the Constitutional government firmly established, at least, so it was hoped. The National Guard had become the palladium of the capital;

* *Aventures de Guerre au temps de la République et du Consulat.* Par M. A. Moreau de Jonnès, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Pagnerre.

at the first tap of the drum each house sent forth a well-equipped soldier, prepared to die for the welfare of his fatherland. This army of sixty thousand men owed its existence to Lafayette.

The general's services were rewarded by the greatest gratitude. The instructors of the Garde Nationale were promoted to the highest grades, while the gratitude of the people rendered the general-in-chief, for two years, the King of Paris. In our time, we cannot form an idea of the idolatry of which he was the object. It was a fascination which can only be explained by the youthful hearts and spirits of all this population just born, as it were, to a political life. Thus, when Lafayette appeared, an immense crowd rushed to meet him, and filled the air with shouts of welcome. Every one wished to touch him and caress his white horse, which accepted the homage, like its master, with unwearied patience and unending kindness. Those who only knew Lafayette during the second part of his life, will perhaps believe that we have exaggerated the proportions of this history, by describing him as we saw him at this epoch. The truth is, he underwent an utter change. The dungeons of Ollmütz broke down his body and mind. To this punishment was added an existence of forty years of frustrated designs and deceived hopes—perhaps, too, the fear of being judged severely by posterity, after having contributed to the enfranchisement of two great nations, at the peril of his life, and the cost of his liberty, fortune, and happiness. In 1791, he was a charming gentleman of from thirty-five to thirty-six, thin, tall, and possessing a distinguished and perfectly aristocratic air. His face was pale and his light hair powdered, which he wore with *aîles frisées*, concealing his ears. When his face was animated his appearance produced a most favourable impression. It was only when he was vexed that signs of ill-temper could be noticed, and his mouth wore a disdainful impression; but these slight traces were soon effaced by an expression of kindness and habitual affability, which gained him popular affection to an enthusiastic degree.

M. Jonnès, thanks to his height and his black moustaches, was soon summoned to join the National Guards, and found himself, on the 28th of February, forming one of three hundred men detached to guard the Tuileries. It was strongly suspected that the royal family intended to escape, and the guards were designed to prevent it, without exciting suspicion. On the night when our author first went on duty, the sentinels reported that gentlemen were being secretly introduced into the château, and one who was arrested was found armed to his teeth with pistols and daggers. All seemed to presage a serious collision, when General Lafayette came riding in from Vincennes, whither he had been drawn by a pretended attack on the fort:

While we were repulsing the conspirators at the bayonet's point and disarming them, the general walked to a door at the other end of the salon; I ran after him, persuaded that he was going to his destruction, and that this other room was full of enemies. But he uncovered his head, made us a sign to stop, and found himself in presence of the king, who was standing alone in the centre of the room. "Sire," he said, in a low voice, which betrayed suppressed wrath, "while the National Guard and myself are devoting ourselves to your majesty's service, adventurers, armed like assassins, have invaded your palace, and are summoning on their track a furious populace, whose vengeance nothing can check." Although I was only a few paces from the king, I could hardly hear the first words of his reply, so much noise was being made in the adjoining room. Still I fancied it was a negative remark, a sort of excuse, such as, "I have no power in the matter." But I clearly heard what followed. "They are," said the king, "faithful servants, too full of zeal, who thought wrongly that I was in danger; do all in your power to save them from any injury. I desire this to go no further, and that it may not be mentioned elsewhere." The general, who

daily met at the Tuileries with a very angry reception, could not expect any better language when he paid a visit as unexpected as it was undesired. He was astounded at hearing the king speak to him with a kindness, a degree of confidence which he had never found, even when he had better deserved them. The resolution announced by his hasty and haughty entrance abandoned him at once. He uttered a few words expressive of devotion, and protested that he would carry out the royal orders. If he imagined, however, that circumstances were henceforth changed between the king and himself, he must have been undeceived when he heard the door banged after him with all the insolence of a lacquey.

Our author, being sent to report the circumstances to Tallien, found at that gentleman's house a stranger, who did not at all appear satisfied with the clemency shown to the royalists by the Garde Nationale. He enunciated the doctrine that they should have been treated as conspirators, and killed on the spot. On asking of Santerre who this amiably disposed gentleman was, our young National Guardsman learned it was the "excellent M. Danton." On occasion of being on guard at a royal mass, M. Jonnès had an opportunity of more closely examining the king's appearance, whom he describes far from flattering in these terms :

The prince, now seated before me, appeared much older than he really was. Though only thirty-seven, I should have taken him for fifty, in consequence of his premature corpulence. He was of the ordinary height, but his size made him seem shorter. His bust appeared monstrous in proportion to his limbs and his head. This effect was produced by an exaggerated paunch, and by a vest descending from the neck to the thighs, according to the fashion of the day. His face was not at all ugly, and his features would have evaded criticism separately, though very strange together. He might have been handsome when young, for he possessed a faux air of Louis XV., who, when young, was one of the most beautiful men in the kingdom. A precocious obesity had not only deformed his shape, but it had also altered his features, closed up his eyes, and buried half his head in his high and wide shoulders. The power of his lymphatic constitution was so great that, although his face might be flushed, his eyes would have no sparkle or expression; they depicted carelessness, apathy—I might almost say abnegation. Surely it was not the haughty eye of Louis XIV., the spiritual and malicious eye of Henri IV., or the eagle-eye of the great Condé. In his undecided glances there was benignity, gentleness, placidity, and it was impossible, on regarding him attentively, not to feel that interest which we have involuntarily for inoffensive animals. On asking myself at a later date, when the feeling of vengeance inflamed all hearts and trod humanity under foot, whether I would have voted the death of Louis Seize, like that of Charles Stuart, an inward monitor always replied No! . . . The king's corpulence produced grave inconveniences which were only too visible. His walk was clumsy and embarrassed, and he rolled from side to side in a most ungraceful manner when he walked. At table, he had a voracious appetite which nothing could check, and he even yielded to it on the night of the 10th of August, when he was playing for and lost his crown.

But our author confesses few persons could look at the king when Marie Antoinette was present; even the haughtiness with which she surveyed the uninvited guests in the royal chapel evoked an involuntary feeling of admiration. Time had respected her, and, contrary to her husband, she seemed much younger than her real age. Her neck, shoulders, arms, and breast possessed a marvellous degree of beauty, which the fashion of the day allowed to be most liberally displayed to the beholder, and Marie Antoinette certainly took advantage of the fashion; for, according to our author, her dress was the most *décolletée* he had

ever seen. But the Parisians were not to have their modesty shocked for long : events were pressing on, and the massacre of the Champ de Mars, where peaceful bourgeois, with their wives and children, were ruthlessly shot down, precipitated matters. The 10th of August, 1792, sounded the knell of monarchy, although M. de Jonnès has the belief that the sanguinary events of that day were brought about by the intrigues of the royalist party, and in his enumeration of the forces at the king's command, he far exceeds any estimate hitherto given, making them amount to 47,000 men. Of these, 3600 were Swiss Guards.

At midnight, when the tocsin of insurrection sounded through Paris, the troops in the château were ordered under arms, and kept so for nine hours in expectation of an attack. Some National Guards on duty inside told me, the next day, that at three in the morning there were in the courts and the garden 3000 Swiss and 10,000 men of the Garde Nationale who had obeyed the orders of the commandant, General Mandat. At half-past five the king quitted his apartments and reviewed the troops : he was accompanied by a band of gentlemen, whose court dress and manifestations taught the National Guards that they had been summoned, not to defend constitutional royalty, but to re-establish all that the revolution had overthrown. The Duc de Maily and the queen, forgetting how much a theatrical movement may appear ridiculous to a mocking people, aggravated this sorrowful imprudence. The duc, on arriving among the troops, drew his sword, threw himself at the feet of the king, and renewed, in the name of the French nobility, the oath to die for his prince. The queen, dragging a pistol from the belt of a gunner, offered it to the king, telling him the moment had arrived when he should place himself at the head of the troops. Half an hour after these unsuitable demonstrations, the artillery abandoned the château, and only three battalions of National Guards were left. Such a terrible defection ought to have enlightened the court as to the only reasonable choice left : the evacuation of the Tuileries and retreat on Versailles, to which place all the roads were still open. At this moment there was no fear of a pursuit, for the assailants had not even collected.

At half-past eight, the king and his family quitted the Tuileries and proceeded to the hall of the Assemblée Nationale ; but the civil war was fated to break out, and the Tuileries gave the initiative. Petion, mayor of Paris, summoned to the palace, was arrested, and kept prisoner till the Assemblée Nationale insisted on his liberation, and as a reprisal, General Mandat, head of the Garde Nationale, summoned to the Hôtel de Ville, was made prisoner and executed immediately. The Tuileries prepared for the contest with a body of eight thousand men, inferior to that of the assailants, but tripled, as it were, by its strong position and by its military superiority. Nothing is more curious than the different accounts of the number of troops engaged on the royalist side by different authors, as will be seen from the following tabulated statement :

Authorities.	Swiss.	Gentlemen.	National Guards.	Total.
Ferrières	1,200	600	...	1,800
Montgaillard	1,000	400	2,600	4,000
Peltier	950	...	...	950
Weber	800	200	4,600	5,600
An officer of the National Guard	...	600	10,000	10,600
Lacretelle	750	600	...	1,350
Captain Pfyffer	1,330	200	...	1,530
Madame Campan	800	800	...	1,600
Barbaroux, a very considerable number.				

In all the statements no account is taken of the King's Constitutional Guards, except in Ferrières, who declares that they were dressed in uniforms belonging to the Swiss. Montgaillard himself allows the fact of this disguise. But neither his narrative nor that of the other royalist writers takes into calculation this chosen body of men, which doubled the number of the Swiss Guards. To prove the part they took in the defence of the château, we need only mention that their leader, the Count d'Hervilly, being entrusted with the organisation of the royal troops, would surely call his own regiment to their head and take advantage of the care he had devoted to the choice of his soldiers. Indeed, on the field of battle, a considerable number of bodies were found, easily to be distinguished from the Swiss by the cut of their hair and the fineness of their linen. These notorious facts prove that the contest had been long expected, and that all preparations had been made to ensure its success. They prove, too, that the forces of the defence were twice or thrice as large as any of the royalist writers have allowed, and that, consequently, it is an illusion to regard a contest, of which the issue was doubtful, as the heroic act of a handful of heroes devoting themselves to the salvation of monarchy, like the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ. Historic truth has been equally falsified in the estimate of the numbers killed. Here are some examples :

Authorities.	Defenders of the		Total killed.
	Tuileries.	Insurgents.	
Peltier . . .	800	3800	4600
Prud'homme . . .	1200	4700	5900
Montgaillard . . .	...	...	5000
Pfyffer . . .	740	...	...
Lacretelle . . .	...	...	5500

All these numbers are marvellously exaggerated, and though the exact number of killed is not known, it is very easy to approximate to it. Our author shows, by various arguments we need not enter into here, that the entire loss was—

	Dead.
Royal troops	866
Insurgents	1132
	1998

and, indeed, Tallien, who was member and secretary of the Commune on the 10th of August, and had, consequently, every means to learn the truth, said in his presence that two thousand men fell on the battle-field, or died in consequence of their wounds. As to the character of the insurgents, we cannot do better than quote our author's own words :

The National Guards, who had behaved in this contest like the best troops in Europe, were bourgeois, fathers of families, retired tradesmen, &c., of gentle manners and moderate habits, not bearing the slightest resemblance to the portraits of the men of the 10th of August I found in England. They had taken up arms, in their indignation that the Tuileries had not ceased, during four years, to deceive and betray us. One of them, a rich baker and neighbour of mine, perhaps still living, said to me in the Cour Royale, in the midst of the heaviest firing, "It is a great sin to kill Christians thus, but at any rate they will not open the door to the Austrians." This was the fixed idea of the

people; and surely the good sense of the multitude never enlightened it better for its safety, for six weeks later, had it not been for the heroic devotion of Lille, our northern frontier would have been open and the enemy before Paris. The fédérals of Marseilles, who placed themselves so gloriously at the head of our columns, have been assailed with hatred and calumny in every royalist publication. Montgaillard did not blush to affirm that they were three thousand in number, all escaped from the bagne of Toulon, which is an insinuation that they were robbers and assassins. In the first place, the Marseillais did not amount to more than five hundred; he has coolly multiplied it by six. In the next place, the bagne of Toulon was only occupied in 1792 by one thousand five hundred convicts, while the books still exist to prove that only one hundred and forty were set at liberty during that year. But it is idle to refute imperious assertions invented by adventurers to defame the most honourable characters, and let their venal pen serve the most odious passions.

With an ample stock of revolutionary experience, M. de Jonnès, still a boy in years, returned to his college at Rennes. But their country demanded the services of all the youths, and the students volunteered *en masse* to take up arms against the detested invader. The first campaign in which our author was engaged was truly painful, for the battalion he joined was marched to keep in check the insurgents of Morbihan; and he learned by bitter experience that civil war is the greatest scourge that can assail a nation.

During four months there was a constant succession of skirmishes, sometimes a night attack on our outposts, at others a demonstration on some important point, in order to draw us into an ambuscade. We learned with much expense to defend ourselves against such stratagems, and at times caught our assailants in their own trap. But how odious and cruel these victories were! The conquered were Frenchmen—worthy, credulous men—led to their destruction by political adventurers, who constantly escaped our bullets. Pity, confidence, humanity, were dangerous virtues, which you had to guard against under pain of death. You refused to finish a man whom you found dying in a ditch; and while you were loading your gun, he dragged himself after you and killed you. In a barn where we were about to pass the night we found a dying man lying on the straw. Instead of killing him, we gave him a draught of brandy, the only thing we had. As soon as we had fallen asleep, he set fire to the barn, and fired twice at us just as we were trying to save him from the fire. But his gun, which he had hidden for the purpose, burst, and carried away his jaw. On another occasion, I went with a volunteer into a house to ask a draught of water. A man, who probably had no desire to meet us face to face, had hidden behind the door; he cut at my head with a sabre, and at the cry I uttered, my companion fired into the darkness and killed him. My thick felt hat was cut through, and only my immense quantity of hair saved me from having my head cut open. I could not prevent the volunteers burning the cottage down. A sabre cut, a dead man, a house fired, and all for a draught of water! I bitterly reproached my thirst!

After five months' unsatisfactory fighting, our young volunteer was appointed to the marine artillery, and so soon learned the exercise that he was offered his promotion as corporal within two months. It was only his age—barely turned sixteen—that stood in his way. He was, then, detached to the coast of Brittany, where he had his first skirmish with the English. A man-of-war and frigate pursued some merchantmen under the battery where M. de Jonnès was serving, but some red-hot shot drove the "pirates" back. Two honeycombed guns were dragged from the bottom of a ravine and mounted; and a single discharge suf-

ficed to restrain the British ardour ! His reward for this gallant feat was his removal to Brest and appointment to a swift-sailing brig, the *Papillon*, which was ordered to call at the Levantine Scales, and bear despatches to the consuls. Before finally quitting France, they called at Toulon for orders, and found themselves in a serious dilemma, Admiral Trogoff having rebelled against the Convention, and demanding their adhesion, while Rear-Admiral Saint Julien ordered them to remain faithful to the republic. In this difficulty the captain thought it best to temporise : a leak was suddenly sprung on board, and the brig dismantled for the purposes of repair. The crew were detached for garrison duty, while M. de Jonnès was given the command of a powder-magazine, his captain recommending him extreme reserve, which the circumstances of the case certainly justified. The position of matters was certainly very peculiar—Admiral Trogoff being in open revolt against the republic and holding the inner harbour, while Saint Julien formed a semicircle with his ships to prevent the entrance of the English fleet. The royalists, however, held possession of the forts, and threatened the republican fleet with destruction, while defection was at the same time active. Before long, the royalists made a compact with the English. Louis XVII. was proclaimed on 23rd August, and four days after the English and Spanish fleets sailed in without a shot. A terrible inquisition was then commenced by the royalists, and it is a significant fact that the prisons, which were filled with détenus at the beginning of the insurrection, were found empty when the town was handed over to the foreigners, and yet no one had been released. Our author was saved from danger by being attacked by a violent nervous fever, and before his convalescence General Carteaux had taken Marseilles, and was marching on Toulon. To the alarm occasioned by war was added a fearful system of terrorism ; all persons denounced as republicans were arrested and thrown into the hold of the *Thémistocle*, where a dangerous infection prevailed. A military commission, composed of English and Spaniards, tried those who escaped the typhus, and sent them to the gallows. A public death was not granted to the representative of the people, Pierre Bailhe ; he was strangled in prison. The gibbet to which the patriots were sent was formed of the wood of the tree of liberty. So soon as Bonaparte's manœuvres ensured the fall of the town, equally dreadful scenes ensued.

As soon as it was known that the town would be abandoned to the terrible vengeance of the Convention, terror, confusion, and fearful tumult spread around. A headlong crowd filled the streets leading to the port, bearing with them all they hoped to save, and asking from the English vessels an asylum which was scarce granted to one per cent. The quay was unapproachable : it was crowded with baggage, and women and children who uttered cries of despair. Wounded persons and sick men, for whom a passage was implored through the crowd, were pitilessly repulsed ; and they were soon abandoned on the beach, unable to live or die. I had already seen, after a defeat, the disasters of a rout ; but it did not in the slightest degree resemble the aspect of this population, a prey to nervous terror, rushing into the sea to escape an invisible enemy who seemed ready to seize them. At dawn of this long second day, the merchant vessels had sought moorings beyond the Great Tower, so that the passage of the boats bearing off the fugitives was desperately long. Several overladen boats had sunk, and all the passengers perished. The fishing-boats, freighted at unheard-of prices, to save rich families, it was said, threw their passengers overboard to get back

more rapidly for others. A detachment of Neapolitan troops, forgotten on land, on seeing the last boats put off, opened a musketry fire upon them to compel them to put back.

So soon as it was certain that the French troops were about to enter, M. de Jonnès's patriotism revived at fever-heat, and with a party of sailors he spiked the guns in the forts, which might have opened on the advancing columns. Next they routed a company of Neapolitan soldiers, who had fired the *Perle* frigate, and saved her to the republic. In this they were admirably assisted by the galley-slaves, who burst their fetters, and displayed an unquenchable love for their country. M. de Jonnès also succeeded in saving six other vessels, but at length found his master, as he candidly confesses, in Sidney Smith. Twenty French vessels of the line, which it was impossible to carry off, were still left in the harbour, and the future hero of Acre was sent on shore to destroy them. How admirably he effected his purpose is now a matter of history. As far as our author is concerned, we find that he and twenty gunners threw themselves into a large baking-house, and exchanged a sharp fire with the English for half an hour. Their great object was to hit Sidney Smith, but they only succeeded in cutting away his epaulette. But they had to deal with a man as obstinate as he was skilful. While occupying their attention by this attack, he had thrown fire-balls into the neighbouring vessels, and these gradually attacked the building. Sidney Smith then bade them surrender, as the roof was about to fall in, and, when they came out, expressed his surprise at their small number, and sent them off prisoners on board the gun-boats. M. de Jonnès, having listened so attentively to all the myths about the English, was much surprised to find himself set to work at once in hauling the vessel out of the way of a fire-ship, which soon after exploded in the centre of the harbour. This catastrophe produced a strange effect on the fugitives from the town, for they rushed on board the gun-boats, and their pressure was so irresistible that M. de Jonnès regained his liberty. He had hardly reached terra firma again, when a fearful explosion hurled him to the ground, as he fancied, never to rise again: the English had blown up the powder-magazines, and the whole harbour seemed one mass of flames. So soon as our author had recovered his senses, he found that the crew of the brig had collected to try and save her, and in a few hours they found themselves on board again, and saved from the dreadful fate that awaited the majority of the luckless individuals left in the town. They had still two difficulties to surmount, however, before they could consider themselves safe; they had to sail past the forts (which they effected without being fired on), and, more fortunate still, they managed to get through the combined English and Spanish fleets without detection. A week after they cast anchor in Brest roads, where they were greeted like men who had risen from the dead. Forty years later our author met Sir Sidney Smith at the funeral of Casimir Périer, and recalled the sad deeds they had witnessed together. He could not refrain from saying to him, "Admiral, they were very sorrowful exploits;" to which Sir Sidney replied, with a squeeze of the hand, "They were so, and may God absolve me for them."

The year 1794 was one of the most dangerous France ever went through: torn by internal factions and jealously guarded by the English fleets, the population was decimated by famine and a fearfully severe

winter. The Convention decided on importing a large quantity of wheat from America, and Admiral Vanstabel received orders to convoy two hundred transports. Against this measure the English government took every possible precaution, knowing as it did what a powerful ally famine would prove; and the largest fleet that had ever quitted the English shores was sent to sea within two months. The only fleet France could oppose to this formidable squadron was that at Brest, which was in a lamentable condition. The ships were from fifteen to twenty years old, and there were some which had been laid up since the peace of 1783, and could only be kept afloat by continued gangs of galley-slaves at the pumps. These vessels were repaired as well as could be done, and painted of staring colours, to swell the squadron. They were mounted with rust-eaten guns, contemporaries of Duquesne and Tourville, and the old sailors christened them the *noie-monde*. There were certainly some splendid vessels in the squadron, such as *le Tigre* and *le Sanspareil*, two of the finest specimens of French ship-building, but they were exposed to great danger by the slowness of the other vessels, which ran a risk of continually breaking the line.

The personnel corresponded to the wretched state of our navy. The crews were formed of young conscripts, entire strangers to the rude trade of a sailor, or else of fishermen and coasters, who had never been on board a ship of war. The marines were drawn from the land army, and the half brigades of marine artillery were exhausted to supply gunners. As for the officers, excepting some old captains of the East India Company, there were very few whose experience exceeded two years, and whose grades were owing to the necessity of filling up the ranks of the royal officers, who had passed over *en masse* to England. The best captains were said to be old boatswains. It may be easily imagined that their manners were very rude and uncultivated, but they were extremely brave: they managed their vessels well, and cordially detested the English, whom they had known for a long time.

At last all the preparations were made, and the signal for sailing was hoisted on board the flag-ship *la Montagne*, the fleet being commanded by the Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, who had distinguished himself in India with the Bailli de Suffren. On the 28th May they sighted the English fleet under the command of Lord Howe, and consisting of thirty-six ships of the line (eight being three-deckers), while the French fleet consisted of but twenty-six, of which three were of 120 guns. Much to our author's regret the French admiral declined the combat, which seemed to him of evil augury, and was fully borne out by succeeding events. Various skirmishes, however, ensued, in which the English tried to out-manceuvre the French, until, on the 30th, a dense fog separated the fleets. On the 1st June, the glorious day of our naval chronology, the fog cleared away, and issue was joined.

There is no doubt the French fought with great bravery, although we cannot grant our author's position that the French ships being dismasted and unable to move, consequently gained the day by holding the field of battle. The more important matter for the French was that the convoy safely arrived in France, and thus destroyed all the plans of the British government. On returning to Brest, M. de Jonnès was obliged to undergo an operation, a splinter having run into his cheek and almost blinded him, but his youth and strong constitution carried him through. He was then sent on board the *Alexandre*, a capture from the English,

as quartermaster, and the fleet proceeded to Quiberon. But their incessant enemies were at their heels; the French lost two or three more vessels in the running fight, and the *débris* of the squadron found shelter in Lorient. On the 27th June ten thousand émigrés were disembarked by the English at Quiberon, and were foolishly shut up in Fort Pen-thièvre, thus giving the republicans time to collect their resources. Hoche, whom our author calls "one of the best men and greatest captains France had during the Revolution, a period so fruitful in military geniuses," placed himself at the head of the troops, and the fort was soon captured by the treachery of a French prisoner, who had been granted his liberty on condition of fighting against his country. He took the first opportunity to desert, and the information he brought General Hoche induced him to give the assault.

The fortress being captured, the enemy it had hitherto kept out of our reach was now uncovered. We did not lose a moment; and the army, formed in columns of attack, traversed the isthmus, defended by Fort Pen-thièvre, advancing in good order to the more distant part of the peninsula. It was difficult to imagine how, with premeditation, an army of invasion had encamped on a spot without water, without military position, quite surrounded by water, and yet without any favourable spot for re-embarking. The leaders were assuredly honourable and courageous men; but they treated their own cause very badly, and carried on war as they had done formerly at Minden and Rossbach. The principal position they had chosen was in the midst of the sand, about a league from the fort. It was a poor village, called Kerdavis, surrounded by walls of dry stone, intended to pass for entrenchments, and there were three thousand men in it, under the orders of M. de Puy-saie. A swarm of tirailleurs advanced with great resolution; but as soon as they recognised the enemy to be Chouans, a breed they detested, they rushed upon them without staying to fire a shot. This movement made the Chouans disappear suddenly, and our advanced guard soon informed us that the garrison was retreating by a ravine, the general taking the lead, and hurrying off to the English admiral to inform him of the defeat.

In their retreat the enemy halted at Aliguen, and the fire of the English vessels checked the advance of the republican troops, while their boats were taking off the fugitives. At length the French guns were brought up, and the émigrés surrendered. Among the leaders captured were Count Charles de Sombreuil, the Bishop of Dol, and other historic personages. On the 29th of July the last of the invaders were cut to pieces, and the ill-starred army of twenty thousand men destroyed. M. de Jonnès, however, is too brave a man to applaud the horrible massacre which ensued. The first commission instituted to try the prisoners shuddered at the responsibility, and declared its incompetence; but another, composed of more pliant tools, was soon assembled. Eight hundred prisoners were shot, at the rate of sixty a day, before the blood-thirsty Convention had slaked its thirst for blood. A more pleasant scene was offered in the "loot" found at Pen-thièvre.

On my return from the expedition to the peninsula, I had great difficulty in finding a lodging. One-half the army was enjoying a triumphal orgie. Republican frugality could not resist the chance. At a hundred improvised fires the troops were cooking an immense quantity of Cork hams and lumps of salt beef. The guests assembled round a barrel of strong beer, were peacefully waiting for their succulent repast, and singing republican hymns. All this noisy joy saddened me. The grenadier officers having noticed me, called me to share their good fortune: they were going to drink coffee! You cannot imagine now what a rarity it was then: there were some young men among us who had heard of it,

but never seen it. England, which then held all the coffee in the world, had embarked many bales on board the fleet, and we captured large quantities. Still our regale was not very satisfactory, as our coffee was roasted in a frying-pan, then pounded with a cannon-ball, and made in a stewpan. Thus it required a strong perfume of Mocha to overcome all the other flavours it had contracted in undergoing so many changes.

As an instance of the lavish way in which the English had equipped the expedition, we may mention that the republicans found 130,000 pairs of shoes and nearly 70,000 English muskets. On returning to Brest, our author was sent on board *La Perle* frigate to verify the accounts, to which considerable opposition was offered. In consequence, one day, while on shore on duty, the frigate sailed without him, and left him in very serious embarrassment, not merely as being liable to be tried for desertion, but also without a single article of clothing. He was relieved from this dilemma by the captain of the *Vengeur*, a letter of marque, who was proceeding to the West Indies, and offered him an opportunity of rejoining. Off Martinique they captured a schooner, with a captain of English engineers on board, who was proceeding to Martinique. Among his papers was a memoir to the commander-in-chief, showing that he had lived for some time at St. Vincent, the last stronghold of the Caribs, and drew up a plan for their extermination. After some consideration it was decided that M. de Jonnès should go in the schooner to warn the chiefs at St. Vincent of the plot, and then hand over the British officer to Victor Hugues, commissary of the Convention at Guadaloupe.

The Caribs, driven in turn from all the West India islands, from Porto Rico to Trinidad, had finally taken refuge in St. Vincent; but the English colonists of the adjacent islands had succeeded in landing and building a town, defended by a citadel. They placed the surrounding country under cultivation, and had gradually crept up to the foot of the wooded chain of mountains dividing the island into two unequal parts. According to the colonial notions, it would be no great injustice to take the island from Pagans, who were the most faithful allies of the French. The circumstances were very favourable. Martinique, defended by General Rochambeau, had been obliged to yield to a superior force; Guadaloupe, it is true, had just been recaptured by Victor Hugues and a handful of volunteers; but the English vessels commanded the sea, and could land troops enough to capture all the islands in turn. The destruction of the Caribs was a project dating back for a century, and which had been on the point of execution just ten years before. After the war which liberated the United States, the cabinet of St. James had prepared an expedition of four regiments against St. Vincent; but the French government had interposed in turn to prevent their departure, by appealing to the treaties which ensured the Caribs the possession of their country. The disasters of our fleets, which left England triumphant in the West Indies, exposed the natives once more to her resentment, and preparations were being made for their extermination just as we arrived.

So soon as our author reached St. Vincent, he summoned the chiefs of the Caribs, and told them all that was being contrived against them. They broke out in a fury at the treachery of the officer, whom they had kindly treated the preceding year, and insisted on his extradition. But to this M. de Jonnès would not consent, but the unhappy man sealed his own fate. Fearing lest his captor might give him up to the vengeance of the Caribs, he swam ashore at night, hoping to make his way over the mountains to the English town. Exhausted by fatigue, he sought food

and shelter in a cave occupied by an old woman and her two daughters. He was recognised at once: they threw a net over him, tied him securely, and when M. de Jonnès entered the cave, by accident, he found the ladies busily engaged in roasting him. With some difficulty he succeeded in saving the officer from this fearful fate; but he was still kept prisoner, to be handed over to the Great Council. At length our author persuaded the prettier and younger of the two girls, who rejoiced in the name of "Flower of the Woods," to cut his bonds and give him a chance of escape. Soon after he had the satisfaction of seeing the English officer glide out of the cavern; but what became of him eventually was never known. The probability was, however, that he fell into some ambuscade and was murdered.

A terrible hurricane having destroyed all the crops of the Caribs, M. de Jonnès advised the chieftain to take some of the money he had hidden in a cave, as useless, after taking it from a Spanish wreck, and proceed to Trinidad to buy food for his nation. On this tour our author accompanied him. At that date the island was still in the same wild state as when the Spaniards had landed on it four centuries back. The alluvial land bordering the western bank was only inhabited by herds of wild oxen, and it was not until reaching the immediate vicinity of Port d'Espagne that any signs of civilisation were traceable. The town itself appeared a conglomerate of churches, defended by a large tower and some badly-armed forts. To the left was a group of islands, forming a breakwater to the famous careening haven, where the galleys of the conquistadors of America formerly repaired. On landing, our party found abundance of provisions, and no difficulty in purchasing; but the timid Spanish authorities, fearful of getting into trouble with the English cruisers, refused the permission for export. Recourse was then had to an old French physician, who had resided for a long time on the island, and enjoyed great consideration. He soon secured the necessary permit, and our author found time to see the sights. Among other places he visited with the doctor was the convent of the Benedictine ladies, when the following droll adventure befel him:

While the abbess was giving me an account of the parroquets, a tumult was heard in the cloisters, and a number of mulatto women, who served as waiting-maids, rushed in with cries of terror. Behind them slowly came a hideous monster—an alligator. The brute was more than ten feet long, and his scales rendered him invulnerable. He struck the marble floor with his tail, and made it re-echo; then, opening his immense jaws, he clamped them together, as if to show their strength, and how he would use them to bite off a limb; but he attacked nobody, and the light seemed to dazzle him. He had, however, scarce time to look round before the negro gardener lassoed him, and tried to drag him away. It was necessary to effect a compromise, so he was regaled with a leg of mutton, and then went off as quiet as a lamb.

On inquiring the cause of this strange apparition, our author learnt that the ladies' devotions having been sadly interrupted by the croaking of the bull-frogs, they were recommended to procure from the continent a young alligator, and place him in the marshes. The remedy was perfectly successful, and the nuns, in their gratitude, ordered him a good dinner daily when his staple food was exhausted. The animal had learned the hour for feeding so exactly, that, whenever he was neglected, he would make his appearance to know what had put the dinner back.

On returning to St. Vincent, M. de Jonnès organised the Caribs for

an attack on Kingstown on the English side of the island. Victor Hugues sent him a battalion of infantry, and a dozen letters of marque landed a portion of their crews to assist in the attack. All went on well until the troops occupied a rum distillery, and soon put themselves *hors de combat*. At the same time an English frigate attacked the little fleet, and the crews put off to defend their vessels. This retreat soon merged into a rout, and our author ran a very narrow risk of being captured by the pursuing negroes among the mountains. He went through some marvellous adventures with the "Flower of the Woods," who was his sole companion, and after being almost suffocated by the negroes, who tried to burn them out of the cavern in which they had sought shelter, and being asphyxiated by the fumes of a sulphur spring, they were eventually picked up by a party of fugitives, and restored to life. Immediately after, he received orders to join Victor Hugues at Guadaloupe, who intended to send him on a secret mission. He had no resource but obedience, though he long regretted the happy life he had spent among the savages, both male and female.

The commission entrusted to M. de Jonnès was not exactly honourable, and was decidedly dangerous: Victor Hugues wished to surprise Martinique, and ordered him to land on that island and make a chart. He was sure of being hanged as a spy if captured, so it was not necessary to recommend caution. He landed on the island dressed as a doctor, and continued his explorations with perfect success for six months, but, just on the moment of departure, he was arrested by some militiamen and carried to St. Pierre. By the assistance of a friend in the town he managed to escape immediate death as a spy, and was at last exchanged for the governor's nephew. In the mean while, the destruction of the Caribs had been effected, but our author thought it his duty to land at St. Vincent, and see whether he could not prove of service to his old friends. He succeeded in joining the remnant of the Caribs, who had occupied a strong post with the French troops. For a time they carried on the war, but were at length compelled to accept the terms General Abercromby offered. At the moment of capitulation, however, a Carib chief blew up the powder-magazine, and sent the whole party into the air. M. de Jonnès was taken up in a state of insensibility, and sent off to Kingstown. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he was put on board a vessel freighted with French prisoners, and is bound to allow the great kindness with which his captors treated him. At his departure, the only possession held by the French in the West Indies was the Island of Guadaloupe. On arriving at Brest, M. de Jonnès hoped to obtain his step of lieutenant of artillery, which had been granted him by Victor Hugues; but the Convention was now in ill-odour, and none of its appointments were recognised. He was, however, offered a post of sergeant-major, which he declined, and so remained for twelve months engaged in studying his profession.

And here we must leave our amusing old enemy for the present, although we have not half exhausted the vicissitudes of his life. We have much yet to say about his adventures in Ireland and other portions of the world, where he fought uncompromisingly against the enemies of his country; but our space advises us to reserve them as a *bonne bouche* for a future opportunity.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MADAME DE MONTMORENCY.*

MADemoiselle DE MONTpensier relates in her "Memoirs," that the court having rested awhile at Moulins, when on a journey, the king, Louis XIV., Anne of Austria, and the princes, went to the convent of the Visitation to see a nun, their relative, who had immured herself in that place, and who had suffered so cruelly that she had no wish remaining but to die. This nun was the widow of Marshal Duke of Montmorency, whom Richelieu had beheaded at Toulouse. An Italian by birth, she was born in Rome in 1600, a descendant of that great house of Orsini which gave so many saints, pontiffs, and cardinals to the church. Niece on her mother's side to Pope Sixte-Quint, she was brought up at Florence, for she also belonged, on the side of her grandmother, to the Medici. The Duke of Bracciano, her father, had distinguished himself in the maritime wars of Tuscany against the Turks and the corsairs, and having retired to Rome, he had wedded there a niece of the Pope, who had by him ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The Grand-Duchess of Tuscany took charge of the education of the latter, and Mary, the youngest of the three, accompanied her sisters to Florence. Mary of Medicis was on the point of leaving for France at the very epoch of her birth, and, wishing to be her god-mother, she gave to her her name. In after times, her eldest sister having married the Duke of Guastalla, and her second sister Prince Borghese, Mary of Medicis felt desirous of establishing her namesake, the youngest, in France, and she asked her hand for Henry of Montmorency.

Mary, who was of a very loving disposition, took greatly to heart being separated from her relatives and the friends of her youth, but Mary of Medicis did all in her power to assuage her grief—gave her a home in the Louvre, and acted towards her as a mother would have done. Her introduction to De Montmorency was characteristic of the times. When the latter entered into the queen's apartment, Louis XIII. took the princess by the hand, and presented her to him, saying: "Here is my cousin, the illustrious Italian; is she not worthy of you—are you not pleased with her?" The courtly De Montmorency did all in his power to show that he was sensible of the merits of the lady who was presented to him.

* Madame de Montmorency: Mœurs et Caractères au XVII^e Siècle. Par Amédée Renée.

Without being strikingly beautiful (says M. Amédée Renée), Marie des Ursins (Orsini) had the seductions of youth, a fair skin, a rare shape, and the still more powerful charms of a superior nature. Her eyes, of Roman beauty, expressed in their depths reflection and love. Her bearing and her manners alike attested modesty as well as nobility. Brought up in a convent of Florence, she found herself at fourteen years of age thrown into the midst of a world to which she was a stranger, and the intrigues of a most dissipated court: yet did she so conduct herself as to avoid all its shoals. The queen, her aunt, who was not so fortunate, at least knew how to appreciate those merits in her niece, of which she could not set her the example; nay, she was even proud of the credit reflected by her on her family, and she plumed herself on the perfections of her relative. "Que de vertus j'aime à la fois," she used to say, "dans ma nièce des Ursins!"

This amiable and virtuous young princess loved her husband, her marriage with whom had been celebrated at the Louvre by festivals at which almost all the nobility of the country were present, with deep affection—"d'un inconcevable amour," as M. Renée has it. A prelate of austere piety, who knew her well, has left on record "that she loved M. de Montmorency with all the love that one can have in this world, for she never loved another but him. This excessive love was the only thing that could be reproached (*le seul désordre*) in the life of Madame de Montmorency, for it cannot be denied that this great love of the creature was not an obstacle to internal worship." Poor erring thing! if she sinned in her chastity and her constancy to her chivalrous husband, what would she have done had she imitated other courtly ladies, beginning at the queen herself?

The object of such devotion appeared to justify it; to a brilliant exterior, known bravery, and a chivalrous heart, the Duke of Montmorency added the most distinguished qualities; all his sentiments were allied to grandeur. He still further distinguished himself by a mind more cultivated than that of his peers. The constable, his father, who could not read, and signed his name with difficulty, had made a resolution that his heir should be able to read his own despatches, and even, in case of necessity, to write them, so that he paid unusual attention to his education; add to this, Henri IV. had his eyes upon the child whom he loved, and whom he had made his godson. He had given him his name, and called him his son. "See," he said one day to his minister Villeroy—"see my son Montmorency, how handsome he is! If ever the house of Bourbon should fail, there is no family in Europe that would deserve the crown of France so much as his."*

The precedents of the Duke of Montmorency were not, however, precisely so favourable to matrimonial felicity as might have been hoped for. He could, it would appear, throw off a lady, when it so suited his purposes, with an indifference but too characteristic of the times he lived in.

Henri IV. wished to marry his godson to one of his natural daughters, but the parents could not agree in the choice: the constable wished for Mademoiselle de Vendôme; the king had promised her to the house of Longueville, and he offered in exchange to the Montmorencys Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The old duke, very obstinate in all matters, would not consent to this compromise; Henri IV., who had the affair at heart, exiled his *compère*, as he designated the constable, to Chantilly, and kept the youth under his hand. But the obstinate father played him a trick: he secretly negotiated the marriage of his son with a heiress of Brittany, Mademoiselle de Chemillé; and the matter once con-

* Histoire de la Maison de Montmorency. Par Desormeaux. T. iii. p. 191.

cluded, young Montmorency was carried away from the Louvre, and flying with his uncle D'Amville, they made such expedition as not to be overtaken. The king wrote to Plessy-Mornay, governor of Saumur, to arrest them on their passage, but they managed to escape his vigilance. M. de Soubise, despatched with two companies of light horse to carry off the young lady, met with no better success. "The marriage was carried into effect, and it is said consummated," when M. de Soubise arrived. It seemed that there only remained to the king to put up with it; but cost what it might, he was determined to have his dear Montmorency for a son-in-law. He offered then to his *compère* Mademoiselle de Vendôme, proposing, at the same time, to indemnify the Longuevilles; and thus the matter was arranged. Whether the marriage had been consummated or not, the king had it broken, under pretext that his godson was not nubile. He was, indeed, only fifteen years of age, but any one would have given him twenty; and the adventure caused many a smile "at court."

No sooner one marriage over and broken, than Montmorency, affianced to Mademoiselle de Vendôme, was about to taste of the pleasures of a second marriage, when the king's death upset the project. It was then that the queen-regent, desiring for herself an alliance with the same powerful house, married him unreluctantly to her niece, Mary Orsini.

Mademoiselle de Chemillé had in the mean time wedded the Duke of Retz, and the marriage of Madame de Montmorency was interrupted by a serious incident, for Montmorency, having permitted himself to remark upon his former relations with Mademoiselle de Chemillé in presence of the Duke of Retz in a manner that was anything but worthy of his gallant and chivalrous character, the duke called him out, and they fought at the Porte Saint-Antoine, De Montmorency, according to one authority (Desormeaux), disarming his antagonist, but according to another,* he was himself disarmed.

A new career was opened for the young duke now that he was at last really married. He was sent to take possession of the government of Languedoc, and to visit the different towns of that great province. The duchess wished to withdraw during his absence to Chantilly, but the queen would not let her leave the court. The separation lasted for a year, and was the first of Mary's life of incessant cares and anxieties. She, indeed, took her young husband's absence so much to heart, that both the king Louis XIII. and the queen were affected by it. "We have only the half of Madame de Montmorency with us," the latter used to observe; "her body is with us, but her mind is in Languedoc." The king himself, thoughtful and silent, used to hide himself in the recess of a window in order to watch his melancholy cousin. Mary Orsini had not learnt French in Italy, and she now set to work at it with all the assiduity that could be inspired by an ardent affection. M. de Montmorency had left her a secretary to facilitate her epistolary correspondence, but the idea of dictating to a woman her letters to a husband! It was too cruel, and it gave to the noble stranger the courage to express herself in French. M. de Montmorency encouraged her, and told her in future to have no other secretary but her own heart. And thus the French language soon became as familiar to her as Italian.

Madame de Montmorency, although so young, was much esteemed at

* Vie de Madame de Montmorency. Par J. C. Garreau. T. i. p. 47.

court for her wisdom and prudence, as well as for her modesty. Nor was she even wanting in repartee. As she always wore gloves, the prince, her brother-in-law, tried one day playfully to take them off. She permitted him to do so, but saying, at the same time, that she would not suffer another to do as much. The king having overheard her, said, laughing, "I will take off your gloves, cousin, whenever it shall please me to do so. "Sire," she replied, with a serious look, "I would not permit it." Then, perceiving that the king was annoyed, she added, "Your majesty knows full well that I would not give him the trouble."

At length the young wife was permitted to join her husband in the south, and so great was her delight at seeing him again, that she fainted away. Her presence added to the already immense popularity of the duke. Her charity was unbounded, and when she had exhausted her means she would weep for the distress which she witnessed around her. Although only sixteen years of age, she was placed at the head of the duke's household, and she had to receive and reply to deputations. The duke kept up a state even more brilliant than that of royalty itself. His ordinary suite consisted of one hundred gentlemen; he had thirty pages, officers, and guards of all kinds, and livery servants in proportion. It is difficult to form an idea of the hospitality of such a house at those times; it was one continuous festival, the extravagance of which was further enhanced by an unbounded licence and a magnificent charity. This "magnificent seigneur" was, in the words of his biographers, "*la providence des lieux où il passait.*"

Madame de Montmorency, young as she was, felt that such a state of things could not last for ever. It would exhaust the revenue of a state. But her attempts at reform were signal failures. Not a man of his household would the duke dismiss; if the duchess insisted that such or such a person was useless, he would answer that some day or other a use might be found for him. If the duchess, by way of example or beginning, dismissed some of her own pages, the duke would immediately take them into his service.

Such was this Montmorency, the most magnificent of men! When people expressed their surprise at his bounty, he would reply, "Oh, that I was an emperor, that I might do more!" This fine soul, ever open to sympathy and to generous emotions, was reflected in his manners, and added a chivalrous brilliancy to his beauty. It is related that a Spanish nobleman, the Duke d'Ossuna, passing through Languedoc, paid a visit to the governor. On being shown into his presence, he looked at him some time without speaking; Montmorency, surprised, asked him if he saw any defects in his person. "Sir," replied the Spaniard, with gravity, "what I remark is that nature has made a mistake; for thinking to make a great king of you, it only made a duke." Contemporaneous writers assure us that he caused a kind of intoxication wherever he went; soldiers followed in his train, and refused to leave him. One day a company that he had dismissed persisted in following him, stopping at all the houses where he stopped. He thought that they wanted bounty, and threw his purse out of the window to them; but they disdained to pick it up, shouting out, at the same time, that it was not money but their general that they wanted. The example of the chief was contagious: Montmorency spread his greatness around and abroad as he did his gold. When any one reproached him with extravagance, he would relate this story of the disinterestedness of his soldiers.

Such is the man as depicted to us by his contemporaries. Noble, chivalrous, brave hospitable, bounteous, and handsome, he was most

undoubtedly a model for a hero of romance; but there was a reverse to the picture. This love of feudal independence and extravagance, this delight in vast numbers of followers and retainers, ill associated with true patriotism or even steadfast loyalty. Then, again, there were corruptions in the heart of this court in the south, in which De Montmorency, following the example of the constable his father—the old Sultan of Languedoc, as he was designated—indulged like those around him, and rendered himself thereby little worthy of the deep devotion of his young and loving wife. Henry of Montmorency had been brought up in the court of Henri IV.; he had played on the knees of Gabrielle, he had grown up amid those intrigues of a court whose dissipation had only become further corrupted by the Italian favourites of Mary of Medicis. It was not so surprising, then, that he should give himself up to those sensual pleasures which he was never able to entirely cast off.

The princess finished, alas! by knowing the fact. "With silence you will come to the end of all things," she said to a lady who suffered like her; "such things ought not to be spoken of to any one save God." She thus kept her grief to herself, but her altered looks betrayed her. "Are you unwell, dear?" the duke said to her one day; "how changed you are." "It is true," she replied, "that my face is changed, but my heart is not so." He understood her, and, touched by her resignation, he made vows of reform at her feet which it was not in his power to keep. She loved him, nevertheless, with a most pure and disinterested love; her passion filled her whole soul; love with her was raised to the dignity of a sacrifice, and could live even upon the sentiments of her husband. She did not feel herself utterly abandoned, for she felt that his heart belonged to her in its better impulses, and more than one contemporary assures us that she even experienced a secret sympathy for the women whom the duke favoured. Her own heart impelled her so to do; she saw in her rivals, as it were, a part of herself. Such was the prodigy of her passion.

Sometimes, however, the duchess, who was much beloved by her attendants, found vindicators where she little expected it. A young Italian of her suite, who sang exquisitely, having won the duke's regards, she became so haughty in consequence as to forget all respect to her mistress. One day, passing through Lyons, the attendants were about to take advantage of the opportunity to cast the young lady into the Rhône, and would have done so, had not the duchess herself interfered to save her rival.

Other troubles soon came to add to these domestic afflictions. The life of a great lady of the seventeenth century was not all roses. Religious troubles broke out in Languedoc, and M. de Montmorency was called upon to play an important part. These troubles had their origin in a marriage. The lady of Privas, a Protestant town, where mass had not been performed for sixty years, took it into her head, although a widow, to wed a Roman Catholic gentleman, to the great scandal of the people, who manifested their annoyance in every possible way. But previous to this incident, which only accidentally brought a latent irritation into open hostilities, the Reformers of Bearn had been in a state of slumbering insurrection. They had been ordered by an edict of council to re-establish the Roman Catholic worship, and to restore its goods. The states of Bearn protested against such an edict, and their resistance found an echo throughout the south. It was at the moment when the war of Thirty Years was breaking out in Germany, and the same spark had lighted up the two countries. France itself was also otherwise disturbed interiorly.

Mary of Medicis, imprisoned at Blois, had made her escape, and a levy of bucklers had ensued. The position the Duke and Duchess of Montmorency were placed in was a painful one. They loved and grieved for the queen who had united them, but their fidelity to the king did not on this occasion permit them to waver. Reason and loyalty came to calm down the impulse of feeling.

These sentiments were perhaps further upheld by the presence of Louis XIII., who came in person to the south to re-establish the Roman Catholic worship. The king laid siege at the onset to Montauban, which was, after La Rochelle, the strongest place in the hands of the Protestants. Montmorency raised a brigade at his own expense, formed it into regiments, and effected a junction with the king, reducing on his way the fortress of Val, where a cannon-ball carried off the feathers from his hat. At Montauban he took the most exposed and perilous position, but plague broke out in the besieging army; the duke himself was struck down, and the duchess had to hasten to his bedside, from which he did not rise for weeks. The siege was in consequence raised, and the duke, on his recovery, went to Toulouse, where he was appointed to the command of the army of Languedoc.

The Protestant cause had lost many gallant leaders, more especially Lesdiguières, Caumont la Force, and Chatillon; but there remained to it the Duke of Rohan, with whom De Montmorency could not for a moment bear comparison. The latter was a brave, chivalrous, rash, and foolhardy captain; the former, a clever, thoughtful, profound, and valiant leader. De Rohan at this time held the Cévennes. The king laid siege to Montpellier, where Montmorency joined him with his reinforcements. Here, by an act of rashness characteristic of one so pre-eminently heedless, he received two dangerous wounds, and would, if we are to believe Simon du Cros (*"Vie du Duc de Montmorency,"* p. 87-89), have been killed, had it not been for D'Argencourt, who commanded the Protestant sortie, and who knew him and saved his life. Once more the poor suffering wife was called to the disabled warrior's bedside, and luckily a truce was at the same time brought about among the religious belligerents.

After a brief interval of peace, however, the oppressed Protestants took up arms again, Catholic Spain giving its support to Rohan, whose brother, the Duke of Soubise, issuing forth from La Rochelle, captured the royal fleet in Port Louis. Richelieu sought a remedy to this desperate state of affairs by bribing the English and the Dutch to send a fleet against their co-religionaries. De Montmorency, who held the appointment of admiral of France as well as that of commander-in-chief of the army of Languedoc, is described as taking on this occasion a very extraordinary step. Not a single ship remaining to the King of France, he threw himself, with six other gentlemen, into a fishing-boat, and in it sought out during four stormy days the Dutch fleet. Charming the Protestant captains, who had hitherto held aloof from active hostilities, by his "military graces and heroic fascination," he induced them—reinforced by a few English ships—to give Soubise battle, and that with such success that the islands of Ré and Oléron, on which the defence of La Rochelle mainly depended, were forced to surrender. The first incidents of this achievement are not alluded to by other historians, and may, in their details, be justly considered as apocryphal as the other statement of a

contemporary, that in the engagement the Dutch admiral, Houstain, and the other captains who were near him, "were rather his admirers than his counsellors, and admitted that the men whom God destines for extraordinary deeds come into the world with all the knowledge and virtues necessary to their accomplishment." What Montmorency did is perhaps more characteristically depicted, when it is said that he had the signal made which it is customary to practise when the admiral runs a-muck, and which consists in exhibiting naked swords to those who cannot understand any other hints. Our author tells us, however, that

Nothing was spoken of throughout the kingdom, as well as abroad, but of this prodigious feat of arms. Nothing of the kind had ever yet been seen: a great admiral without a vessel to carry his pennant, putting out to sea in an open boat, pursuing a fleet for four long days, imposing himself as chief on strangers, forcing rigid Protestants to fight against their faith,—all this was scarcely credible. He became the idol of gentlemen, the people, and the army; everywhere the shouts greeted him of "*Vive le grand Montmorency!*" Nevertheless as perfect a knight as Bayard, he has not had the good fortune of obtaining so great a reputation; the prestige of his name has been effaced—the admirable fact which we have narrated has been forgotten. It may be said that Richelieu succeeded in decapitating even his glory.

De Montmorency having provided for the safety of his conquests, joined the court at Saint Germain, where he was coolly received. Richelieu exerted himself to the utmost to prevent a man already so popular becoming still more so. It was in vain that the admiral urged upon the king that La Rochelle, blockaded by the fleet and deprived of the islands whence it drew its subsistence, could no longer resist for any length of time, Richelieu was resolved that so great an accession of honour should not accrue to the duke. The minister would not even grant to the victor the government of Ré, and he induced him to relinquish his title of admiral. The policy of Richelieu, to whom the Bourbons were so much indebted, was to subdue a vassal and too powerful nobility to greater dependence on the crown.

De Montmorency was indemnified in part for the ingratitude of the court by his reception in Languedoc. There the people, who appreciated heroic deeds better than the policy of the statesman, gave to him a triumphal reception. But grievances of a different character awaited him there. The health of the duchess had broken down under so many trials, and when the duke arrived at his château of Beaucaire he found her almost dying. M. de Montmorency's return and presence, however, worked wonders, and she in part regained her health. She had been reduced to such a state of weakness by anxiety for his welfare that her stomach refused all food. The duke, it is said, invented every day some new dish to tempt her appetite; and he carried his attention so far as to dress himself as a fisherman, and bring her back a fish that he had caught, still hanging from the hook.

An event occurred at this time which seems to have been one amongst many that gradually undermined the loyalty of the chivalrous Montmorency. His relative François de Montmorency, Comte de Boutteville, was condemned to death and executed for a duel fought in public on the Place Royale. Edicts had certainly been issued against duelling, but no one had as yet been made to suffer the last penalty of the law for having been engaged in such. The Duke of Montmorency was hence persuaded

that it was against his house that this great severity was directed. Yet did he not fail in his allegiance, although tampered with by Rohan when the Protestants, abetted by the English, once more rose up in revolt. He even levied troops in order to intercept Rohan, when that leader projected an assault on the king's troops, at that time laying siege to La Rochelle. For this, however, he only received blame, as he had acted without having received orders, and he was removed from his command of the army of Languedoc, and was replaced by the Prince of Condé. The state of parties may be best judged of at such an epoch by the words of Bassompierre: "Vous verrez que nous serons assez fous pour prendre La Rochelle!" It was, in fact, the interest of the great feudal lords to leave government with such embarrassments in its hands; the weakness of the state constituted their strength.

Montmorency did not, however, cease to wage war against the Protestants because he had been succeeded in the chief command by Condé; on the contrary, he pursued hostilities with greater activity and still more remarkable success, having successively reduced the châteaux of Chomeyras, Du Ponzin, De Mirabel, and others. In the midst of these warlike operations an incident of a different kind occurred:

Since the death of his beloved cousin Boutteville, the duke had been given to serious conversations, and his thoughts, even in the tent, often turned upon the mysteries of death and of a future destiny. One evening that he was discussing these subjects with his friends—more particularly in reference to the moment when the soul escapes from its terrestrial prison—Montmorency and the Marquis de Portes, his relative, swore, that whichever of the two should die first, he should come and bid farewell to the other. A short time afterwards, the marquis was struck with a musket-shot before Privas and killed on the spot. Montmorency, exhausted with work in the trenches, had just gone to sleep in his tent, when he awoke surprised, and heard, he said, quite distinctly, the voice of his friend bidding him a sorrowful farewell. He thought it was only a dream, the result of a disturbed imagination, and he once more resigned himself to sleep, but the same voice made itself heard, and woke him up again. He then arose, overcome with anxiety, and he despatched a horseman to the quarter where the marquis had the command. But at that very moment an officer from the king came into his tent to announce the death of the marquis. The duke used often to relate this strange adventure, with which his mind continued to be occupied for a long time after.

No sooner did the Protestant cause suffer a decisive blow by the fall of La Rochelle, than Richelieu removed the field of battle to its traditional country—the north of Italy—where the cis-Alpine and trans-Alpine nations—mainly represented by France and Austria—have from all times decided their bickerings by force of arms. Richelieu himself took the command of the French, with three marshals of France as his lieutenants. The famous Spinosa commanded in the Milanais. Montmorency was in disgrace. He had in the excitement of his triumphs declared himself to be the queen's *chevalier*, and had thereby aroused the jealousy of the king; but this did not prevent his serving as a volunteer in the new campaign, accompanied by the *élite* of the south. As to poor Madame de Montmorency, she lay prostrated by her husband's reckless life at the Château de la Grange, near Pezenas.

Richelieu, so astute as a statesman, was not quite so good a soldier, and he managed so badly, that Louis XIII. felt himself obliged to give a command to Montmorency, and the victory of Veillane, followed by the

capture of Saluces, once more placed the duke in the ascendant. Unfortunately, the plague raged amongst the troops; the king himself had contracted a bad fever in Savoy, and leaving the command to D'Effiat, Montmorency hurried away to the bedside of the sick monarch, and at this crisis, to his infinite credit, extended his influence and power to protect his inveterate enemy, the cardinal, who, without such, would, in case of the king's death, have been sacrificed to the fury of the nobles. Louis, however, recovered, and Richelieu regained his old position, in what has been termed the famous "*Journée des Dupes*." As to Montmorency, at this turn in the state of affairs he went to the south, taking his wife on the way, who was still an invalid, to the waters of Balaruc. On the return of the duke and duchess to Paris, the winter was passed in fêtes held in commemoration of Richelieu's restoration to power; and none surpassed in brilliancy those given at the *Hôtel de Montmorency*. As the poet Théophile had sung "*La Maison de Sylvie*" (the duchess under the name of Sylvia, at Chantilly), so now Mairet had to tune his lyre in praise of "*Alcide et Sylvie*."

With summer, the duke and duchess returned to Chantilly, which both took equal delight in embellishing. The duchess had now a moment's enjoyment of life in the company of her husband.

The duke talked of resting there awhile, and of withdrawing from the court and active life in this calm and delicious retreat. He also had extensive repairs carried on at the *Hôtel de Montmorency*. He appointed governors to the different towns of Languedoc, to preserve order during his absence, and he went so far as to promise the duchess that his longest journeys would for the future be from Paris to Chantilly. When she was languishing in expectation of his presence, her chief happiness consisted in preparing for his return those magnificent garments, which he wore with so much grace and so great an air; doublets of Spanish cloth, or of velvet with open sleeves, the long feathers that decorated his hat of felt, the scarfs with embroidered devices, and collars of Flanders lace, not to mention the fine lace that also trimmed the top of his boots. Indifferent in the matter of her own adornment, she had taken the finest diamonds from her jewel-case in order to decorate with them the order of marshal. As to the suit of armour—which bore the marks of many a combat—the helmet and its plume, the breastplate, the brassets or arm-pieces, and the gauntlets, they now hung up in the guard-room, and the duchess hoped to see them remain there for a long time. She gave herself up to these delightful dreams with a joy that almost savoured of intoxication; but events soon occurred which called the duke away.

The province of Languedoc, although attached to the crown for near four centuries, still preserved its privileges, its local franchises, and an administration almost independent of the state. Such a condition of things ill assorted with the ideas of Richelieu, and he issued a royal edict suppressing these privileges; the consequence of which, in a country scarcely yet settled down from a war of religion, was the revival of animosities and insurrection. Montmorency was called upon at such a crisis to preserve order in his government. He accordingly went to Languedoc, but in a state of great personal irritation against both the king and his minister. The former had banished him awhile from court on account of a duel he had fought with the Duke of Chevreuse, in the court-yard of the *Château de Monceaux*, whilst Richelieu had shielded the duke from the king's justice; his own prerogatives were also affected by the proposed subversion of the old order of things in his province; and, worse than

all, Richelieu set his old rival, D'Effiat, to annoy him by large pecuniary demands on account of his government.

It was at a moment when so many grievances had combined to irritate the duke against the king and his haughty minister, that Gaston, the king's brother, for a third time left the country, and joining the Spaniards, at that time in the Low Countries, launched a violent manifesto against the cardinal. He at the same time despatched an emissary, the Abbé d'Elbène, to the Duke of Montmorency. The duke hesitated for a long time before he cast the die in allying his fortunes to those of Gaston; but when the latter, defeated in Lorraine, and driven by La Force and Schomberg out of Burgundy and the Bourbonnais, sought refuge in Languedoc, the chivalrous Montmorency armed in his favour, and got the states to join in the rebellion. The insurrection, however, confined to Languedoc and placed between two armies, did not embrace all the towns: Montmorency failed before the most important; Montpellier, Nîmes, Beaucaire, Narbonne, held out for the king. The gallant De l'Estrange had been captured in the Cévennes, and decapitated. Discord reigned in the camp of Gaston, and the duke attempted to negotiate with Richelieu. The minister had, however, now caught his powerful enemy in a trap, and was not the man to let him escape. The Duke of Montmorency was in open rebellion, and he would hold no compromise with him. Nothing remained, then, but to fight. The decisive contest took place near Castelnaudary. Montmorency rushed madly into the ranks of Schomberg's close battalions, and his horse falling and himself wounded, he lay in his heavy armour incapable of raising himself, and unsupported by the troops of Gaston. On being at length carried away a prisoner to the marshal's tent, and his armour removed—for he was nearly suffocated by the blood that flowed alike from his mouth and wounds—the portrait of Anne of Austria was found attached to his arm by a bracelet of diamonds. Montmorency had received seventeen wounds, five balls had remained in his body, and one had nearly severed his throat. He was not expected to live, and he was removed by the troops to Castelnaudary on a ladder covered with cloaks, the bearers weeping as if they had been attending a funeral. Thence he was taken in a litter, against the protestations of his surgeon, to the Château de Lectoure. Richelieu, who had arrived with the king at Lyons, dreaded nothing so much as that his prisoner should be carried away from him. He was preparing his master's mind for a tragic conclusion to the affair, and no argument that he used was so strong as that unfortunate discovery of the portrait. Yet was the cardinal himself more jealous than the king, for he also had aspired to the favours of Anne of Austria.

A council was assembled, and the inquiry was so long that De Montmorency had got sufficiently well to rise up to receive the Marquis de Brèze, brother-in-law of Cardinal Richelieu, when that gentleman came to remove him to Toulouse. He was perfectly prepared for his fate; he knew that to be put on trial was equivalent to a condemnation to death. He was conducted through the streets of Toulouse in a close carriage, surrounded by mousquetaires on foot and on horse, with a double row of Swiss, besides eight squadrons of light horse. The intervention of most of the nobility of the country—of even Charles I. of England—was of no avail. His enemies were too powerful, and too deeply bent on his ruin.

The day of his execution, the 30th of October, the marshal woke at seven o'clock in the morning after a quiet night's rest. His surgeon presented himself as usual to dress his wounds. "The hour is come," he said, "to cure all these wounds by one." He took the scissors out of the surgeon's hands, and himself cut off his long moustaches, handing them over to a priest to be burnt as a last vanity of this world.

The Comte de Charlus then presented himself to conduct him to the scaffold. He was dressed, as on the previous evening, in a white jacket, and he now cast over his shoulders a soldier's cloak of coarse cloth. He was first led to the chapel to hear the verdict. "I thank you," he said to the magistrates; "I pray you assure all those of your company that I hold this verdict of the king's justice as a manifestation of God's clemency." He was then handed over to the grand provost. The verdict ordered that the execution should be carried out on the Place de Salin; but, whether out of consideration for the duke, or from motives of prudence, seeing the excitement that prevailed, the king allowed the scaffold to be erected in the interior court of the Capitole. This court, of limited dimensions, was filled with soldiers, charged to superintend the preparations for the execution. The men of justice and the "capitouls" occupied the windows around, dressed in their ceremonial red cloaks. There was a statue of Henri IV. in the court which rose to the same height as the scaffold—that is to say, to the height of the first story—and the duke, remaining on his entrance with his eyes fixed on the statue, the minister in attendance asked him if he wished for anything? "No, father," he replied; "I was looking at the statue of Henri IV.; he was a great and generous prince; I had the honour to be his godson." He was advancing towards the scaffold when a last attempt to save his life was made: the lieutenant of the guards, De Launay, once more wended his way to the palace. In the interval the marshal-duke sat down on a bench in the court, near a balustrade, and conversed in a low voice with his confessor. His last words were: "What do I feel within myself, father? I can assure you before God, to whom I am about to answer, that I never went to a ball, nor to a feast, nor to battle, with greater satisfaction than I go to die. Promise me, father, that you will say nothing of this, for fear that it is thought that there is some vanity in it, which there is not; I only mention it to you for my comfort and for yours."

After a moment of terrible anxiety for all present, the messenger reappeared, and it was seen on his face that there was nothing to hope for. The executioner had then "*main levée*," and the duke walked with a firm step to the scaffold. He assisted the executioner in baring his neck and shoulders, and presented his naked arms to be tied; he begged one of the priests on his ascent to see that his head did not bound off to the ground, but to prevent its doing so if it was possible; his friends say that nothing horrified him so much as to see the head of a person roll from off the scaffold. Once upon the scaffold, he kneeled down, made no further observation, but kissing the crucifix, and recommending himself to the prayers of the ministers, he placed his head on the block. But finding this too low and badly fixed, he rose up again, and assumed another position. A groan of pain that he uttered, drawn from him by the wound in his throat, stayed the arm of the executioner. He called out to him not to strike, and then he rose again and tried another position. This time he stretched out his arms, and, recommending his soul, his head fell near the block, as he had wished. His blood spurted out upon the statue of Henri IV., and if tradition is to be believed, left its traces there for a long time afterwards.

All this time the unfortunate duchess could not approach her husband. Struck down by sickness at Béziers, when she was first informed of his having been made prisoner, she fainted away. When she came to herself, she at once sent off, ill as she was, her own medical man and her squire to bring back intelligence as to how he was. They found him at Villefranche, and the wounded man said to the squire, "Tell my wife the number and size of the wounds you have seen, and then assure her

that that which I have made in her heart is far more painful to me than all the others."

Madame de Montmorency, although so reduced by care and sickness, roused herself, and made desperate efforts to save her husband. She wrote to all his relations, persuaded Gaston not to go over to Spain, caused many fortresses that were in the hands of her friends to be given up to the king, and asked permission to throw herself at his majesty's feet; but it was all in vain. After the fearful tragedy had been enacted, commissioners presented themselves at the Château de la Grange to seize her goods, and to order her to quit Languedoc for Moulins, La Fère, or Montargis. She offered no resistance, nay, was totally indifferent to the act of spoliation and as to where she was to go; she said to Moulins, to be near her husband's remains. She was so ill that she had to travel by short journeys, and so poor that she had to sell her carriage horses to enable her to finish her journey.

All she wished for was death as a relief to her sufferings. She was imprisoned at first in an old feudal castle that was falling into ruins. One day she saw a snake come forth from a crevice in the walls of her room, and glide towards her. A sudden gladness filled her soul; she held out her arm towards it, but an attendant coming in at the time frightened the reptile, which fled away, the duchess watching it with a look of grievous despair.

After two years' captivity, she was allowed to retire from the world in the convent of the Visitation at Moulins, where we found her at the commencement of this article. Here she devoted what remained to her of her worldly goods to enlarging and improving the convent, and to the construction of a monument to the memory of her husband. She received visits from Louis XIII. and Gaston, and afterwards from Louis XIV., from the widow of Charles I., and from Christina of Sweden. She lived to hear of the death of the implacable enemy of her husband—Cardinal Richelieu—and she ultimately sank into an eternal rest in perfect odour of sanctity. "Of all women," says her biographer, "who have earned celebrity by their devotion and love, none can surpass the widow of Montmorency; her virtue had no shady side, and was entombed in her perfection."

Sketches like these of a bygone epoch and of an extinguished race of men and women, are not without their utility as well as their picturesque and romantic interest. M. de Montmorency, among the last of the great feudal vassals of the crown, was not the last of those who represented the "esprit gentilhomme" of a past generation, but he was among the last with whom, despite his faults and errors, which were as much those of the times he lived in as his own, that chivalrous spirit attained its highest perfection. Without going so far as a Capefigue, who would have us ever regret the loss of the gallant gentlemen who would go to battle in laced frills and scented kerchiefs, still it is impossible not to feel that they were a far more cultivated, more delicate-minded, and high-principled race than their descendants—the Montmorencys, the Liancourts, the Périgords, the Lafayettes, the Noailles, the Rochambeaus, and the Birons, who scratched their very escutcheons in times of revolution, adopted their family cognomens, Bouchard, Mottier, and Guy, and "committed a stupid suicide which did not even profit to their pride."

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A TRAVELLING-CARRIAGE and four dashed up through the rain, one afternoon in late spring, to the town house of the Earl of Hartledon. It contained the earl and his bride, and appeared to be expected, for the door was instantly thrown open, and several servants, headed by the housekeeper and butler, stood in the hall, assembled there to welcome the return of their master with his second wife.

Lord Hartledon assisted her from the carriage, and proudly and affectionately led her into the hall. She had a sweet-looking countenance, and her dark-brown, thoughtful eyes and pleasant smile, seemed to thank the servants for their greeting. She had known some of them in days gone by.

"All well at home, Hedges?" asked the earl of his butler, a most respectable man, with white hair, who was attending them up-stairs.

"Quite well," was the reply. "But we are not alone, my lord."

"No! What do you mean?"

Hedges hesitated, and glanced at Lady Hartledon.

"The Countess Dowager of Kirton is here, my lord."

"Oh, indeed," said his lordship, as if not enjoying the information. "Go down, Hedges, and see that the unpacking of the carriage is properly attended to. Don't come up, Mrs. Ball; I will take Lady Hartledon to her rooms."

The earl did not turn into any of the reception-rooms: he took his wife at once to her own, and whispered a few affectionate words of welcome. "I thought you might like to rest a little while, Anne."

"Thank you, no; I am not tired. But I will dress for dinner at once. I am anxious to make acquaintance with your children, Percival."

"Yours also, Anne, from henceforth."

"Oh yes, indeed," she fervently answered, as the tears rose to her eyes. "I trust I shall love them and always act by them as if they were my own."

"Anne, I am sorry she is here—that woman. You heard Hedges say Lady Kirton had arrived," he added, in reply to his wife's look. "She has chosen her visit inopportunistically: it is ill-timed."

"I shall be pleased to welcome her, Percival."

"It is more than I shall be," replied the earl, as his wife's maid came into the room, and he left it.

Lingering about the passage, by the drawing-room door, was Hedges. He was a confidential servant, and had evidently a budget to unfold. The earl accosted him with, "When did she come?"

"My lord, it was in the week following your marriage. She arrived in a most outrageous tantrum—if I shall not offend your lordship by saying so—and has been here ever since."

"There's no offence, Hedges. Tell it out."

"On account of your having married again, my lord. She stood in the hall for five minutes when she got here, dancing like mad, in the sight of all the servants, for the noise brought them up; and saying the most audacious things against your lordship and Miss Ashton—I mean my lady," added Hedges, correcting himself.

"The old hag!" uttered his lordship. "No disrespect to the late Lady Hartledon, in saying so," he observed, as if he would apologise for his word, "but she is a hag."

"I think she's insane at times, my lord, that's what I think; I'm sure the fits of passion she flies into are bad enough for insanity. The house-keeper told me this morning that she feared she would be capable of striking my lady, when she first saw her."

The earl, with a dark brow and haughty step, strode into the drawing-room. There, as large as life—and a great deal larger in breadth than most lives—stood the Dowager Countess of Kirton. She was a shortish woman, quite as broad as she was high, with a red face, a snub nose, short and wide, light eyes, a flaxen "front" of round flat curls, and a pea-green turban. Her choice attire was generally composed of some flimsy, gauzy material of a bright colour; to-day it was pink, all flounces and frills, with a scarf or mantle of lace; and, in addition to all this, she usually had innumerable ends of quilled net flying about her and her skirts, not unlike tails.

Fancy this stout and bedecked old figure beginning a wild dance of passion when his lordship entered; whirling round in circles, very much after the fashion of a Red Indian.

"How are you, ma'am?" began his lordship. "You have taken me by surprise."

"Not half as much as your wicked letter took me," screamed the old lady. "Oh, you vile man! to marry again in this haste!—you—you—I can't find words that my tongue would not be ashamed of; but Hamlet's mother, in the play, was nothing to it."

"It is some time since I read that," returned the earl, controlling his temper under an assumption of careless indifference, "but, if my memory serves me, the 'funeral baked meats did, coldly, furnish forth the marriage table.' My late wife has been dead eighteen months, Lady Kirton."

"Eighteen months! for such a wife as Maude was to you!" violently danced the dowager. "You ought to have mourned her eighteen years: anybody else would. I wish I had never let you have her."

The earl wished it likewise; with all his heart and soul, had wished it in his lady's lifetime.

"I might have known better than to suffer you to cajole me out of her: I——"

"Stay, madam," interrupted Lord Hartledon; "if you will cast your thoughts back, you may remember that instead of your being cajoled out of her, I was cajoled into her. But to recriminate in this way is beneath both of us, and disrespectful to the memory of your daughter."

Nothing pleased the dowager: she was not in a humour to be pleased: and she took umbrage at the earl's last words.

"How dare you say 'your daughter?' Wasn't she your wife?"

"So that offends you, does it?" returned the earl. "My wife, then. But there is no necessity, I say, to bring up Maude's name: let it be dropped."

"Dropped; yes! To give place to this new creature; your old flame, your parson's daughter. A reputable young woman she must be, to force herself indecently into Maude's shoes: I always thought her one."

The earl had imperiously raised his hand for silence: but who could stop the dowager countess when she chose to continue? His face was working with anger.

"Be silent, madam, will you? Let us understand each other. Your visit here is ill-timed; you ought to feel it so; nevertheless, if you wish to stay it out, you must observe good manners. I shall be compelled to request you to terminate it, if you fail one iota in the respect due to this house's mistress, my beloved and honoured wife."

The dowager stopped in her dancing, for though not whirling so violently as at first, she had never ceased to shuffle about on her two feet: an acquired habit when she lost her temper, and which had increased of late years. "Your *beloved* wife, Percival Hartledon! Do you dare to say it to me?"

"Ay; beloved, doubly beloved; and honoured and respected as no woman has ever been by me yet, or ever will be," he replied, speaking plainly in his warmth.

"What a false-hearted monster!" shrieked the dowager, apostrophising the walls and the mirrors, as she successively faced them in her turnings. "What, then, was Maude?"

"Maude is gone," said the earl, sternly. "I forbid you so to speak of her to me. You forced Maude upon me, and little she cared for me in her married life, but I did my duty by her, and was an indulgent husband. The less we rake up old matters the better, Lady Kirton. I have been a weak, two-minded simpleton all my years, and you and Maude ruled me: were she alive I might still be in the same trammels; but, as it is, I have at least the courage to break through yours, and to protect, as I ought, the young lady who is now my wife. I hope you understand me, Lady Kirton; and I am sorry that you have forced me to say this. Where are the children?"

"Where you can't get at them," rejoined her hot ladyship. "You have got your 'beloved' wife: you don't want them."

The earl rang the bell, more violently than he need have done, though he was striving hard to keep down his temper, and a footman instantly answered it.

"Send the nurse here with Lord Elster and Lady Maude."

"They are not at home, my lord."

"Not at home!" repeated his lordship. "They cannot be out in this rain; and so late!"

"They went out to-day, my lord: they have not come in, I believe."

"There, that will do, James," interposed the countess dowager. "You don't know anything about it, and you may go. Shut the door."

"Lady Kirton, where are the children?"

"Where you can't get at them, I say," was Lady Kirton's response, wagging her head and her flaxen front and her carmined face at his lordship. "You don't think I am going to suffer Maude's children to be domineered over by a wretch of a stepmother; perhaps poisoned."

The earl actually seized hold of her arm in his wrath, his looks flashing. "Madam!"

"Oh, you need not 'madam' me. Maude's gone, and I shall act for her."

"I ask you where my children are?"

"I have sent them away. There: you may make your most of the information. And when I have remained here as long as I choose, I shall take them with me, and keep them, and bring them up."

"Bring them up like you brought up——" The earl checked his speech; it was probably one he would afterwards have regretted; and the dowager took the opportunity to continue hers.

"And you can at once decide what sum you will allow me for their education and maintenance, and for two maids, and a tutor, and a governess, and masters, and clothes, and toys, and pocket money. It must be a handsome sum, take notice, for I won't be cramped, and be paid quarterly in advance. And I mean to rent a house in London for their accommodation, and shall expect you to pay the rent."

The exceeding coolness with which this was delivered, turned the earl's angry feelings into amusement. He could not help laughing as he looked at her.

"You cannot have my children, Lady Kirton."

"They are Maude's children," snapped the dowager.

"But I presume you will admit that they are likewise mine. And I shall certainly not part with them."

"Percival Hartledon," raved the dowager, her turban and her gauzes and her white tails fluttering round like the sails of a windmill, "if you oppose me in this, I'll put them into Chancery. I am their nearest relation and next of kin, and I have a right to them."

"Nearest relation and next of kin!" uttered the earl, "you must have lost your senses. I am their father."

"And have you lived to past thirty, and never learnt that men don't count for anything in the bringing up of infants?" shrilly asked the dowager. "If they had ten fathers, what's that, in the Lord Chancellor's Court? No more than ten blocks of wood. What they want is a mother."

"And I have now given them one," replied the earl.

The countess dowager was beside herself, and "said something like swearing," as Lord Byron has it in one of his noted fragmentary poems, in reference to a certain chief justice. She shrieked out for her bonnet: she would go off then, and throw the children into Chancery.

"You had better throw yourself into Chancery," retorted the earl, "but as to my children, they are not eligible candidates, and to talk in this manner is the height of absurdity. I would not have allowed you their guardianship under any circumstances."

The dowager's flounces upset a chair or two, and the earl left her. He went to his own room and met his wife coming out of it. He put his arm round her waist and drew her into it again, the flush of mortification dyeing his cheek, as he explained the annoyance their visitor was causing.

"Stay here yet, my dearest, until I can go down with you," he said. "She is in a vile humour, and I do not choose for you to encounter her, unprotected by me. I have the greatest mind in the world to bring in a policeman and frighten her into disclosing where she has sent the children."

The earl really had a mind to see what effect it might have upon her : she was not one who could be treated as a reasonable being, and he was disposed to show her little consideration. As he stood at the front door, deliberating, who should pass, but his old friend, Mr. Carr.

"Ah ! what come home, Hartledon?"

"Carr, you are the very man I am glad to see. You can terrify this harpy with the thunders of the law, if she persists in kidnapping children who are not hers." And he forthwith delivered to him a statement of affairs.

Thomas Carr laughed. "She will not keep them away long ; she is no fool, the countess dowager. It is a *ruse*, no doubt, to induce you to consent to the giving them up to her."

Mr. Carr was right. Scarcely had he spoken when a cab drove up, and the children and their maid got out of it. The countess dowager had only sent them sight-seeing. They were tired and wanted their tea, and the earl suffered them to go at once to the nursery, telling the maid to bring them down after dinner.

"Which must be nearly ready, and you shall stay for it, Carr," added the earl. "I shall not let you go. I will fetch my wife, and introduce you."

"You have been a lucky man, Hartledon," said Mr. Carr, detaining him for an instant.

"You may well say it," replied the earl, in a tone of deep feeling. "Moments come over me when I fear I am about to awake and find it untrue. I am only beginning now to *live*. The last few years have been—you may partly guess what, Carr, knowing what you do know. But, not to speak of other troubles, Lady Maude had no better feeling for me than indifference ; and I, on my part, discovered, but too soon after my foolish and hasty marriage, that my love had never left Anne Ashton."

"I cannot think how you have brought your happiness about—how you contrived to get Dr. Ashton's forgiveness and consent."

"There's not time now to tell you in detail. I remained at Hartledon after my wife's death, and I and the doctor were compelled sometimes to meet on parish and other local business. I also met Anne in society. And—to make short of a history of months—I went to Dr. Ashton as a penitent child and confessed to him all my bitter repentance, my disappointment in my married life, and my remorse for having supinely dropped into Lady Kirton's meshes. I asked his full and free forgiveness, and I asked him whether, if Anne would forgive me also, he would condemn us both to continued punishment, to live out our lives—and both of us so young—apart ; or whether he would not act the part of a good and Christian man, and give her to me, that I might strive to atone for the past."

"And he did act the part of one?"

"After a deal of persuasion. I had a powerful advocate in Anne's heart. She had never forgotten me, for all my misconduct."

"Did you tell him *that*?" inquired Mr. Carr, lowering his voice.

"No, no," returned the earl, in an accent of alarm. "How could you possibly think so?"

The earl left the room, and after a few minutes returned with Lady

Hartledon on his arm. "My wife, Carr," he said, in a tone of pointed meaning, and it appeared to be understood by Mr. Carr. She was in evening dress, and looked very lovely; far more lovely, in Thomas Carr's eyes, than Lady Maude in her haughty beauty had ever looked. She held out her hand to him with a frank smile.

"I have heard so much of you, Mr. Carr, that we seem like old friends. I am glad you have come to see me so soon."

"My coming this evening was an accident, Lady Hartledon," he returned. "I ought rather to apologise for intruding on you in the hour of your arrival."

"Don't talk about intrusion, Carr," said the earl. "You will never be an intruder in my house—and Lady Hartledon's smile is telling you the same thing. She——"

"Who's that, pray?"

The interruption came from the Dowager Countess of Kirton, and the party turned. There she stood, near the door, her pink gauze dress exchanged for a yellow one, and the pea-green turban for something with spangles. Lord Hartledon drew himself up and approached her, his wife still on his arm.

"Madam," said he, in reply to her exclamation, "it is the Countess of Hartledon."

The dowager's gazes made acquaintance with the carpet in so elaborate a curtsey as to savour of mockery, but her eyes were turned up to the ceiling; not a look or a word gave she to the young lady.

"The other one I meant," cried she, nodding towards Thomas Carr.

"It is my friend, Mr. Carr. You appear to have forgotten him."

"I hope I see you well, madam," said he, advancing towards her.

Another curtsey, and the countess dowager fanned herself, and sailed towards the fireplace.

The dinner passed off pretty well, and the wine and the viands caused the dowager to thaw a little: of a good dinner she was passionately fond. Afterwards, the children came in: Lord Elster, a bold, free boy, turned five, with the beautiful features and dark eyes of his late mother; and Maude, a timid, delicate little thing, who stood still in the middle of the carpet, where the maid placed her.

The dowager was just then too busy with some pine-apple salad to pay attention to the children, but Lady Hartledon held out her hand with an inviting smile. Upon which the little lady drew up to her father and hid her face in his coat.

He took her up, gave her a strawberry, and, whilst she was eating it, carried her to his wife and placed her upon her knee. "Maude, my pet," whispered he in her ear, "this is your mamma, and you must love her very much because she loves you."

Lady Hartledon's arms fondly encircled the child, who began to scream fearfully and struggle to get down.

"Ill manners, Maude," said the earl.

"She's afraid of her," spoke up the young viscount: "we are always afraid of bad people."

The observation passed momentarily unnoticed, for Maude, whom Lady Hartledon had been obliged to release, would not be pacified. But when calm supervened, the earl turned to his son, who was assisting himself to some of the dowager's salad.

"What did I hear you say about 'bad people,' Edward?"

"She," answered the boy, pointing a slice of the dripping pine-apple towards Lady Hartledon. "She shan't touch Maude. She's come here to beat us and to hate us, and I'll kick her if she touches me."

The earl choked down his passion. An unmistakable look at the countess dowager, and then he rose from his seat in silence. Carrying the little girl in one arm, he grasped the boy in the other, and opening the door he shouted out for a servant, in a voice that brought several to him on the run.

"Take these children to the nursery."

His wife's face was painfully flushed, and she could with difficulty restrain her tears. Mr. Carr appeared to be examining the painted landscape on his handsome dessert-plate, and the spangles were bent over the salad, enjoying it with perfect unconcern. Lord Hartledon stood an instant before resuming his seat.

"Anne," he said, in a voice that trembled, in spite of its displeased tones, "allow me to beg your pardon: and I do it with heartfelt shame that this gratuitous insult should have been offered you in my—in your house. A day or two, my love, will serve to put matters on their right footing: *the children have been tutored.*"

His looks and words were again pointedly turned on Lady Kirton, but she took no notice, save to ask a question in an equable tone:

"Are you going to pass round the port to-day, Lord Hartledon?"

When the ladies retired, the earl was restless. Mr. Carr could not fail to perceive it. He rose.

"Excuse me, Hartledon, if I run away, but I have an engagement. Make my adieu to Lady Hartledon."

"Carr, is it not a crying shame?—enough to incense a man?"

"It is. The sooner you can get rid of her the better."

When the earl reached the drawing-room, the countess dowager was alone in it, snoring on the sofa in her after-dinner nap. He went looking about for his wife, and found her in the library, which was not lighted up, standing near the window in the rays of the street-lamps, and—crying. He passed his arm round her, and laid his face against hers, feeling as if he could cry with her.

"My darling, you must not let this disturb you."

"Oh, Percival, if the mischief should be irremediable! if they should never look upon me but as a stepmother! All my hopes with regard to them seem to be thrown back upon myself: I should have liked to go to them in the nursery when I left the dining-room, and I did not dare."

"Do not grieve, love. They are too young for the poison to have settled."

"I was thankful for one thing—that you did not show anger to them, poor little things. It would have made it worse."

"I was on the point of showing something more than anger to my young Master Elster," retorted the earl, "but the thought came that I should be punishing him for another's fault, and it checked me. We must turn that woman out."

"Percival," said the countess, in a grave tone, "we will do nothing rude or unkind. Remember, she is your late wife's mother. I hope she will soon depart of her own accord; but while she remains I shall strive to please and conciliate her."

"Please and conciliate!" echoed the earl. "*Her!* Anne, my dear, that is stretching Christian charity very far."

"I think not," smiled Lady Hartledon; "but then I am a clergyman's daughter."

"I will not submit to scenes of animosity shown to you. I should lose command of myself, and pitch her out of the window."

"I do not think we shall have any. She was quite civil when we came up from dinner, and——"

"She is generally civil after dinner," interrupted the earl; "she takes her share of wine."

"And asked me if I would excuse her falling into a doze, for she never felt well without it."

Lady Hartledon was right, and they had no more scenes from the countess dowager. It has been remarked, once before, that none knew better than she on which side her bread was buttered. In other words, she was a manœuvring, worldly old woman, very poor, and when she found she could make no impression on the earl, as to taking his children (not that her anxiety was for the children, but for the snug income she counted to draw), she changed her tactics, and became gracious to the new countess, for out of the house she was determined not to go: it was too desirable a harbour of refuge, as occasion required, for her to lose her footing in it.

II.

As the years went on, they did not bring altogether comfort to the house of Lord Hartledon. The countess dowager retained her right in it—if right it may be called; she was by far too wary to do otherwise, and her behaviour to the Countess of Hartledon, when face to face with her, was mild as melted butter. But somehow she contrived to retain, or perpetually to renew, her influence over the minds and feelings of the children, though so insidiously was it done, that Lady Hartledon could never detect how or when, or openly meet it. Neither could she effectually counteract it. The countess dowager's visits were prolonged and frequent, and so sure as she came, so sure did the young viscount and his sister become spiteful to their stepmother, and full of ill-nature and revenge to her children. Lady Hartledon was kind, judicious, and good; and things would be remedied during the dowager's absences, so as to promise a complete cure; but whenever the old lady returned, all the good was undone, and the evil broke forth again. Lady Hartledon was sorely perplexed: she did not like to deny the children access to their grandmother, who was more nearly related to them than she herself was: but what pained and surprised her worse than anything else, was the conduct of her husband. Fond of herself as he was, and as she knew him to be, he, in the petty disputes of the children, invariably took the part of his first wife's—to the glowing satisfaction of the countess dowager. No matter how glaringly wrong they might be, how full of tyranny and provocation towards the younger ones, Lord Hartledon excused the elder, and—to use the expression of the nurses—snubbed the younger; and kind and Christian though Lady Hartledon was, she could not avoid feeling it acutely.

One example must be given. Lord Elster—who was then ten years old, his little brother Reginald being four—did not seem well, and the

family medical man sent in a powder with the stereotyped direction "To be taken at bedtime." The two boys happened to be left alone in the nursery, the viscount sitting quietly in the warmth of the fire, close to the high wire fender, for he felt ill and shivering. Of course, child-like, he had the greatest possible aversion to medicine, and his busy thoughts were running upon how to avoid that detestable powder lying on the mantelpiece, in close proximity to the head nurse's jam pot. The nurse departed on her temporary absence, and a bright thought occurred to him.

"Regy," said he to his brother, taking down the pot, "look at this jam: isn't it nice? it's raspberry and currant."

Little Reginald bent over the tempting compound, and his mouth watered.

"I'll give it you every bit to eat before nurse comes back," continued the young lord, helping himself to a spoonful or two by way of augmenting the other's longing, "if you'll eat this first."

Reginald Elster cast a look upon the powder his brother exhibited, which was of a somewhat yellowish cast. "What is it?" lisped he, "something good?"

"Delicious. It's just come in from the sweetstuff shop. It's the sugar they use to candy their fruit with. Open your mouth—wide; that's not wide enough; stretch it out."

Reginald did as he was bid: he opened his mouth to its utmost width, and the viscount shot in the powder.

Now it happened to be that drug, familiarly known as "Dover's powder," particularly bitter and nauseous. The child found it so, and set up a succession of piercing shrieks, which arose the whole house. The nurse rushed in, and Lord and Lady Hartledon, both of whom were dressing for dinner, rushed in. There stood Reginald, coughing, choking, spitting, and roaring; and there sat my lord, devouring the last of the jam. With time and difficulty the facts were elicited from the younger child, and the elder scorned to deny them.

"What a wicked, treacherous, greedy Turk you must be!" ejaculated the nurse, who was often in hot water with the viscount.

"But Reginald need not have screamed so," testily interposed Lord Hartledon. "I thought one of them must be on fire. You naughty child, why did you scream?" he continued, giving Reginald a tap on the ear.

"Any child would have screamed at being so taken by surprise," said Lady Hartledon. "It is Edward who is in fault, not Reginald, and it is he who deserves punishment."

"And he should have it, if he were my son," muttered the nurse, under her breath, as she flounced off with the unhappy Reginald. "A great greedy boy, to swallow down every bit of the jam pot, and never give his dear little brother a taste, after poisoning him with that nasty powder!"

The viscount rose, and cast a look of defiance after the nurse. "The powder's good enough for him: he is nothing but a young brat, and I am Lord Elster."

Lady Hartledon felt provoked. Perhaps the reader would have been so, in her place. "What is that you say, Edward?" she asked, laying her hand upon his shoulder in reproof.

"Let me alone, mamma. He'll never be anything but Regy Elster, and powder is proper for him, and his grandpapa's an old parson. I shall be Earl of Hartledon, and jam's proper for me, and it's all fair that I should put upon him."

Lady Hartledon turned to her husband. "Is this to be suffered? Will you allow it to pass without correction?"

"He means nothing," said the earl: "do you, Edward, my boy?"

"Oh yes, papa, I mean what I say. I shall stand up for myself and Maude."

The earl made no remonstrance: he only drew the boy to him, with a gesture of affection.

Lady Hartledon, hurt almost to tears, quitted the room. But she had scarcely reached her own, when she remembered that she had left a brooch in the nursery, which she had been about to put in her dress when alarmed by the screams of Reginald. She went back for it, and stood almost confounded at what she saw. The earl, sitting down, had clasped his son in his arms, and was sobbing over him, loud, bitter sobs, such as man rarely gives vent to.

"Papa, Regy and the other two are not going to put me and Maude out of our places, are they? We are your own children, are we not?"

"Yes, yes, my boy, no one shall put you out," answered the earl, as he pressed passionate kisses on the boy's face; "I will stand by you for ever."

Lady Hartledon left her brooch where it was, and crept back to her room.

Presently the earl came in, the traces of emotion so far removed from his features that, had Lady Hartledon not known, she might not have observed them. She had dismissed her maid, and had sat down alone, indulging in bitter ruminations. The earl came up, and taking her hand, spoke in an affectionate tone.

"Anne, forgive me," he murmured, "if you felt what I said just now, or, rather, what I did not say, as a slight to you or our children. I did not intend it as such: but I cannot punish Edward."

"Why did you ever make me your wife?" sighed Lady Hartledon, drawing her hand away.

"Oh, Anne! do not you render me more wretched than I am, and begin to visit my sins upon me by coldness or reproaches."

"When I married you," she resumed, "I hoped that should other children be born to you, you would at least love them equally with your first: your behaviour to me then led me to expect it. What have my children done to you, that you should take this aversion to them?"

"Anne! Recal your good sense and your reason. I love your children; I have taken no aversion to them."

"It is scarcely worth while to say so to me, when your acts speak so differently. You are not commonly just to them."

The earl bent down and spoke in a low tone. "The danger is, Anne, that I should love your children better, far better, than Maude's. It would be so, under any other circumstances."

"Under what other circumstances? You speak obscurely."

"My life is a burden to me," was the unintelligible rejoinder of the earl: "do not you, my best and dearest, do not you increase it."

Lady Hartledon looked at him keenly, and spoke in a kinder tone. "I

have long thought that some grief is preying on your spirits: Percival, if I am indeed to you what I once was, let me share and soothe it."

"Now, Anne, do not take fancies. There's nothing to share or to soothe: what should there be?"

The answer was not propitiatory, and Lady Hartledon, checked and chilled, disdained to pursue the theme. "At least you should strive to treat the children with more *apparent* justice," she coldly observed, as she rose to go down to dinner.

"I am just; I wish to be just," broke forth the earl, in an impassioned tone, "but I cannot be severe with Edward and Maude."

Another powder was procured for Lord Elster, and amidst much fighting and resistance a part of it was got down his throat. Lady Hartledon was in his room the first thing in the morning.

"You look very hot, Edward," she said. "How do you feel?"

"My throat's sore, mamma, and my legs could not find a cold sheet all night. Feel my hand."

It was a child's answer, sufficiently expressive for one burning with fever. Lady Hartledon gave him some tea, and sent word to the doctor to make his visit as soon as possible.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the dowager, when Lady Hartledon descended to breakfast. "He did not seem very ill yesterday."

"I do not like his symptoms," observed Lady Hartledon: "I fear I know what they indicate."

"What do you fear, Anne?" hastily inquired the earl.

"Nay," answered she, "there is no need to infect you with my fears. I may be wrong. Mr. Brook will soon be here."

The dowager caught the word "infect," and applied it in a manner not thought of by Lady Hartledon. She rose up from her seat; her face turned pale in spite of the pearl powder on her nose and the carmine on her cheeks, and her teeth began to chatter.

"It's small-pox! If I have a horror of one calamity more than another, it's that dreadful, disfiguring small-pox. I know it's that, Lady Hartledon, and I would not stop in a house where it was for a hundred thousand pounds. I might catch it and be marked!"

The dowager commenced her war-dance. Lady Hartledon begged her to be composed, assuring her she did not think the symptoms to be those of the dreaded disorder.

"How should you know?" retorted the dowager—"how should anybody know? Have in Pepps directly."

"You had better compose yourself, ma'am, and eat your breakfast," said Lord Hartledon. "Old people, like you"—he had nearly committed himself—"like you and I, do not ordinarily take disorders from children."

"I can't be composed; I can't eat: who could, with this horror upon them? Is Pepps sent for?"

"No," said Lady Hartledon: "I have less confidence in Sir Alexander than I have in Mr. Brook."

"Confidence in that Brook!" uttered the dowager, "a common, over-worked apothecary! Never M.D.'d, never even knighted, never been to court, never anything! Elster's life may be in danger, and he is my grandchild, and I insist on Pepps being fetched to him."

"Very well," replied Lady Hartledon; and she wrote a note to Sir Alexander.

Mr. Brook was out when sent for, and Sir Alexander arrived first. Just the same pompous little man who had attended the late Countess of Hartledon, the same snow-white hair, and the same ebony cane with its silver head, which he was never seen without—there was a joke in the medical profession that he took it to bed with him. He looked at the child, asked a few bland questions of Lady Hartledon, and a few crabbed ones of the nurse, and wrote a prescription. He did not say what the illness might be: he was a man who never hazarded a premature opinion. As he was leaving the chamber, a servant accosted him.

"Lady Kirton wishes to see you, sir."

The countess dowager had been arming herself against infection: she had disposed of a pound of camphor amongst her gauzes, and she held a handkerchief, saturated with spirits of camphor, before her nose and mouth.

"Well, Pepps," cried she, dodging from him as he advanced, so as to keep a safe distance between them, "what is it?"

"I do not take upon myself to pronounce an opinion, Lady Kirton," rejoined the doctor, who was excessively irritated, and not for the first time in his life, at the dowager's want of ceremony towards him. "In the early stage of a disorder it can rarely be done with certainty."

"Now don't let us have any of that professional humbug, Pepps," rejoined her ladyship, speaking through the fumes of camphor. "You doctors know a common disorder as soon as you see it, only you think it looks wise not to say. Is it small-pox?"

"Not impossible."—The dowager gasped, and held the handkerchief closer.—"But I do not observe any symptoms of that malady developing themselves at present. I think I may say it is not small-pox."

"Good patience, Pepps! you'll frighten me into it. It is, and it isn't!—what do you mean? What is it, if it's not that?"

"I may be able to tell after a second visit. Good morning, Lady Kirton," said he, backing out. "Take care you don't do yourself an injury with too much camphor. It is exciting."

In a short period, Mr. Brook arrived. When he had seen the child and was alone with Lady Hartledon, she explained that the countess dowager had wished Sir Alexander Pepps called in, and showed him the prescription just written. He read it and laid it down.

"My lady," said he, "I must venture to disagree with that prescription. Lord Elster's symptoms are those of scarlet fever, and it would be unwise to administer it. Sir Alexander stands of course much higher than I do in the profession, but my practice with children is larger than his."

"I feared it was scarlet fever," answered Lady Hartledon. "What is to be done? I have every confidence in you, Mr. Brook, and were Lord Elster my own child, I should know how to act. Do you think it would be dangerous to give him this prescription? You may speak to me confidentially."

"Not dangerous, my lady: it is a prescription that will do no harm and no good. I suspect Sir Alexander could not detect the nature of the illness, and wrote this merely to gain time. It is not an infrequent custom so to do. In my opinion, not an hour should be lost in giving him a far more efficacious medicine: early treatment is everything in scarlet fever."

Lady Hartledon had been rapidly making up her mind. "Send in what you think right to be taken immediately," she said, "and meet Sir Alexander here in consultation later."

Another servant was on the watch for Mr. Brook, and conducted him to the dowager, whose handkerchief had just received a fresh saturation.

"Now, Brook," cried she, sharply, "speak up. What is it?"

"Madam," was his reply, "I think it will turn out to be scarlet fever."

The dowager shrieked and backed against the wall. "I have never had it, I have never had it! Oh, mercy, that's a thing that kills people. What on earth possessed you to find out that it was that?" she added, irascibly, turning her consternation on Mr. Brook.

"I am sorry to have had no other alternative, your ladyship," cried Mr. Brook.

"For goodness' sake, man, go away: don't stop here to infect me. Scarlet fever!"

Scarlet fever it turned out to be, and in a very few hours Lord Elster was in imminent danger, the throat being the chief part affected. The house was in commotion, and the dowager worse than anybody in it. A complication of fears beset her: first was her own terror of taking the disorder, and next was the little less abject dread, that death might remove *her* grandchild, and so exalt little Reginald into Viscount Elster and future Earl of Hartledon. The dowager, in this latter fear, lost her caution, and was like a woman possessed: she braved infection, and rushed into the presence of the doctors, the fumes of camphor scenting the whole house.

Sir Alexander Pepps recommended leeches to the throat: Mr. Brook disapproved of them. "It is the one chance now for his life," said Sir Alexander.

"It is removing nearly all chance for it," said Mr. Brook.

"I dread leeches to the throat, Sir Alexander," interposed Lady Hartledon, "if you will pardon me for saying so. I have twice seen them applied in scarlet fever, and the patients, one a young lady, the other a child, in both cases died."

"My lady, I have given my opinion," curtly returned the physician. "They are necessary in Lord Elster's case."

"I do not say the leeches will kill him," interposed Mr. Brook, "but I am sure they will render the danger greater."

The countess appealed to her husband. "It is you, Lord Hartledon, who must decide which course shall be pursued."

"I'm sure I don't know," returned the earl, who never had an opinion of his own in his life; "I am not a doctor. Can't you decide, Anne; you know more about children than I do."

"I would do so without the hesitation of a moment, were it my own child," she replied. "I would not allow them to be put on."

"No, you would rather see him die," interrupted the dowager, who overheard the words, and most intemperately and unjustifiably answered them: "you have not forgotten that your son would then be Viscount Elster."

How was it possible for Lady Hartledon to interfere after that speech? Sir Alexander had it all his own way, and the leeches were applied, four

on either side the throat, Mr. Brook emphatically asserting that he "washed his hands" of the measure. Before they came off, the consequences were apparent: the throat was swollen outwards, on both sides, as large as an egg; and, within, it appeared to be closing.

Sir Alexander saw his error. "There must be something peculiar in Lord Elster's constitution," he muttered: "it would not have happened in another." Of course anything wrong always is in the "constitution;" never in the treatment. All that could be done was, to endeavour to counteract the mischief by external applications.

Evening came on. Lady Hartledon, Mr. Brook, and the nurse sat by the child, who was lying with his eyes half closed, and breathing with difficulty. Lady Hartledon saw a sudden change for the worse appear in his countenance.

"Oh, my poor Edward!" she uttered, mentally. "Is hope leaving us?" she breathed in the surgeon's ear.

The surgeon rose and leaned over the bed. "My lady, I cannot be sure: I fear it has left. Would not Lord Hartledon like to see him?"

The countess softly left the room and encountered Hedges, who was coming, for the fiftieth time, to inquire after him, sent by the earl. The earl had not been near the child for hours; he had paced, without intermission, the apartments below, despatching Hedges incessantly for news. Lady Hartledon entered the library and approached him.

"Percival," she said, controlling her own tears, not to distress him, "I bring you no good tidings."

The earl took her hand within his arm and drew her along with him in his striding, his eyes fixed, as before, on the carpet. He made no other answer.

"Do not grieve as those who are without hope," she said, her tears breaking forth; "he will be in a far better world, and you will join him some time. I know it is a hard moment to enjoin resignation; but what else can I do?"

"Has death come?" asked the earl.

"Not yet; but Mr. Brook fears it is very near. Will you come and see him?"

Lord Hartledon stopped, and clasped his hands together in a reverent attitude.

"Thank Heaven!" he fervently ejaculated. "What a relief!"

"You misunderstood me," interrupted the countess, much distressed that it should be so. "I did not say he was better."

"I understood you to say he was dying—to imply that he was all but gone."

"Yes, I did say so," she returned, wonderingly.

"Then I thank Heaven for its great mercy."

Lady Hartledon staggered back from her husband, and stared at him in dismay, firmly believing that the grief had turned his brain. The earl divined her fears.

"You think I am mad, Anne. I am less so than I have been for years. With my boy's death the inward fever is abating: it has been racking me all this while."

Her face became blanched with terror. Madness had undoubtedly overtaken Lord Hartledon.

READINGS IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

DE SACY: "VARIÉTÉS LITTÉRAIRES."*

It is upwards of thirty years since M. de Sacy became connected with the *Journal des Débats*. He has laboured at one kind of labour, he tells us, his whole life long. He has written newspaper articles, and nothing else. And his labours have been confined to the *Journal des Débats* alone. In four words, *voilà toute son histoire*.

He never dreamed of writing a book, he goes on to say, in his charming Preface to this collection of reprinted Essays. Neither his tastes, nor his turn of mind, nor the strength of his "tempérament" perhaps, led him toward studies that are fit only for long-winded students. He has been an immense writer, day after day, forgetting yesterday's article in preparing to-morrow's, nor ever foreseeing that a moment would arrive when he should have a fancy for collecting certain of these fugitive pages, in order to compose a something less ephemeral, to which he might, as now he does, attach his name.

Criticism was but a secondary occupation with M. de Sacy during the first twenty of these thirty years. From the month of February, 1828, when he joined the *Journal des Débats*, to that of December, 1848, his main business was political polemics, which formed his daily work and his daily anxiety. During those twenty years, there was no discussion of any public importance in which he did not take part. "Vie laborieuse et dévorante," he may well call it, "qui use les plus forts, pour peu qu'ils aient de délicatesse dans la conscience et de sensibilité dans l'âme!" It is a sort of perpetual improvisation, this life of the journalist, which consumes and exhausts his talent, without offering him other reward than the success of a day, and the esteem of a moment. And yet a noble life, M. de Sacy maintains, whatever may be thought and said of it in the present day—referring, of course, to his own land. No waste of talent after all, he affirms, if that talent be devoted to patriotic uses—if it be to the love of justice and right that its labours and watchings are consecrated. "For my part," he says, "when I take a review of these forgotten leaves, in which for twenty years I have recorded my daily sentiments and opinions, I find again in them my then ardent emotions; my heart beats again as I read them; my whole existence seems to be unrolling itself before me. Here I see the day when I joined the *Journal des Débats*, a very young man, and a very inexperienced one, but desirous, for all that, of taking part in the constitutional struggles of the time, and of contributing by my pen to the support of the Charter and the throne. Here I see the first article I hazarded, trembling as I did so, in that journal which from the beginning of this century had been so distinguished by its critical ability—the criticisms of Geoffroy,

* Variétés littéraires, morales et historiques. Par M. S. de Sacy, de l'Académie française. Paris: Didier. 1858.

and Dussault, and Hoffmann, and Feletz—and which had just gained still greater celebrity from its prolonged conflicts with M. de Villèle, crowned by the electoral triumphs of 1827; in that journal to which, moreover, M. de Salvandy, M. Villemain, M. de Chateaubriand were contributing. Before my article was given to the public, it had to be submitted to the inspection of the chief editor, M. Bertin aîné, and of his brother, M. Bertin de Vaux, at that period one of the most influential members in the Chamber of Deputies,—both of them charming you as much by their affability and the *grace de leur accueil*, as they daunted you by the exactness and vivacity of their *esprit*, their consummate experience, and the clear strong terseness of their language. M. Bertin the elder had something more serious and imposing in his looks, M. Bertin de Vaux something more lively and piercing. They both inspired me with a feeling of fear mingled with gratitude and affection, nor could I breathe freely as long as I saw them reading in a low voice the first essays of my pen. The judgment of the public was far less alarming to me."

It is easy to believe that 1828, the year of his début, is a memorable one to M. de Sacy. M. de Martignac was minister, and was supported by the *Journal des Débats*, then at the height of its influence and renown. Our author expresses his entire conviction that in supporting M. de Martignac to the last—and this minister, he thinks, only wanted, perhaps, a little more decision and vigour of character, to have saved the Restoration—he and his collaborateurs did their plain duty towards the king and towards France. "It is one of the souvenirs of my life for which I honour and upon which I congratulate myself the most. I am happy not to have made my début as a journalist in the ranks of the opposition. I love constituted authority, love it from judgment and taste; I have always defended it with pleasure; I have never attacked it without regret, and almost remorse. It is, to my thinking, so little to be envied! we owe so much gratitude to those who are good enough to charge themselves with the horrible burden of governing others!"

In two out of three Parisian journalists, this might read like irony. But M. de Sacy is simple and serious in his protestations. His retrospect of 1828 leaves him a clear conscience, as a champion of the monarchy. The year 1830, that "sombre and memorable year," leaves him not quite so easy in his mind, though the nation had but too much reason on its side against the monarch—and *Malheureuse France! Malheureux roi!* was the cry of the *Journal des Débats* on the very day of M. de Polignac's elevation to power. During the eleven months that elapsed between the fall of Martignac and that of Charles X., the *Débats* was unremitting in its warnings and remonstrances. But the Glorious Days found and left M. de Sacy, at least, in no rapture of vain-glory. His pen, he hopes, had done the state some service, and therefore the ousted Bourbons some disservice. "Nevertheless, it is a heavy responsibility to have taken part in a revolution, however feeble that part may have been." For his part, legitimate and necessary as he reckons the revolution of 1830, the main impression it leaves on his mind appears to be one of profound repugnance to that resort to force, which ensures victory to a cause only at the cost of its purity, and stigmatises right itself with a something of violence and brutality which is

never effaced. Applying, or adjusting, these principles to the new régime, M. de Sacy did his best, for seventeen years together, to strengthen the hands of Louis Philippe, and to check the excesses of democratic licence.

For seventeen years he bore the burden and heat of the day. Not that he claims a chieftain's place, or assumes a commander's title; for he modestly styles himself "obscur soldat de la presse," who "assisted," however, at every battle that was fought, and discharged his piece in every encounter, and stood firm at his post, without a wish to be promoted, and only too happy to march under leaders who "would have continued invincible had they but continued united." Of the editors and contributors with whom he had cast in his lot, M. de Sacy writes in a tone of admiration as generous as it is rare. After again paying homage to the "incomparable good sense" of the brothers Bertin, he speaks of the same spirit as perpetuated in their successors, M. Armand Bertin, too soon snatched away from those who loved him, and M. Edouard Bertin, "who at the present time so worthily fills his brother's place." Among the *rédacteurs*, properly so called, M. Saint-Marc Girardin "held unquestionably the first rank. I followed him, devoting myself to the long discussions and fatigues of newspaper polemics. Others came at a later period, who are sufficiently known to the public. It will be enough to name M. Cuvillier-Fleury, M. Alloury, M. Michel Chevalier, M. John Lemoine." M. de Sacy's modesty admits, however, that the bulk of the business, "if he may be allowed that expression"—*le gros de la besogne*—fell to his share. He had to go to the Chambers, and for long hours "assist" at those "heroic tiltings of the tribune," with mind on the full stretch, and heart at fever heat; then, in the evening, to seize his pen, retrace the sitting with rapid strokes, and reproduce its political meaning and its oratorical effect for the public at large. Nights of agitation, he continues, followed these days of emotion. "It was never with sang-froid that I could be present at a great parliamentary debate. I shuddered indignantly with Casimir Périer. A discourse by M. Guizot, by M. Thiers, or by the Duc de Broglie, moved me to my inmost soul. Even after I had finished writing, I only regained my tranquillity by slow degrees. Then again I had to reply to the other journals, nearly all of which were opposed to us; to defend the revolution and the dynasty of July against the legitimists, the throne against the republicans, the government policy against the opposition; but too happy when we did not meet in this opposition with names that were dear to us, with friends whom we could not attack without regret, and whom we did not wound without also wounding ourselves." M. de Sacy then proceeds to show what endless work this polemical journalism was—how, one question disposed of, a hundred others succeeded, equally capable of vexing, and with equal claims to be vexed. After the hereditary peerage question came that of electoral reform; after the laws of September, the long debates on the celebrated maxim: "Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas;" after the Paris fortifications, the envenomed dispute about the University and the Jesuits, and the thousand incidental politics of the day; to say nothing of great crises, émeutes, attempts on the life of the king, changes of ministry, and general elections. "Not a day of relaxation, not a moment of rest. Our hands never dropped the pen. I had

determined within myself to remain *sur la brèche*. And there I did remain to the very last. The banquets of 1848 found me at my post. That, alas! was my final campaign. During those last months, not a day passed but our warning cries apprised the country of the danger so near at hand." M. de Sacy is more and more convinced, with the progress of time, and by the course of events, of the wisdom and justice of the Citizen-King's reign. "Plus le temps a marché, plus les événements ont justifié la politique et la mémoire de Louis-Philippe." Faults of detail, in a reign of seventeen years, will weigh as nothing, he contends, with an impartial posterity, against seventeen years of the "mildest, most just, and most liberal" of governments. His heart warms within him, yet sickens and grows faint, as he recalls the days when Louis Philippe was king.

—Ah, woful when!

Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!

His contrast of Past with Present is worthy of so loyal an Orleanist, unflattering enough to the powers that be. His lament over the fallen dynasty is vented in a longing lingering strain, which malice and Bonapartism might compare to the "Och hone, jewel, why did ye die?" of Irish affliction. "It is fallen, that government! they have not lasted, those institutions, gained after so much trouble, defended with so much sweat of the brow! What remains of it all, to-day? And what remains, too, of the Empire? what remains of so many victories, of the blood poured out on so many battle-fields? An immortal souvenir is what remains, and this souvenir is the glory and the strength of France; it is her defence and her rampart; for, by what she has done, the world can judge of what she would do again. What remains of the thirty years of constitutional monarchy? a not less glorious souvenir, which has left and will leave—happen what may, and without prejudice to the future—its deep trace in the mind and morals of France." "I know not what God reserves for France, but it will be a long time ere the *verbiage parlementaire*, as the phrase now is, be sufficiently forgotten for a real despotism, a real tyranny, the despotism of one man or the tyranny of the multitude, to have any chance of establishing itself and becoming permanent with us."

So much for politics, retrospective or prospective. From the present collection of Essays the author has excluded his polemical contributions to that department, though he seems to hint at his readiness, should France be "curious to know what was going on for the seventeen years" aforesaid, to extract from *cette polémique oubliée*, with becoming precaution in the selection, a history of the constitutional monarchy of July, as it existed day after day—"a history which at least would have the merit of being the expression, all warm with life, of the emotions of the moment." But the "*Variétés*" now before us belong to a calmer sphere. And if we have called M. de Sacy's Preface "charming," it was chiefly with reference to the genial freshness of feeling which pervades his literary allusions. Thirty years he has been writing critiques for the daily press, and still he revels with the enthusiasm of youth in the pleasures of literature. In the silence that suddenly followed the long and heated polemics of the *Débats*, he found in literary pursuits his daily

occupation, refuge, and unfailing solace. *Ces douces études*, he says, which for twenty years had only been, for him, an *aimable distraction*, now absorbed him entirely, and made him *so* happy! Assuredly, he gives us his own word for it (if we choose to take it), he is neither a great critic nor a great scholar; but he loves literature, loves it with passion; the feeling was, if he may say so, born with him. "Go back as far as I may in my reminiscences, I cannot find the time when I was not ravished and transported by the sight merely of a good book, much more by the reading of it." He despairs of ever being able to tell all the charm his life has owed to this taste for literature—what strength he has drawn from it against despondency and ennui—how often an hour's reading, a single hour's, has reanimated him and made him himself again. He gives an instance or two, however, of these his experiences of the consolations of literature.

Thus, in the early years of the July monarchy, in "those years of émeutes which already cast so gloomy a light on the future," he recalls the delight with which, of an evening, shut up in his humble room, he opened a volume of the "Letters" of Madame de Sévigné. "It was the first time I had read them through. By degrees my mind was tranquillised; an indescribable feeling of delicious freshness found its way into my inmost soul. I forgot the times I lived in; I almost believed myself the friend and table-companion of the society *des Rochers*." So again twenty years later, after the revolution of 1848, "at the end of those long evenings during which the whole city of Paris seemed transformed into an immense *forum*, when the last of the three clubs of the Institut had at last closed its tribune, and even the voice of the newspaper-criers was no longer to be heard, how happy was I in finding myself once more with Horace or Montaigne, and passing a quiet hour with them! In better times, I used never to go to the Chambers without arming myself with a little volume, as an ever-ready resource against the ennui of waiting, or the worse ennui of listening to that useless babbling by which every serious discussion is preceded. When the fine weather came, my book was my companion in long walks: I opened it, or did not open it; I had it with me. Too frequently, perhaps, I abused the sunshine and my eyes, forgetful that this pleasure of reading, which seems of all pleasures the purest and most innocent, has, like others, its excesses, and that these are no less severely punished than the rest."

M. de Sacy's tastes in literature are, confessedly, of an exclusive kind. He has never had the time to read as much as he would—who indeed has?—and what time he had, he devoted rather to re-perusals of standard works than to making acquaintance with the books of the day. "There is a host of books, very good of their kind, I have no doubt, with which everybody is familiar, and with which I shall never become acquainted. It is a misfortune, perhaps; but, in spite of myself and by an instinct over which I have no control, my hand invariably goes searching *toute seule*, in a library, for the books that children already know by heart: a Boileau, a Corneille, a Racine, a La Fontaine, a La Bruyère, a Pascal, a Bossuet." These being M. de Sacy's predilections, it follows of course that when he has to report, as critic, on some contemporary publication, it is with his *goûts antiques* that he reads and appraises it. A book is

more or less good, in his scale of excellence, according as it approaches to, or recedes from, the old models : he has no more idea of two kinds of beauty in literature, than of two kinds of good in morals.

The method adopted by the critics of old, was, as M. de Sacy understands and exercises it, to take the book as a book, and appraise it as a work of art, submitting it to the unchangeable laws of the beautiful and the true. And there was this advantage, he reckons, in such a method—that a book once pronounced good, had a fair prospect of never losing the place assigned it by the public voice, and ran no risk of being generally forgotten six months after everybody had read it.

The opposite method is, to take the book, and, instead of *ne chercher que le livre lui-même* in it, to make it reveal what sort of author has written it, the character of his intellect, the turn of his imagination, without subjecting him or his work to any principle, or fixed rule, whatever. All that is required of him is, to have talent enough, fantasies and tours de force enough, to keep the reader amused. Here is an author, say, whose style is hard, bizarre, laboured. *Que voulez-vous?* it's his manner. Another has no more respect for decency than for diction ; the cynicism of his pictures is revolting ; he goes beyond all bounds with the lasciviousness of his phrases and his thoughts. *Que voulez-vous?* it's his manner. And this mode of judging—which M. de Sacy would characterise as a sort of literary pantheism—is what he believes to be most in vogue. It, too, is not without its advantage, he allows—that of saving many a book from immediate shipwreck, and at least securing them a momentary recognition. But he insists on its inconvenience as well—which is, that a book passes away and is done with like a mode de toilette, and that the book more read than any other to-day is not sure of being more forgotten than any other within a pitifully short time. Time tries all ; it has tried, and found wanting, a heap of Mysteries of Paris, and a whole tribe of Wandering Jews ; it is trying—the transition may be abrupt—the powers of endurance of an Uncle Tom, and the expansive capacities, limited or illimitable, of a Wide, Wide World.

As we have said, it is the former of these two methods that M. de Sacy approves in theory and emulates in practice. And yet, hardly so, if we are to take him literally as he judges himself—for he disclaims any title to the rank of a critical authority, with canons of criticism, and a defined system of judicature. He would unhesitatingly adopt the former method, he says, "*si je voulais m'ériger en juge.*" But he declares himself neither to have, nor ever to have had, any such pretension ; and so he leaves others to their tastes, on the condition of their leaving him to his ; and he is quite willing to let them read and admire whatever they please, provided only they do not compel him to share in the reading and the admiration. After such an exposition of his predilections, so counter to those of the age, and marked by a sort of ingenuous indolence, that would rather check than raise expectations, our author will hardly look for a mob of readers, or his publishers prepare for a rush. Nevertheless there is a sufficiently large public, with whom the "old-fashioned" and the "exclusive" find favour to this hour—if indeed a reaction have not set in, tending forcibly in that direction—to ensure these volumes much "distinguished consideration," and probably induce their amiable and accomplished author to cull fresh "varieties" from his ample stores.

He distributes the miscellanies now published into three classes—literary, moral, and historical. The date of each article is given, and many a jump we have to take, backwards and forwards, as far as mere chronology goes. Thus "Chateaubriand" is thirty years old, "Cicero" hardly six. "Villemain" appeared in 1838, "Amyot" in 1852. An interval of ten years separates two articles on La Bruyère. "Victor Cousin" belongs to 1829, "Bacon et Descartes" to 1834, "Joubert" to 1842. Saint-Marc Girardin was discussed three-and-twenty years since, and Jules Janin five. The age of two *études* placed in juxtaposition, differs occasionally some fifteen or twenty years. But as the author's tastes and opinions and style have never undergone any fundamental revolution, there is nothing of glaring discrepancy between this *étude* and that, whatever the difference in their ages.

His study on Amyot contains an interesting review of French translations in general.* In the time of old Amyot himself, who lived out four-score years of the sixteenth century, the apparent aim of a translator was, simply to enable the unlearned to enjoy some sort of acquaintance with the ancient classics. Translators at that period did not translate for savants—to whom translations were superfluous. Still less did they pretend to rival their models in eloquence and genius: any such pretension they would have disclaimed as the height of impiety. So, too, in the present day, our translators do not appear to regard themselves as Virgils or Ciceros. Long ago, it would seem, has the hope been renounced of transferring the genius of a great writer from one language to another. It is not for the illiterate that translations are now written. The illiterate care little enough, now-a-days, to make the acquaintance of Virgil or Homer. If they read anything, they read the last new novel. The very boldest—we are following M. de Sacy's reckoning—do not go further back than Racine or Molière. Translations are written, then, for those who are supposed to understand the idioms of antiquity, and to whom a translation is welcome as saving them a portion of their trouble when they are obliged to read the ancients.

But between Amyot's age and our own, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a very different idea of translation was formed, and put into practice. The translator quite gravely set himself to produce what should equal his author, though that author might be Cicero or Demosthenes—and not only to equal him, but, as M. de Sacy continues, "what is still more surprising, to surpass, by dint of correcting, him. Perrot d'Ablancourt, the celebrated Perrot d'Ablancourt, so highly esteemed by the connoisseurs of his time—and it was already the time of Corneille and Pascal—cut away fearlessly from his master and superior in those translations of his which have been surnamed *Les belles infidèles*. As the fancy took him, he added to, or took away from, Lucian's wit, in order to make him worthier of appearing before the French reader. Sometimes he abridged, sometimes he paraphrased. The style of Tacitus he considered too grave—so he enlivened it, *l'égayait* is his own expression, by the finest flowers of French gallantry. If Tacitus in one place energetically says, when speaking of the terrible look put on by certain peoples to dismay their enemies, *Nam primi in acie vincuntur oculi*—Perrot d'Ablan-

* Pp. 17 sq.

court's translation is, 'Car les yeux sont vaincus les premiers en guerre comme en amour.' With corrections of this sort, Tacitus was sure to be well received in all the *ruelles*. Great was the naïveté of Perrot d'Ablancourt's belief in his perfect right to take such liberties, and to treat antiquity at large as a conquered territory. And observe, once more, that this was in the seventeenth century *en plein*, in an age when the ancients were still idolised, almost under the eyes of Racine and Boileau ! I tremble to say it : but did not Racine himself, when occasionally *affadissant* in his tragedies the personages he borrowed from the Greek drama, believe that he was embellishing them ? Was it not to *égayer* the Hippolytus of Euripides that he gave him a mistress ? Though a man of genius, beyond all doubt, was he not here acting the Perrot d'Ablancourt ?

"However that may be, the idea of translating, not with a view to assist ignorance or half-knowledge, but to 'transfer into our language the beauties of Greek and Latin genius,' and to give us French Homers and Horaces, was for nearly two centuries the idea and the pretension of the innumerable race of translators. It is no great time ago since good M. Binet, one of the last translators of Virgil and Horace, a worthy man and an excellent professor, exerted himself to render in his dragging prose the sublime beauties of the two Latin poets, and flattered himself that he had been tolerably successful. The only kind of scruple he had—as may be seen in his prefaces—was with respect to certain audacities of style to which he believed himself entitled, and Heaven knows what these pretended audacities are ! *Ces braves gens* forgot that in order to translate, according to their idea of translation, the orators and poets of antiquity, the genius of Bossuet and of Racine would be none too much. Nevertheless translators multiplied, and enjoyed a vast reputation. It was an easy way of getting a benefice, a pension, a chair in the Academy, to produce a translation which would not, at the present day, procure the translator an under-clerkship in a public office." Under Francis I., and his successors, all great amateurs in ancient literature, the translator's profession was almost an official post, with a *charge du palais*. Amyot was Bishop of Auxerre and grand almoner of France. True it is that to the merit of having translated Plutarch with prodigious success, he joined that of having been the preceptor of those two unfortunate kings, the last of their race, Charles IX. and Henry III. But last century even, in the reign of Voltaire, l'Abbé Colin, with his mediocre translation of Cicero on Oratory, and le Père Dotteville, with his bad translation of Tacitus, wrote themselves into repute. A translation used to be promised ten years in advance, as a poem or a history is now. Patru, whom Boileau cites as one of France's best authors, worked for thirty years at a translation of Cicero's oration *pro Archiâ poetâ*.

Of this thirty years' labour M. de Sacy remarks, in another of his Essays, that Patru was wrong on two accounts—for bestowing thirty years on a translation, and for supposing that with thirty years of *travail* he, Patru, would come to equal Cicero.

Who reads Patru now ? the modern French critic asks the modern French public. What indeed has become of all those translators of whom their own time made so much ? Who reads the Tacitus of Perrot d'Ablancourt, the Horace of Dacier, the Quintus-Curtius of Vaugelas ? All the

predecessors and contemporaries of Amyot are fallen into cold oblivion, or nearly so—disturbed in their dusty repose only by a few amateurs and *curieux*, whose dealing is with old stores. Amyot alone continues popular. His Plutarch is still the Plutarch of the French public. Not only do they read him, but they love him—and *voilà* just three centuries that this popularity has lasted without interruption. He is rightly honoured, and affectionately, as the father of French prose.

In an essay on "Henry Stephens," M. de Sacy panegyrises La Boëtie's translation of the *Economics*—"or, to use his own language, the *Ménagerie*"—of Xenophon, as a "delicious little book, in which I think Xenophon would contemplate himself with pleasure. If we had the whole of Xenophon translated in such a manner as this, Amyot would run great risk of losing the first rank among our translators of Greek into French."

M. de Sacy always writes genially of the old authors of those times. Etienne Pasquier, for instance, and his "Complete Works"—comprised in *deux gros volumes in-folio*—may now have scarcely a student; and yet the works and the man, our critic maintains, have an originality of character, a greenness (*verdeur*), and piquancy, not to be found in the more prim and precise authors of the following century. There is something of Rabelais, he says, in all those sixteenth-century personages, even the soberest of them—something, that is to say, of *la malice gauloise*, a singular freedom of thought, a stock of independence that will assert its rights against all comers. And there is something, too, of Montaigne in them, as regards their imaginative turn, their vivacity of style, and a certain personal imprint which they leave in even their slightest works.

It is a singular thing, M. de Sacy observes, that while Ronsard and his school gave themselves a world of trouble to make a French language that should be all Greek, and only managed, with their pedantic inventions, to dishonour their talents, and render themselves unreadable—on the other hand, Henry Stephens, the most learned Grecian perhaps of his age, the decipherer of ancient manuscripts, in one word the author of the glossary of the Greek language, furnished the thoroughly French type of the political pamphlet in his "Apology for Herodotus" (that lively and pungent satire on the clergy, the first model of the "Provincial Letters"), and in his "Wondrous Discourse of the Life and Actions of Catherine de Medicis." The reason assigned is, that Henry Stephens had a healthy taste and correct judgment, while in Ronsard, despite his poetical verve, they were both utterly false. In point of style, Henry Stephens belonged to the good old school, the school of Rabelais and Marot. "Henri Estienne est le vrai bourgeois savant et moqueur du seizième siècle."

Assuredly no one admires more than M. de Sacy does, by his own showing, the Age of Louis XIV., with its *grande police*, literary, political, and religious; he admires the calm, the order, which then reigned in the literary mind, the majestic regularity then supreme in literature at large—in all of which he recognises, let sceptics say what they will, the "influence of the great king." The eighteenth century recommends itself, he says, by claims of another kind: four great names, those of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Montesquieu, and Buffon, place it almost on a level with the Age of Louis XIV.: but he confesses his reluctance to class in the third rank, below these two, that fertile and fervid sixteenth century,

which was the age of Budæus, and the Stephenses, and the Scaligers, and Rabelais, and Amyot, and Montaigne, and ever so many more. Free and lofty was the intellect of that age; character was perhaps of a more muscular formation than it has ever been since. "When I am reading Henry Stephens, I feel no great temptation to go to Voltaire for more esprit and finesse, or, for more solidity, to the learned authors of the grammars of Port-Royal."

There is nothing like what can be called a "slashing article" in all M. de Sacy's collection. He is always urbane, temperate, and benign. His *Variétés*, however, are varied to hit all tastes; skipping deftly from Chateaubriand to Constant, from Bossuet to Rochefoucauld, from the Pulpit to the Bar, from Abelard to Anselm, from Sallust to the Cæsars, from Rationalism to Rome.

In his review, eight-and-twenty years since, of Benjamin Constant's *Mélanges de Littérature*, M. de Sacy described it as the fault "de ces sortes de publications d'échapper à l'analyse par leur variété même." His own *Variétés* pertain to this "faulty" category. "Ces brusques transitions," to adopt his own words, "rompent l'attention." "Un morceau nuit à l'autre, et le chasse en quelque sorte de la mémoire." But we may also adopt what he afterwards says, of the same collection, and apply it to that now published by himself: "A Dieu ne plaise* cependant que je veuille faire un reproche à M. Benjamin Constant de nous avoir donné ce volume de *Mélanges*. Il y aurait de l'ingratitude de ma part." Three-and-twenty years ago, in a critique upon Saint-Marc Girardin's *Miscellanies*, our author proposed the passing a law in the republic of letters—as a check on the "growing evil" of publishing fragmentary essays—that whosoever thenceforth should publish his "*Mélanges politiques*,

* While adopting the spirit of this amende honorable, we may be excused from including every phrase in it. *A Dieu ne plaise* is a very frequent expression with M. de Sacy, and from its frequency, if for no better reason, an unpleasing one. His pages would lose nothing by losing five-sixths of the notes of admiration with which they bristle, and which mount guard, and present arms, with fussy obtrusiveness, at the end of passages innumerable; and they would gain, in English estimates, by a clean riddance of every "Dieu le sait," and "à Dieu ne plaise," and "Dieu me garde," in the entire collection. "Mon Dieu!" is exclaimed on very slight provocations. "Mon Dieu! nous n'aurons jamais assez de reconnaissance pour ces grands hommes!" "Grand Dieu, qui nous rendra . . . la phrase courte et nette de Voltaire!" "Ces faiblesses, mon Dieu! qui nous sont plus ou moins communes à tous." "Il [Jules Janin] est, mon Dieu! ce que vous n'êtes pas, messieurs les imitateurs, un caractère, un talent original." "Mon Dieu! il est tout naturel," &c. "Bon Dieu! que d'ouvrages oubliés," &c. "Ah! bon Dieu! j'allais oublier les romans de chevalerie," &c. "Ces changements, c'est peu de chose, mon Dieu!" "Mon Dieu! Pascal n'est pas un de ces auteurs dangereux," &c. "Bon Dieu, que les temps changent!" "Mon Dieu! qu'il est difficile d'écrire à notre époque l'histoire de ces vieux temps!" "Mon Dieu! que nous sommes devenus sages!" "Ah! mon Dieu, quelle conclusion!"

In one of his Essays, speaking of children and their notions of the Supreme Being, M. de Sacy remarks: "Le mot de Dieu ne porte peut-être pas à leur esprit une idée très-nette; ils n'y songent guère." (I. 214.) May we for once, and out of pure good-will, classify him with *les enfans*, for reasons foregoing?

At any rate, though we cannot apply to him a sentence of his own on the author of *Les Césars*, "Dieu merci, ces taches sont rares dans M. de Champigny," he will allow us to appropriate, with entire sincerity, the sentence next ensuing: "Je ne les relève que parce qu'elles déparent son style et qu'il serait aisé de les faire disparaître." (II. 177.)

littéraires, ou philosophiques," should be "frappé de mort littéraire," and declared incapable of ever again appearing in print. For those who could do better, this, he argued, would be the just punishment of their idleness, or rather a salutary warning against allowing themselves to be seduced by the "brilliant facility" of such compositions. Of others, he would say nothing; "for the chief, if not the only merit of these collections is to show that the author might do much better if he would, and that he is far superior to his work." But now, M. de Sacy being an older man, and guilty of two thick volumes of Literary Varieties, the case is altered. The "growing evil" has grown prodigiously since that law was proposed by him. But his present report of it is, *Voilà une loi bien rigoureuse!* "I was very young when I urged its promulgation, and little thought that I too was one day to publish *des mélanges*. I am more indulgent, now, towards others, and towards myself." We will not inquire whether this indulgence is traceable, Wordsworth-wise, to

Years that bring the philosophic mind—

or merely exemplifies afresh Pope's shrewd suggestion (rhyming so conveniently too), that

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA IN A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.*

THERE are few campaigns on record in which the belligerents suffered so much by natural causes superadded to the eventualities of war as in the expedition to Turkey and the Crimea. Walcheren will ever have a gloomy notoriety in our military annals, and the memory of the snows of Russia and Poland will cause the French to shudder for centuries hence. But there was a complication of evils in the Crimean campaign which may truly be said to have had no precedent.

The countries in which the troops were first quartered, and that in which a fearful war was afterwards waged, are naturally most healthy. The sun is hot in summer, and the winters are extremely cold; but, as M. Baudens himself says, "The climate of the Crimea, with the exception of a few marshy localities, the improvement of which would be very easy, is of remarkable salubrity. Putting aside the cantonments which the necessities for defence exposed to the malarious influences of the Tchernaya, everything was in an excellent hygienic situation. The summer heats, tempered by the sea breezes, seldom exceeded what is met with in the south of France."

* La Guerre de Crimée, les Campements, les Abris, les Ambulances, les Hôpitaux, etc. etc. Par M. L. Baudens, Inspecteur, Membre du Conseil de Santé des Armées, etc.

Precisely the same might be said, with the exception of portions of the valley and delta of the Danube, of the marshes of the Dubrudja, and of certain other lacustrine and paludine regions of a very local character, of Turkey in Europe.

Yet were the French and English armies scourged almost from the onset by that most fearful of all diseases—malignant cholera. Wherever they went, fever, with diarrhœa and dysentery, followed in their train. During the long and heroic siege of Sebastopol, scurvy came to augment the ravages of war and disease, and lastly typhus broke out, from the crowding of men and disregard to cleanliness, with a violence that at one time almost threatened the total annihilation of the French army.

The sufferings and privations which the British had to undergo were trumpeted forth by the loud blast of a free press; and none will now regret that it was so, however humiliating the confession of our deficiencies may have been at the time, and whatever foolish misconceptions they may have given rise to as to the inferiority of the English in the field in comforts, ingenuity, and appliances. The report of that mismanagement and incapacity aroused the whole country; not to have remedied such, as far as possible, would have entailed the angry indignation of all parties and sects. Comforts, means, appliances of all kinds and descriptions, were hurried off to those in whose keeping we had placed our national honour, and delicate, even high-bred ladies went forth on the Christian mission of tending to the sick and soothing the last moments of the dying. It was a most gratifying spectacle, worthy of being enshrined in our annals. "Beauty, youth, fortune," says M. Baudens, speaking of Miss Nightingale, "were all alike sacrificed to the noble mission of comforting the suffering. That delicate young lady, ever to be seen riding from one camp hospital to another, embraced the sick of the three allied armies in her pious solicitude. At the time of the typhus she presented the camp hospitals of the French and Sardinian armies with a very considerable present of port wine, and with all kinds of preserves."

The French and Sardinians had likewise the assistance of a few Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul—most numerous among the latter. Those good women used to do the marketing at Balaklava, and they carried their charitable forethought so far as to found a farm, in which they reared some five hundred fowls for the use of the camp hospitals.

The French press preserved a most discreet silence upon the delicate subject of the sufferings and privations of their army. Whether wisely or not, it is not for us to say. It gave to all Europe at the time an idea of immense superiority on the part of our gallant allies—a superiority attributed at the time, in the modesty and humiliation of our afflictions, to the practical experience obtained in Algeria in all that appertained to the art of campaigning, in facility of movements, in camping, in sheltering themselves, in supplying their wants and necessities, in cooking, in tending to the sick and wounded, in providing for the transport of the latter, and in the arrangement of their ambulances or camp and fixed hospitals.

All this has turned out to be perfectly unfounded and incorrect. Truth is great, as the old adage says, and will prevail. The French lost far more than we did, in comparison to their numbers, by disease; and ac-

cording to the showing of M. Baudens, an inspector of hospitals, and a most distinguished member of the Council of Sanity, deputed to the East by Marshal Vaillant, the French minister of war, especially to study and report upon the sanitary condition of the army, the condition of the English army was in all and every respect—sheltering, provisioning, cleanliness, health, hospital accommodation and appliances—superior to that of the French. It is, indeed, well known now, that at the expiration of the war in the Crimea the English army was in a more efficient condition than at the commencement of the campaign. It was precisely the reverse with our otherwise brave, enduring, stoical allies.

Between the 10th of April, 1855, and the 10th of June, 1856, the period of quitting the Crimea, and the 10th of August, the period of leaving Turkey, the French had 112,287 ill of fever, of whom the tremendous number of 18,360 perished—a small army! They had 24,551 attainted by scurvy, 3634 of whom died. They had 13,540 laid low by typhus, of whom 7516 never rose again. They had 11,024 attacked by cholera, of whom 5585 did not recover. And they lost 384 by the effect of frost. Add to this, they had 38,704 wounded, of whom 25,059 were cured, 8421 were sent to France, and 7545 died.

According to the *Moniteur de l'Armée* of the 21st of November, 1857, page 3, "The war in the Crimea necessitated, during the two years that it lasted, the transmission of 309,270 men, officers and soldiers included." Now, according to M. Baudens, 217,303 of these were in the hospitals at one time or another, and out of these, 43,024 perished—a large army!—and this does not include those who were killed on the field or in the trenches. Truly, the siege of Sebastopol was a most gloomy and lugubrious affair!

It is not even at present known what were the predisposing causes for the outbreak of cholera at Varna, or whether the fatal malady was not conveyed there by the attainted. According to M. Cazalas, cholera existed in the Dubrudja before the allies arrived. The same authority remarks that the first division, which suffered most, was composed of regiments which almost all came from Algeria, where there was no cholera, and that the Bashi-Bazouks, who had neither been in France nor Algeria, and who had had little or no communication with the allies, were the first attacked by the pestilence. M. Baudens, on the contrary, distinctly affirms that the malady was brought from France by the contingents of the fifth division, and that it first made its appearance in the Piræus, and next at Gallipoli, where it carried off Generals Duc d'Elchingen and Carbuccia in a few hours. He also asserts, on the authority of the commandant of the staff, Balland, that there was no cholera in the villages or in the camp of Omar Pasha previous to the arrival of the French.

This fearful malady attained its climax on the occasion of the fatal expedition to the Dubrudja :

According to the official reports of a colonel of the staff sent upon the spot, the Russians had 10,000 men with 35 guns in the neighbourhood of Baba Dagh, about forty-five leagues from Varna. The first three divisions of the French army were sent on a reconnaissance, with directions to follow the line of coast for sake of commissariat supplies. It was hoped that the fatality of the disease would be diminished by daily changes of bivouac. On the 21st of July, General Espinasse, who commanded the first division for the time being, received orders to

march upon Mangalia at the head of 10,500 men, of whom 328 were officers, whilst General Canrobert was to explore the coast of the Crimea. Sixteen officers and 925 soldiers remained in the infirmaries and hospitals of Varna. The 1st Regiment of Zouaves, transported by sea to Kustendja, was to act as the head of the column under the orders of General Yusuf, and support 2000 to 3000 Spahis of the East, organised out of the undisciplined bands of the Bashi-Bazouks.

The troops were ten hours on foot, exposed all day to a sun of 30 deg. in getting over their first stage of 11 kilometres (1 kilometre = 1000 French yards), from Franka to Kapakli. (This was at a rate of less than three-fourths of a mile an hour!) The same evening four cases of cholera declared themselves. Starting next day, the 22nd, at four in the morning, the division did not reach Tchatal Tchesmé till seven in the evening. It had only marched 18 kilometres; but the heat was overwhelming, the thermometer being at 33 deg. The road was also difficult, passing over steep and rugged slopes. Beyond this bivouac, the column descended into a naked plain, some 200 kilometres in extent, without trees, but with tall herbaceous plants, many of which rotted in the soil, and which formed a cover through which the column found it difficult to force its way: this was the Dubrudja; a country of lakes and marshes, whose pestilential emanations vitiated the atmosphere, particularly at this season of the year. Geographers have placed it between the Danube and the walls of Trajan's camp, about 8 kilometres from Kustendja, but medical topography would carry its limits farther south, as far as to Kavarna, where the troops arrived the third day after leaving Varna.

The bivouacs of the stages that followed were all equally insalubrious. At Sattelmuch Gol, at Mangalia, at Orgloukoi, even at Kustendja, as at the ruins of the village of Kergeluk, nothing but marshy hollows, whose waters were poisoned by vegetable matters in solution, were found to encamp in. As the advance guard kept approaching the Danube, driving before it a few detachments of Cossacks, who opposed no serious resistance, the country assumed a still more deadly aspect, all cultivation disappeared, all traces of the hand of man were effaced. All that was met with was a few rare fragments of broken columns and tumuli of remote date, the silent protestations of an antique civilisation against modern barbarism. Since the invasion of the Russians in 1828, these regions, frightfully devastated, have become almost a desert. Whilst clouds of vultures followed our steps to devour the dead bodies that were left to them, we also sometimes fell in with herds of wild horses, that eyed us anxiously, and then took to flight. A few herdsmen, whose constitution presented all the characteristics of paludian cachexy, were almost the sole inhabitants of the Dubrudja. They are obliged, like the animals they tend, to make use of impure water, drawn from lakes, cisterns, or deserted wells.

The army had also to confront storms of rain and numerous atmospheric vicissitudes of heat and cold. It was more than enough to cause the cholera, which up to that time had been almost inoffensive, to make a sudden and terrible explosion. On the night of the 30th of July, 300 Zouaves were struck down, *d'une manière foudroyante*; the Bashi-Bazouks were little better off. It had been General Yusuf's intention to march onwards, but the same blows repeated obliged him to retrace his steps. His men had barely time to bury the bodies of those who fell on the way. Yet, amidst all these obstacles, he had great numbers of sick removed on horseback, or by artillery waggons, and that whilst the number of attainted was increasing at each step with the most frightful rapidity.

Luckily, at this crisis, General Espinasse came up with his troops, and they assisted in carrying off the sick by litters made of their tentes-abris and sticks obtained in the villages. Still the sick increased so in numbers that they were obliged to leave many behind at the Lake of Pallas. The division arrived at Kustendja on the 31st of July. The houses were full

of Bashi-Bazouks. Eighteen hundred cholera patients were awaiting their turn for embarking on the steam frigates; twelve hundred bodies lay in pits dug around the village.

Ultimately two thousand sick were embarked for Varna, whilst General Espinasse effected his way to Mangalia, the men still falling at almost every step. The dead were reckoned by hundreds. The marshes of Mangalia were rendered still more poisonous by the putrid decomposition of the numerous bodies that the Bashi-Bazouks had left about unburied; they had also spoilt the waters by throwing bodies into the wells. When at length the division reached Varna, it was only one-half its number strong; the other half was in the hospitals or under ground!

The second division, which had advanced into the Dubrudja under General Bosquet, was scarcely better off. Struck with cholera at Mangalia, great pits were dug at every successive bivouac to bury the dead. One day General Bosquet said to an old soldier, who with his pipe in his mouth was throwing down the earth over his comrades with apparent indifference, "Close up that pit, there are enough in it." "There is plenty of time, general, others will come," replied the military gravedigger, who felt himself fatally attainted by the malady. A few minutes more, and he fell into the yawning chasm, and his body occupied the place that he had left for it. La Mère Philippon distinguished herself greatly at this crisis, and was much beloved by the soldiery. She surpassed all other cantinières in her indefatigable zeal; day and night she was on foot. She also excelled in the picturesque language of camps. "Comment va la gargoulette?" she asked, when inquiring if a patient was thirsty, and "Comment va le bidon?" if hungry. La Mère Philippon's sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and brought a smile on faces otherwise sad enough.

General Bosquet was particularly attentive to the condition of his soldiers, and it was owing to this and to his seeing to the regular supply of soup, coffee, and brandy, that the second division suffered less than the first. Marshal Bugeaud carried his attention to the sanitary condition of his troops to a still more remarkable extent. "Although," M. Baudens reports, "he admitted the chief medical officer of the camp hospitals to his intimate confidence, he would still go and appreciate himself the sanitary condition and the digestion of his soldiers by inspecting the soil around the bivouacs: He thus knew how to anticipate slight indisposition by a day's repose or by a supplementary allowance of rice, meat, coffee, or wine." The marshal, who was known as the soldiers' father, never allowed a man, if he could help it, to wear tight shoes, and he was never tired visiting the sick and the wounded.

The battle of Alma sent 1033 wounded Frenchmen to the camp-hospitals, besides several hundred Russians. The greater number were shipped to Constantinople, the men to Dolma-Baktchi, the officers to Khanlidja, or, as the French called it, Canlidgé, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

Close by was the palace of Fuad Pasha, minister of foreign affairs. Two young Armenians of his harem defeated the vigilance of their guardian eunuchs. Their songs and the sound of their pianos had attracted the attention of two staff officers, whom they saw through the fretwork of their windows endeavouring to get a peep at their persons; taking a fancy to the officers, they at length

succeeded in getting away disguised as the sons of the Pasha. The next day they were, however, reinstated in their prison. This prank would have assumed a very serious aspect had it not been for the prudence of Fuad Pasha, who was satisfied with getting back the fugitives. It has not been the less said, but I believe erroneously, that the two unfortunate ladies were, in accordance with Ottoman customs, tied in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus.

The most doubtful part of this story is that the ladies should have been supposed to be Armenians. The Pashas do not admit native Christians, we believe, into their harems—at least as a rule. No doubt exceptions occur. On the other hand, the latter part of the story, which M. Baudens disbelieves, would have undoubtedly been the result of the first—if true.

Between this epoch, September 1854 and 1856, nineteen hospitals were founded at Constantinople for the use of the sick and wounded French: in barracks, Turkish hospitals, palaces, and wooden houses. The works of entrenchment and circumvallation carried on before Sebastopol, exposure, bad food, and the fire of the enemy, soon caused the number of the sick to assume formidable proportions. The failure of the 17th October, 1854, was the beginning of the numerous transports of disabled to Constantinople. Fever with diarrhœa, followed by dysentery, were, however, at that time, with wounds, the chief ailments.

The night of the 24th to the 25th of February, 1855, General Bosquet was traversing the trenches; the soldiers were over their ankles in mud. He was disposing his troops for the combat, when a sentinel, who had just been wounded in the head, presented arms to him. Seeing the blood flowing from the wound, the general asked him why he did not go to the camp-hospital. "My shoes have lost their soles," he answered, in allusion to the zeal with which his comrades sought for the spoils of the Russians; "there will be a distribution of boots of Russian leather to-night, and I intend to be one of those who are at it."

Intermittent fever also soon showed itself, especially among those who lived in underground huts. M. Baudens says that the slightest attack of this fever proved rapidly fatal, if combined with continuous fever or other affections. But the more serious affections, including typhus, diarrhœa, and dysentery, were induced mainly by want of cleanliness, and by living in a vitiated atmosphere. Upon this subject M. Baudens says:

The habits of cleanliness which distinguish the English army ought to be introduced into our camps. The English washed their linen in hot water, and changed it twice a week. Our soldiers were very far from taking the same precautions. Want of cleanliness impedes the functions of the skin, and engenders vermin. When an invalid arrived at Constantinople, his clothes were at once purified in boiling water. On a review-day, our soldiers appear in new clothes, well brushed, with an irreproachably military equipment; yet these fine battalions leave on their passage the well-known smell of the barracks. Is cleanliness incompatible with the profession of a soldier? The Turk finds means, even when on a campaign, to make the ablutions prescribed by his religion several times in each day; ought military discipline to be less effective than the law of Mahomet? If such rules were enforced, the educated military man would then gradually introduce among the families of peasants and workmen those good habits which we cannot but envy the English; it would be a national reform that would turn to the profit of public health. Our barracks are lustrous with secular grease. It is forbidden (would it be believed?) to scrape the floor, the benches, or the tables, for fear of wearing them out. Why cannot a barrack be kept as clean as a ship? Why should not the floors of barracks, waxed and

rubbed by soldiers, replace the objectionable tiles of most rooms? Such a luxury has indeed been introduced into some military hospitals, notwithstanding the resistance of routine. Some day it may find its way into our barracks, and when there, people will ask themselves with wonder how so useful a reform was so long neglected?

We have had some strange and painful revelations of barrack-life made public lately in this country. If our men are more cleanly in their persons than the French, the barrack system seems to be especially framed to corrupt the habits of cleanliness imbibed in youth, and, what is worse, to outrage that decency which more than anything else distinguishes man from a beast. Yet when, as in France, it is attempted to introduce a reform, a hundred obstacles are raised by hoary routine, always delighted in wallowing in the corruption of ages.

The outward aspect of the French army in front of Sebastopol was always cheering. Every day the regimental bands played lively airs upon handsome esplanades, planted with trees by the soldiers. There were rustic cafés and theatres. But there was a reverse to the medal. The tents and huts were placed in too great proximity, and overcrowded, and the tenants would not go out, for even the purposes of nature, sometimes for days together. In the English huts, the floor upon which the soldiers slept was strewn with fine sand, which was swept away in the evening. A grate well filled with coal permitted the air to be constantly renewed. There were huts set aside for reading-rooms. They were supplied with tables and benches, books, periodicals, paper, pens and ink. M. Baudens signalises, however, what he deems an error on our side. The French buried what we burnt, and as in winter the burning of such substances was a matter of great difficulty, a black, pestilential smoke, he says, spread over the English cantonments. Better, however, than the emanations that would have exhaled from the soil when damp and hot, if buried.

The English, besides their regimental infirmaries, had four camp-hospitals, one at Inkerman, two at Balaklava, and one at the monastery of St. George's. M. Baudens speaks highly of these establishments.

The English camp-hospitals were remarkable for their cleanliness. We have seen that this qualification did not belong to ours. This difference is in part owing to the higher and more independent position of the English military medical men, and who in consequence can exercise greater authority in carrying out sanitary measures. The alimentary system also differed from ours. Tea, roast meat, and puddings, were essential things. The medical officer could order beer, wines of all kinds, rum, brandy, and whatever he deemed desirable, only the extras must be prescribed the evening before. I have even seen champagne among the stores of the camp-hospitals. It was used for certain forms of sickness.

The English medical service, M. Baudens remarks, directed by the learned and skilful Sir John Hall, left nothing to be desired at the end of the campaign. Elsewhere, again, he observes :

Before leaving the Crimea, I went once more to see the hospitals of our allies in company with Sir John Hall, and I acquired the certitude that typhus had not appeared there again since 1855. I visited an English steam frigate, converted into a transport hospital, in the harbour of Balaklava. It contained three hundred beds. The "comfortable" was carried to such an extent that three or four cows had been lodged in a stable on deck, so that milk should not

be wanting during the passage. I asked the commander how many troops a frigate of the same dimensions as his could carry? "Seven hundred English," he replied, "and fifteen hundred French, because the French can stow themselves anywhere, on deck as well as between decks." The care that the English take of the welfare of their soldiers, reminds me of a word often uttered by them. "The English soldier is a capital." This does not exclude with them—far from it—the sentiment of humanity, only they add to it the idea of an economic value to be preserved.

The French, on the other hand, had sometimes to suffer from a scarcity of provisions. M. Baudens, who is a disciple of Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, endeavoured to introduce the use of horseflesh, but he acknowledges that he made but very few conversions.

During the campaign of the Crimea, the wounds were not only of a very serious character from the profusion of cannon-balls, grape, and canister fired away during a siege, but also from the use of new arms, and the substitution of conical for round balls. These improvements were known to the Russians, and they were as destructive to the besiegers as to the besieged.

The wounds presented different characters, according to the swiftness and the form of the projectiles. The opening left by round balls was round, depressed, smaller than the aperture by which it had gone out. The passage which they leave through the thickness of a limb has the form of a cone, which keeps increasing in size. The contact with an aponeurosis, a tendon, or a bone, often makes them deviate largely from their course. The wound by which the ball goes out is, in consequence, not always opposite to that by which it entered.

The opening made by cylindro-conical balls is oval, sometimes linear, as if it had been made by the point of a sword; the wound received by General Thomas at Alma was perfectly analogous to what might have been inflicted by a sword. Their passage does not take the form of an elongated cone, owing to their rotatory motion. It is also much less devious than that of round balls. As nothing resists the force of penetration of the point of conical projectiles, the aponeuroses, tendons, and bones are alike traversed, only that sometimes the ball loses its shape, or is even thrown forward crosswise. In such cases the exit, which, generally speaking, only differs from the entrance by being a little larger and its borders more contused and pushed outwards, presents exaggerated dimensions with torn edges.

If a round ball strikes against a bony surface at an inclined angle, such as the bones of the head, a rib, a long and round bone like the femur, it often enough turns round it without breaking it. The point of the cylindro-conical projectiles almost invariably smashes them into fragments. Hence a proportionally greater number of fractures produced by rifle-balls were observed in the Crimea than in the wars of Africa.

M. Baudens, it is to be observed, is one of the new school of military surgeons, who are especially opposed to the old system of cutting down to balls and laying open gun-shot wounds with free incisions. Foreign bodies must, however, he admits, if possible, be extracted. Here is a curious bit of practical advice :

When cannon-balls arrived at the end of their course roll over the soil, they must be carefully avoided, even when their speed is much slackened. A grenadier of the guard, reposing on one side, was killed by a ball, the contact with which had luxated the vertebral column. This ball had at the time so little impulsive force, that by some strange chance it lodged in the soldier's hood, and it was there that it was found.

The most frightful wounds were produced by the bursting of shells.

These, when striking the breast or abdomen, make breaches that it is impossible for surgical art to repair. In other cases, as when they carry off a limb, if the wounded were left to nature, the torn flesh and fractured bones would speedily entail mortification. The rupture of arteries from the same causes is followed by hemorrhages, which are speedily fatal unless aid is at hand. General R. perished in consequence of a division of the popliteal artery. His life could have been saved if pressure had been applied until surgical assistance was obtained. General Pecqueux de Lavarande was literally cut in two by a shell that burst between his legs.

Other singular and novel effects of shells were observed at Sebastopol. It is well known that, in describing their parabola, a shell comes with a peculiar whistle, and the sound is a signal to soldiers to lay down, to avoid the dispersion of the fragments. It happened several times that the shells swept in their parabolic curve along the line of the curving spine of the soldiers stooping to lay down, and crushed it in its whole length. Death was naturally instantaneous.

Formerly, when a body was found on the field of battle without any trace of wounds, death was attributed to the wind of a cannon-shot. But this has proved to be an error. Balls have carried away soldiers' knapsacks, caps, and even pipes, without hurting them. On the other hand, research has shown the internal viscera and even bones may be smashed beneath a whole skin.

General Canrobert was struck on the chest by a fragment of a shell at Alma. The pectoral muscle was pounded, whilst the skin remained whole. General Bosquet was struck by the fragment of a shell on the back. The skin was echymosed, but not broken; nevertheless, three ribs were broken and thrown inwards, tearing the lungs. The internal hemorrhage that resulted was most difficult to conquer.

The French appear to have suffered fearfully from frost-bites. They had from five to six thousand cases during the winters of 1855 and 1856. Many of these cases were fatal; amputation was of no use, being generally followed by hospital gangrene, another of the terrible enemies that the medical men had to combat with in this fatal campaign. Little or no pain attended upon frost-bites at first; even the appetite remained good, and there was very little fever or constitutional disturbance. But when the parts began to slough, and separate themselves from the sound, leaving great wounds that were irritated by contact with the air, the pain became almost unendurable, the fever intense, and death often ensued. One example, in which the patient was cured after the loss of both feet, will give an idea of the progress of this insidious complaint:

Mangin, twenty-three years of age, weak constitution, nervous temperament, soldier in the 62nd Line; in the Crimea for the last five months; had both feet frost-bitten when sleeping in his tent on the 19th of March. He was transmitted to the hospital at Gulhane on the 11th of April, 1856.

Both feet were insensible and cold; the flesh of a black colour, without vitality; there was a circular line of demarcation at the ankle. The patient was weak and exhausted.

On the 30th of April the eliminatory circle was progressing, the skin was deeply ulcerated, the tendons were uncovered, fleshy tubercles showed themselves on the borders of the wound on the healthy side.

By the 5th of May the bones of the leg were entirely denuded at the line of

the malleoli. The left foot was only held by a few tendons and the ligaments of the joint that were completely dissected. One or two cuts with the scissors detached it, without a drop of blood or the patient being aware of the loss he had sustained.

The next day the same thing was done for the other foot. The patient expressed himself much pleased at being no longer inconvenienced by the heavy weight at the extremity of his legs, which prevented him moving in bed.

The 8th of May he was subjected to the influence of chloroform, and the resection of the malleoli was practised, as recommended by M. Baudens in his operative proceedings in the "tibio-tarsienne" amputation. The borders of the wound were covered with fleshy tubercles, which soon invaded the extremity of the bones.

By the 30th of May the wounds were nearly closed up, the cicatrix was regular, the patient was considered as cured, and was sent off to his own country.

After the battle of Inkerman, there was a real ossuary at the foot of the mountain. The bodies were soon devoured by the vultures, and nothing but skeletons remained. It was remarked that they belonged to men who were of moderate height, but whose bones were remarkably developed. M. Baudens says that the size of bones, especially of the arm or thigh, enabled him easily to distinguish the skeleton of a Russian from that of a Frenchman.

More Russians who fell wounded into the hands of the French survived than the French themselves. This M. Baudens attributes to the circumstances of a rough education, a coarse but abundant diet, and great sobriety. From these there resulted a great predominance of the muscular system, whilst the nervous system being less developed than with the French, they did not suffer as much as the latter, nor were they on the one hand so excited or febrile, or on the other so thoroughly dejected and prostrated.

Chloroform was not used at first by the Sardinians, and one of our leading army surgeons anathematised it loudly. The French, on the contrary, used it in upwards of thirty thousand cases with uniform success. They had not one accident. Chloroform, M. Baudens says, was invaluable to the peculiar constitution of the French soldier. Whilst it suppressed pain, it produced a calmness and tranquillity which was most favourable to recovery. With the help of this invaluable anæsthetic the surgeons were also enabled to do what they could not have done without it; as, for example, to remove a fragment of shell, weighing 2 kilog. 150 grammes, from the thigh of a soldier of the 57th Regiment. This enormous mass of iron was so buried in the limb that no portion of it was visible. The use of chloroform permitted it to be extracted, and the limb to be amputated, without the patient suffering any pain; and he finally recovered. Surely this is enough to prove the advantages of such an important therapeutic agent.

We cannot conclude our notice of M. Baudens's remarkable work without extracting a brief statement which has reference to the sanitary condition of the Sultan and of his harem. It occurs in describing the ball given by the ambassador of France:

The Sultan advanced gravely, and with measured steps, into the ball-room, looking to the right and left with a calm, impassible, almost absent eye, although it was the first time in his life that he was present at such a scene. He took

his place on a reserved seat, from whence he seemed to follow with some interest the movements of the dancers. I do not know what impression Abdul Medjid received from this exhibition of handsome ladies and brilliant dresses, but I doubt if that impression was favourable to the emancipation of women in Turkey. After about an hour, he withdrew with the same ceremonial. I had remarked that his attendants kept a respectful distance from his person; on subsequent inquiry, I ascertained that this was not solely out of deference, but on account of the Sultan's antipathy to contact with men, and which may be explained by the remembrance of the disastrous epidemics so common in the East.

The Sultan at once removes a garment that a man has touched, and never puts it on again. It is well known that he is solely waited upon by the women of his harem. He never speaks to any one in public; once or twice, to the great surprise of the Mussulmans, he made an exception in favour of General Larchey. He looks at a person for a greater or less length of time, according to the amount of respect which he wishes to show him. There are in this dumb language of the Padishah shades of intimate sentiment that words cannot express. I was enabled to seize them perfectly at the reception given by the Sultan to the high functionaries of the empire, on the day of the foot-kissing ceremony in the Bairam. The reception lasted upwards of an hour; Abdul Medjid did not condescend to look at more than twenty persons. I remarked that there was only a pretence made to kiss the foot, and if at any time the person presented was so ignorant of court etiquette as to touch the Sultan's person, a significant gesture at once testified to the sudden and disagreeable impression which had come to disturb the sovereign's reveries.

The note upon the sanitary state of the Sultan's harem was not obtained by M. Baudens directly, but from one of the chief medical officers attached to the palace. We cannot, therefore, attach precisely the same credit to it that we do to statements authenticated by the writer himself. The doctor's statement, however, was to the effect that the chief affections under which the ladies labour were disordinate jealousy, incessantly aroused by things which would appear to others of the most trifling character. From time to time, for example, they receive small presents, such as a box of sweetmeats. In that case it is absolutely necessary that the three or four hundred boxes should be absolutely alike, or scenes of violence would be enacted which would compromise their health. Almost all of them perish young of consumption. M. Baudens's medical informant said he sometimes transmitted to them secretly a few bottles of claret to prolong their existence!

"Armies," says M. Baudens, in conclusion, "are in want of moral excitements to preserve them from nostalgia and prostration. Religion exalted the troops of Godefroi de Bouillon; the spirit of chivalry animated the French officers at Fontenoy; the certainty of conquering, upheld by a constant succession of victories, sustained the armies of the Empire. It was also a moral power that supported our troops during the trying war in the Crimea; it was the sentiment of duty that animated our soldiers, that never weakened for a single day during the struggle, and was alike glorious when opposed to the enemy or to privations and sufferings of all kinds and descriptions. Other armies may have shown as much heroic ardour, as much impetuous bravery, as the army of the East; none have carried further the principle of stoicism, courage, and contempt of death."

THE MINISTER OF TRIGGANESS.

A TALE OF ZETLAND.

BY HACO NORSEMAN.

North, ever north! we sailed by night,
 And yet the sky was red with light,
 And purple rolled the deep.
 When morning came, we saw the tide
 Break thundering on the rugged side
 Of Sumburgh's awful steep;
 And, weary of the wave, at last
 In Bressay Sound our anchor cast.

ATTOUN's *Bothwell*.

MANY of our readers have doubtless visited, and we presume all of them have heard and read much about that most northerly portion of her Majesty's dominions—the Zetland Islands. A curious spectacle they present to the eyes of the natives of the mainland of Scotland and England! A concourse of islets (in number about one hundred), far out of sight of any morsel of *terra firma* not belonging to their group; the shores rocky and steep, the interior hilly, brown, and turfy; the whole treeless, and to the eye accustomed to dwell on the rich foliage and hedges of the south, or even on the thick heather-clad hills of the Scottish Highlands, barren and bare. Yet on these close-cropped dots on the expanse of ocean are to be found many spots of unquestionable beauty. The scene of our tale is a place of this description. It is situated on one of the most northerly of the cluster—an island about twenty miles in length, and not more than eight in breadth, separated from the “Mainland” island, and from some of its sister islets by straits inconsiderable in width, but possessed by a fierce and rapid tide, which renders them impassable at times, even in the mildest weather. The creek called *Ericsvoe** indents the western coast of this island, which we shall designate as K——; facing the south-west, and being defended by the *ness*,† which forms its western bulwark, it is exceedingly sheltered, and appears to an individual standing at its head—on a spot not elevated—simply a large *loch*. A good-sized mansion-house stands, and has stood for many a long year, on the brow of a gentle slope, fronting and within a stone's throw of this *voe*. In front is a large railed flower-garden, containing such floral ornaments and low bushes as the climate and weather will permit; behind, a kitchen-garden, well stocked with vegetables; and beyond, sundry fields of rich clover, corn, turnips, and other farm produce, rising on the eastern side to a considerable elevation, and forming thus a natural barrier between the manor-farm and the farms of the tenantry on the estate. These latter stretch away for a mile or two to the northward, eastward, and south-eastward, small huts with scraps of corn-land and green pasturage attached to them, here a *loch* and there a *burn* to vary the scene; and, making a semicircle on the eastern side,

* A “*voe*” is a creek or small arm of the sea.

† *Ness*—a cape or narrow neck of land stretching into the sea.

from sea-shore to sea-shore, runs the "hill-dyke," marking the boundary of the "*toon*."* Without this dyke lies nothing but brown hills—the "*scattald*," or common pasture land. On certain suitable spots peats are cut for the use of the laird and his tenantry, while over the rest, at all seasons of the year, sheep and cattle, and invalided horses, wander and nibble. Over some miles of this must the traveller trudge ere he reach any other cultivated domain, and the footpath he will find but a sorry one, for it is little used for purposes of import and export, the sea being in Zetland, as in Venice, the grand highway and thoroughfare. Thus Ericsvøe and its laird's residence are well sheltered from rough blasts, excepting to the north-westward, from which quarter in the savage winter-time fierce gusts will sometimes shake the upper stories of the old house, and make its casements rattle. On this side, some half a mile from the manor-house, there lies a small sandy-bottomed arm of the sea, scarcely sufficiently marked to be called a bay or *vøe*, the shores of which display a long broad beach of the whitest sand, apt, if unchecked, to encroach upon the neighbouring grass-land. It is a wild place in the time of storms, the huge dark waves rolling majestically from the northward past the frowning cliffs, and the precipitous isolated *stacks*† and *holmes* burst their white-crested contents upon the strand with a noise like thunder, audible several miles off, where the stranger would conjecture he was listening to the distant discharge of a park of artillery. But how changed is the aspect of this place when the storm has abated, and the wanderer seeks the sandy beach to gather up the beautiful shells and seaweed which the waves have heedlessly left behind them. The deep green ocean lies undisturbed before him, giving forth only the very gentlest murmur, and sweeping to his feet broad shallow floods like cream, with a rushing sound. Overhead float the "*maw*," or seagull, the red-beaked chaldar, and numerous other sea-fowls, shrieking, screaming, now skimming along the air within a few feet of the intruder's head, now dipping into the water. In the distance, to the westward, appear the northern shores of the "Mainland" island, lighted up at sunset with roseate magnificence, as the great planet seems to go down to his bed in the wide Atlantic beyond them, to dance, mayhap, in the Broadway of New York, or the busy streets of Melbourne and Auckland! Far on the northern horizon, in the centre of the landscape, rises the precipitous group of rocks called the "Wirna Stacks," so solitary and secluded, fading away as the dusk gradually descends into sombre obscurity, as though they, too, were departing for a trip to the remote antipodes.

About the middle of the last century the property of Ericsvøe belonged to a Scotch gentleman of the name of Colquhoun. His settlement on the Zetland Islands had been purely the work of accident. The younger son of a Lowland laird, he had studied medicine as his profession, and while still a mere youth had taken a temporary appointment as surgeon of a Peterhead whaler going to Greenland. The ship had put

* In Zetland, as well as on the mainland of Scotland, a few huts lying together are termed "a town."

† Small rocky islets.

in to Lerwick* for an addition to her crew, and Colquhoun, finding his profession but ill-represented in this town, formed the scheme of obtaining his discharge from the vessel on her return from her northern voyage, and settling in Lerwick—at least for a time. This scheme he managed to carry out. Somehow or other, however, he did not thrive in Lerwick. The inhabitants, either from naturally good constitutions, or from a preference to keep their money to themselves rather than invest it in wholesome drugs, would not lay themselves up sufficiently often to allow of the young doctor making a decent livelihood. He was just upon the point of deserting the unpatronising shores of Thule when he fell in with a young orphan heiress at a ball and succeeded in winning her affections. Probably had the young lady possessed any near relatives of sagacity they would have dissuaded her from this rash alliance, for Mr. Colquhoun had nothing wherewithal to “endow” his wife excepting his rather handsome person, and his collection of surgical instruments and apothecaries’ drugs; and he had, moreover, begun in Lerwick to develop a not very amiable character, and that spirit of “fastness” which young gentlemen of his calling, even to this day, very frequently display. However, Miss Hoseason, of Ericsvoe, being her own mistress, very properly and sensibly made Mr. Colquhoun master of herself and property.

But even when all the parties to an arrangement have firmly decided that it is a wise and proper one, the event not unfrequently gives them the lie. Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun by-and-by began to think they had better not have been joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. Of course it was too late to untie the knot, so they made up for the unpleasantness of being obliged to live together until “death them did part” by making one another as miserable as possible as long as life and health permitted. At last, Mrs. Colquhoun died, leaving two children behind her—a boy and a girl—the only survivors of a rather large family. These had both attained majority at the time when our story commences, which was some years after the death of the mother.

The kirk and manse of the parish were situated some five or six miles to the southward, and were separated from Ericsvoe by hills of pasturage and peat-banks. During Mrs. Colquhoun’s lifetime the minister was a Mr. Fraser, a worthy and conscientious man, who had done much to try and reform his unruly neighbours, and, it was said, with good result latterly in Mrs. Colquhoun’s case, though he would never permit his wife and daughter to visit at “Eric’s Ha’.” The Colquhouns were, however, always welcome guests at the manse of Trigganess, for Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of course were always “on their proprieties” when there. It was seldom, indeed, that the heads of the family availed themselves of the minister’s invitations, but the children were frequently to be found at the manse with their little play-fellow, Marion Fraser, and the slight education they could boast of had been picked up there. Mr. Fraser was much older than Colquhoun, and latterly, on account of his years and failing health, he had obtained the consent of the presbytery to his getting an assistant. The assistant came—a Mr. Norman Mackintosh, a young Highlander, fresh from college and newly licensed. He was pronounced soon by almost

* The chief town of Zetland, situated on “Bressay Sound.”

every one in K—— to be an excellent fellow. Stout and stalwart, and of stentorian lungs, he could preach, shoot, run, ride, and boat equally well. Mackintosh was even a favourite of Colquhoun's, and when, a few years after his arrival, Mr. Fraser died, Colquhoun added his recommendation, as principal laird of the parish, to the application of Mackintosh through some influential friends in the "south country," and obtained his appointment as Mr. Fraser's successor. Soon after this Mrs. Fraser and her daughter quitted the manse, and Mackintosh did not press them to stay, though he would fain they had done so. They took up their abode in a little cottage between their former home and Ericsvoe, which Mrs. Fraser purchased from the proprietor, a small laird. Many were the visits which Norman Mackintosh paid to this cottage, for the dark-haired Marion Fraser had already made sad work with his heart. Mr. Mackintosh had already informed some of his Highland friends, through the medium of the post, that Marion was the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth. She had the softest brown eyes, the most glossy raven hair, the most graceful little figure ever met with in modern times! Mr. Mackintosh was desperately jealous, as all true lovers have ever been and should ever be, and when he beheld young Hosea Colquhoun in tête-à-tête discourse with the object of his affections, he was in the habit of wishing that young gentleman at the deuce in a manner quite inconsistent with the ministerial character. Truth to tell, there was little reason for this jealousy. The young laird of Ericsvoe was not at all prepossessing, either bodily or mentally. He was a squat young fellow, with a shock head of sandy hair, and features entirely devoid of expression. His education had scarcely extended beyond the simplest branches of learning, and each year that rolled over his head he lost something he had learned in boyhood, from sheer indolence and want of practice. The only feat he could perform with credit was seal shooting; this amusement, together with the smoking of Dutch tobacco, and the imbibing of a little of the real "Hollands," and occasional trips to Lerwick to smuggle these articles of luxury from the Dutch fishermen, made up the business of his life. With the management of the estate he did not much bother his head, although he was really the proprietor now of the greater part of it, with the exception of a few marks left to his sister Charlotte. The whole property had, however, been burdened with a large life annuity to Mr. Colquhoun at the time of his marriage. Still the old gentleman had as little liking for business as his son, and the entire estate would doubtless have gone to ruin had they not been fortunate enough to find others to do their work for them.

Most Zetland lairds have a factotum, and this was even more common in old times than now. A man named Garthson, foster-brother to Mrs. Colquhoun, had always lived at Ericsvoe in this capacity. A smart fellow, and able to read, write, and keep accounts, Garthson had speedily managed to get Mr. Colquhoun under his thumb. He was soon employed to superintend the whole business of the deep-sea fishing of the tenantry and the collecting of the rents, repairing of the houses, management of the farm, &c., getting a fair remuneration for his services; and a new house, with plenty of land attached to it, was erected for him on the outskirts of the Ha' farm, near the sandy beach we have described.

Here he lived with much more real comfort than his employers, and soon became master of a tolerable property in cash and live stock. To do him justice, he accounted to his master pretty fairly for the rents: doubtless he was too cautious to do otherwise, for Colquhoun was always alive to any attempt to bamboozle him. This man had married a servant from the Ha', and had one son, who, by immemorial Zetland custom, should have been named Garth Hoseason, his father's name being Hosea Garthson. But Mr. Garthson was a progressive genius, and rejecting with contempt this remnant of barbaric manners, determined that his future posterity should bear the surname of "Garthson" alone; he therefore had his son registered by that name, giving him for Christian name that of "Colquhoun." This young man was some years older than Hosea Colquhoun. His father had taken pains to give him a fair elementary education, and he had picked up a good deal of miscellaneous information from books, which Mr. Fraser had lent him. As he grew up, his father threw a great portion of the business of the property into his hands, and he was, of course, very much respected, at the same time that he was secretly not over-well liked by the tenantry, and, in their eyes, he cut a much more magnificent figure than "Messter 'Osee," whom they looked upon as rather "a fule body." Indeed, there was a universally prevalent suspicion, not perhaps often openly expressed in language, that "'Osee Gerrtson" (or "Messter Gerrtson," as he was addressed by those honoured by him with personal converse) had amassed "oshins o' money," and that at no very distant date might be expected to "buy up" the Colquhoun family, and forthwith consign them all to emigration. Colquhoun Garthson indeed had long meditated advancing a step or two in the social scale. His first step was to ingratiate himself with Miss Colquhoun, a young lady of no very great intellect, and no lofty ideas. Could he only secure her affections, he might, perhaps, bring her to consent to a marriage, at least when her father's death took place. She had a little property in her own right, and there was only her besotted brother between her and the estate. He was already much controlled by the stronger will and superior intellect of young Garthson, and the latter calculated upon getting him entirely into his power in future years, while it was extremely probable that his habits would become so much more dissipated as to shorten his days. Obviously his wisest course was to try and win the affections of Charlotte Colquhoun, and he set about this cautiously and guardedly, making gradual advances towards his object. If anything occurred to startle Garthson in the pursuit of his game it was the arrival of the young minister Mackintosh, or rather the appointment of that gentleman to succeed Mr. Fraser. Here was a young man of an equal rank to Miss Colquhoun coming to settle in the neighbourhood. Was it not very probable he might become her suitor? He conceived a dislike for Mackintosh immediately, and the reports of the country people that "da young minister wiz makin' up ta Miss Mern Fraisher," did not tend much to remove this dislike. Garthson was very susceptible of female charms, and entertained a great admiration for Miss Marion, beside whom Miss Colquhoun cut but a sorry figure. Had it not been for the small matter of the landed estate, the former lady would have been the object of his affections, and he had always buoyed himself up with the hope that, in the event of his designs on Miss Col-

quhoun not being attended with success, he might be received as a suitor by Marion, who would be left in straitened circumstances at her mother's death. So very shortly Garthson hated Mackintosh with a deep and sincere hatred, and longed for an opportunity of revenge. After much reflection, he conceived a plan of a most demoniacal nature, which should rid him at once of the obnoxious Mackintosh and of another formidable obstruction, and put him within a hand's grasp of the attainment of his wishes.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in summer, and the congregation were issuing from the parish church, where Mackintosh had been discoursing to them, into the kirkyard without. Groups of the peasantry were gossiping as usual at the various wickets, stopping to observe the few gentry and salute them as they passed along. Colquhoun Garthson came out alongside of Hosea Colquhoun—an ungainly figure, attired in an old great-coat and a rabbit-skin cap, with the ears in an elevated position, of which he was very proud, for he had made it himself.

“Noo,” whispered Garthson to his companion, “ye should offer yer airm to Miss Fraser before he gets it.”

This remark evidently had reference to some previous conversation; and indeed, in their solitary walk from Ericsvoe that morning, the young plotter had been endeavouring to impress on Hosea that Miss Fraser especially disliked Mackintosh, and shrank from his attentions; that she undoubtedly cherished a secret attachment to the young laird, and that every sentiment of gratitude and gallantry called upon him to save her from persecution, even at the expense of a deadly feud with the young pastor. At the moment of the whisper, Mackintosh was advancing to meet Mrs. and Miss Fraser at one of the kirkyard gates. Forward dashed the valiant Hosea, unmindful of anything but the promptings of his subtle adviser, and pushed rudely between Miss Fraser and Mackintosh, who had already taken the mother's arm, and was extending his unoccupied one to the young lady.

“Miss Marion, ye'll take my airm, winna ye?” exclaimed the wearer of the rabbit-skin, in his loudest tones.

“Thank you, no, Mr. Hosea,” replied Marion, starting back, half terrified at the young man's extraordinary manner. “Mr. Mackintosh has already kindly offered me his.”

“Never mind him!” shouted Hosea, getting more excited; “ye'll take mine, you know. We understand ane anither, ye ken; ye'll take mine, my dear.”

“Most certainly she'll do nothing of the kind, sir,” cried Mackintosh, his Celtic blood boiling within him, and quite dispersing all thoughts of the solemn offices he had been performing. “Your conduct is most improper and unbecoming, sir. Take your arm off immediately. Do you hear?” And, in spite of the remonstrances of Mrs. Fraser, he shook off Hosea. And when the latter, in mad fury, aimed a stroke at Mackintosh with a stick he carried, that gentleman snatched it, broke it in two, and threw the pieces back at him, exclaiming, “You drunken scoundrel! couldn't you remain at home and find vent there for your tipsy humours?”

Hosea then slunk off, and Mackintosh, rather ashamed of the part he had played, though conscious he was in the right, departed with the ladies.

The congregation had of course been spectators of this scene, and Colquhoun Garthson took pains to impress it on their memories. On the walk homewards he mentioned to several of the gossips from separate districts that Mackintosh was known to hate the young laird desperately in consequence of his being preferred to him by Miss Fraser. And in the various "toons" that evening the conversation was entirely on the subject of the quarrel between "Messter'Osee an'da young minister," and many were the speculations as to "what wid be the end o't a'."

On the day following this, Hosea Colquhoun was induced by young Garthson to accompany him for a forenoon walk. It was a brilliant, beautiful, cloudless day, the gentle sea-breeze from the south-west tempering the air. Sauntering along the eastern shores of the voe, they lingered for a few moments on the beach to play duck-and-drake along the smooth, shining water, and then ascended slowly to the south-east. They reached the top of a high hill, so elevated that Ericsvoe, the sand, the Wirna-stacks on one side, and Trigganess, with its kirk and manse, on the other, seemed to lie at their feet. Far on either side lay the sea, flowing between the numerous islands, placid, and apparently undisturbed, save where the portion of it glistening in the sun's rays betrayed a gentle ripple. Along the shores women were gathering sea-ware for the manufacture of "kelp," their voices and even conversation being frequently distinctly audible; the children screamed and laughed, and the dogs barked joyously around the almost totally deserted cottages, and in the remote north glistened the sails, and occasionally sounded faint the departing "tooning" of the "loder-horns"* of the lords and masters of those dames, infants, and curs, as they bore slowly away to the "haaf," or deep-sea fishing. It was a pleasant and reviving scene, and even our pedestrians, familiar as it was to them, thought it so.

"It is a cheerful sight," Hosea observed more than once, with emphasis. "By jingo, Colquhoun, it maks ane tired o' doin nothin' when he sees a' yon bits o' bodies wirkin' awa' sae happy. Faith, I think I'll gi' up this life an' tak to somethin' usefu'."

"Hear him!" said Colquhoun, with a half-sneer—"hear till him! Why, man, ye should ha' been a poet, or," he added, with a bitterer sneer, "a minister! Muckle ye can do, or hae to do!"

Hosea gave a sort of half-sigh. "Weel, that's true aneuch. Ho, hi, hum, I feel very tired, man;" which, according to Garthson's experience, he usually was on such occasions. He continued stretching himself as they walked onward, and Garthson proposed shortly that they should sit down and rest under a brae. They did so, and in less than ten minutes Hosea had dropped fast asleep.

"He's safe for half an hour," muttered the other. He gently raised his companion's body a bit, and pulled his cap a little higher off his brows, but keeping him in such a posture as to avoid the rays of the sun. Then he went and stood at a little distance from him in the posture of one coming up the hill from the southward, observed him atten-

* *Loder-horn*, a large cow's horn, prepared to act as an instrument of communication between boats at the "haaf" in thick weather, or to give notice of approach to the shore. Sometimes it is playfully sounded as a sort of musical farewell on departure. Sounding it is termed "tooning," for the sound it emits resembles too-o-o-o.

tively, and, seeming satisfied with the scrutiny, departed in the direction of Trigganess.

Norman Mackintosh was also abroad that forenoon. "I'm going shooting up the hill," he told his servant. "Young Garthson tells me there's some good rabbit-shooting up by Trigga-loch, and I half expect to meet him there about this time."

He walked slowly in the direction of the loch, which was concealed from view of the manse by intervening braes. It was a solitary place, gloomy even in a morning like this. The loch was a small one, very shallow along the shores, which were narrowly bordered with fine gravel. The adjoining hills, black and peaty, hung over and became reflected in its bosom, on which only one solitary sea-fowl floated, and as the intruder approached it rose with a faint scream, and soared away. About the middle of the water there was a diminutive islet, connected with the shore by stepping-stones placed widely apart, and on this islet mouldered away the ruins of an ancient Pictish castle, or rather hovel.

"What a spot for a hermit," thought Mackintosh, "or for a being cut off from his fellow-men and banished for some awful crime beyond the pale of society! Here a man might become penitent and humbled. Truly, though, I know not but that he might become more desperate. Shall I awaken the echoes with a few grains of harmless powder? Perhaps in the crannies of yonder once lordly edifice there may be lurking some morsel of vitality more substantial than a spider or bluebottle. Here goes!" He was on the point of lifting the gun to his shoulder, when he was arrested by a voice behind him pronouncing his name. He turned round, and saw Colquhoun Garthson.

"Good mornin', sir," said the latter. "Fine mornin', is it no'? Saw ye onything that ye were gaen' to shoot?"

"Good morning to you, Garthson. No, nothing; I was merely going to have a bit of useless blaze, and shall be very glad if you can direct me, as you promised, to some more exciting sport. I am very much inclined, however, to suspect your rabbit-warren is a fanciful thing, for I've been wandering over these braes for two or three years now, and ought to know every peat o' them, but rabbits have I never seen one."

"I can assure you, Mr. Mackintosh," replied Garthson, with his most respectful demeanour, "I'm no' mistaken aboot the rabbits. Just follow the road I gi' you; geen saftly, an' ye'll nab ane or twa. But they're very shy, an' ye maun be wary. Creep saftly up yon sheep's-gate, keep yer een open, an' see if I'm no' tellin' you truth."

And he directed Mackintosh to take the road up the hill leading to Ericsvoe, by which he had himself just descended. Up went Mackintosh, saying, "Don't you go before me, then;" and Garthson followed him gently. In about five minutes, "It is, indeed!" Mackintosh exclaimed—"it is, indeed! Now hush! I'll have him!" He lifted his long fowling-piece to his shoulder, took aim at the animal he seemed to see before him with elevated ears, and—fired. A deep groan came down the hill-side which appalled the young man and filled his soul with horror. He rushed forward, and there lay the lifeless body of Hosea Colquhoun, weltering in the blood which poured through the ragged skin-cap from his shattered skull!

"Oh, Mr. Mackintosh!" exclaimed the wily Garthson with well-feigned horror, "what have you done! What have you done!"

"What have I done?" groaned the miserable young man. "Oh, Heaven, who could have foreseen this? How could this have happened?"

"Weel, it looks odd," replied Garthson, with such a significant emphasis in his tone that the other started and looked fixedly at him. "Puir fellow," he continued, bending over the body, "he'll never see light more."

"The dreadful thing is how difficult it will be to explain it to the people," exclaimed Mackintosh, the squabble of yesterday in the kirk-yard recurring to his mind. He was certain this was the subject of Garthson's thoughts also. "Such a strange and unaccountable accident," he added, "and none but you to corroborate my tale." The moment he had said this he shuddered, and his heart grew cold within him, for Garthson actually laughed—laughed with bitterness and sarcasm.

"I!" he cried, "what can I say on the subject? Was I beside you? and how could I tell you would fire so recklessly and shoot a man? Man! the folk widna' believe me if I swore to any sic lee. Ye ken best hoo ye'll explain it. They'll think it odd, surely, that the very first time ye should meet him after yer wirds wi' him he should dee by yer hand. Maybe it'll look odder in a minister than in anither body!"

The truth seemed to dawn on Mackintosh: it came mingled with rage, and, alas! with despair too. "Villain!" he cried, "I more than suspect you know more of this matter than I do. I fully believe you wish to ruin me. Oh, Heavens! what a situation!"

"Ye needna' look sae fierce," retorted Garthson; "if ony ane came by just noo they would lippin* ye were gaen to shutt me too. I advise you to flee."

Mackintosh scarcely heard him; he stood apart praying, his face clasped in his hands, the big drops oozing through his fingers. He saw nothing but ruin, degradation, death before him if he remained and trusted to the evidence of this scoundrel. It seemed to him the only course he could take was to leave the island at once, and seek refuge out of the country altogether. Turning, therefore, upon the fellow, he thundered, "God, I believe, will yet permit us to meet at a time when my innocence shall be established, and your villany made public. Till then you shall not see me again." He cast the gun from him, and fled down the hill with impetuosity. Hastening towards Mrs. Fraser's cottage, he saw Marion in the garden, and beckoned to her. She came out to meet him, half-terrified by his look and gestures. In a few hurried words, but in such a manner as to startle her least, he told her what had happened, and that he must fly immediately. Horror-struck at this resolve, she implored him not to adopt such a course, pointing out that to remain and meet an examination would be the surest way of establishing his innocence—to fly would only leave behind an unquestioned belief in his guilt.

"Dearest," said Mackintosh, "my mind is made up. To remain, trusting to that fellow's statement, would, I know, be my ruin. Were I to escape the penalty of the law, I should have lost, at least, all weight with my congregation, every prospect of being respected and of doing

* *Lippin*, expect.

good in my profession. My unfortunate passion of yesterday has done all. I must fly. Elsewhere, I trust, I shall succeed in some other employment; I have youth, strength, and education. Remain true to me, and trust that the day will not be far distant when I shall write to assure you of my having attained a good position in some other land, and ask you to join me. Till then, farewell!" He wrung her hand, and departed without further adieu, for they could be seen from the windows of the house. He rushed to his own house, dashed up the stairs, took money from his desk, and hurried out again. Walking rapidly southward for a mile or so, he hired a boat at the point where the sound between K—— and the "Mainland" isle is narrowest, and reached the latter island in about half an hour. There he procured a horse, which conveyed him to a small bay on the west side, where he knew Dutch herring-vessels were wont to lie for the purposes of smuggling. According to his calculations, some of these vessels were about to return to Holland; he easily obtained a passage in one of them, and was landed in the latter country within a week. Immediately on his arrival, he wrote to Marion and to his parents in the Highlands, giving to the latter a full explanation of the circumstances which had induced him to take such a remarkable step; and intelligence from the Zetland Islands travelling to the mainland of Scotland very tardily in those days, his parents were quite unaware of what had taken place until they received his letter. His father replied, blaming the rashness of this proceeding, but in mild terms, for in his secret heart he looked on the matter in much the same light that his son had done, feeling certain that had the young man remained to meet the powers of the law his chances of proving his innocence would have been but small. The old gentleman learned at Aberdeen that the supposed murder had created a great sensation in the islands. In this city he met with Mrs. and Miss Fraser, who had quitted Zetland to take up their residence there. Mackintosh was known to have had an interview with Marion previous to his flight, and the Frasers' continued residence in K—— could not fail to be most disagreeable. Indeed, as might have been expected, the young lady had been examined by certain worthies from Lerwick, and there were not wanting some who believed the statement she represented herself to have received from Mackintosh. But of course, at Erics Ha' and among the tenantry, universal credence was given to Colquhoun Garthson's tale of how he had left Hosea in the hills near Trigga-loch and gone a little way off for the purpose of visiting a cottage; how he had seen Mackintosh at a little distance going northward with his gun; how, fearing another altercation between him and the young laird, he had returned immediately, but only arrived in time to hear the report of the gun, to find Hosea lifeless and bloody, and to see the minister hurrying away. The hue and cry had been raised somewhat, but not farther south than to Edinburgh; and Marion and the elder Mackintosh were soon able to inform Norman that the matter had been almost entirely hushed up. The former wrote all affection and hope, looking forward to the time as not far distant when Mackintosh should have gained a position equal to that which he had lost; the latter urged industry and perseverance, and commanded him not to think of returning to Scotland, but rather to seek a home in one of our colonies. He could do little for the young man in a pecu-

niary way, for he was only a small Highland farmer, with many other children.

Despairing of making a livelihood in the foreign country he had escaped to—for he was wholly ignorant of the language—Mackintosh proceeded to London. Here fortune did not favour him as he had anticipated, and, after trying some very disagreeable and unpromising occupations, he enlisted in the ——— Regiment of Foot. He did not consider it necessary to change his name; it was impossible to conceal the fact of his being a Scotchman, and “Norman Mackintosh” was too common an appellation for one of that country to excite any suspicion. Moreover, the regiment was about to go abroad. He did not inform his relatives and Marion of the new occupation he had entered upon, lest it should pain them; he contented himself with telling them he had obtained employment which he hoped would soon make him independent, and enable him to claim Marion’s hand. Young and sanguine, he buoyed himself up with the hope of being able to procure a commission by his merits. Meantime, during a residence of a few years in Gibraltar and in garrison in England, his education, good and soldierly conduct, and steadiness, had raised him to the rank of sergeant. Indeed, he began to believe that nature had intended him for this profession rather than for the one he had been bred to and so abruptly driven from. Just at that time our Canadian possessions were convulsed with that struggle which the gallant Wolfe so gloriously terminated. Mackintosh’s regiment was despatched to join that general’s army in the summer of 1759. In the grand events of that famous autumn morning on the heights of Abraham it played a conspicuous part, and many a Frenchman fell beneath the young sergeant’s hand. The exertions of the brave were crowned with success, and though, alas! the beloved commander lay dying on the ground, the sounds of “They run!—they run!” rang in his ears—words not less welcome to him than his death reprieve would have been. When the fight was over and the British colours waved proudly over the walls of Quebec, Mackintosh was sent for by his colonel. “Sergeant Mackintosh,” said that officer, “your conduct has given me much satisfaction; I was a personal witness of your gallant bearing. I have therefore sent in your name to General Townshend, and doubt not you will obtain your promotion.” Norman bowed his acknowledgments and withdrew, confident that his grand hopes were about to be realised; and in a very few months he found himself appointed to a vacant ensigney. He continued in active service until the September of the year following, when Montreal fell. Soon after that event Mackintosh obtained his company, and returned to Britain. He hastened to Scotland, and stood before Marion Fraser a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, very different from the supple young minister who had parted with her on that miserable day in the garden of Trigganess. Miss Fraser, however, found no difficulty in identifying the young captain, and did not for a moment attempt to represent him to her friends as a person seeking to obtain her hand under false pretences. They were happily wedded in her new home in Aberdeen; nor did the memory of the mournful past, nor the bruises and cuts of later days, prevent the bridegroom from performing the “Hieland fling” and several “Eight-reels,” and other mysteries of the Terpsichorean art, with great *éclat*. But Mackintosh did not make Scotland the home of his life, though he

had determined on retiring from active service. Along with his pretty wife, her mother, his father, and some other members of his family, he returned to the country in which he had gained distinction and won his commission. On a pleasant farm in Upper Canada, at that time almost beyond the pale of the civilised circle, the Mackintosh family settled and spent their days. Norman Mackintosh, it is said—happy though his present lot was—sometimes thought regretfully of the old times in the manse of Trigganess, and he once or twice expressed to his wife a wish that he had taken some steps to confront that despicable plotter—of the full success of whose schemes he was well aware—and oblige him to do him justice. But such regrets passed rapidly away. He had around him those he loved; to their eyes his innocence was clear, and in his more rational moments he felt he had nothing more to desire. Nor had he reason to accuse himself of a great sin in so hastily casting away the title to lead his fellow-men to holier thoughts as a preacher of the Gospel. Nay, he could not help believing that Providence had put it in his power to be more actively useful in the new vocation he had been driven to. He could contrast his present state of mind favourably with its former condition, when a young, impetuous, thoughtless lad, he had, as a means of livelihood, adopted a profession for which he was wholly unsuited, and presumed to show others how their passions were to be curbed ere he had mastered his own. For “sorrow is better than laughter; and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.” Of course we need scarcely add that Mrs. Norman Mackintosh had a great many beautiful children; and, if we are not misinformed, their descendants are to this day loyal Canadian subjects of her Most Gracious Majesty.

We have hinted that Colquhoun Garthson was successful in his schemes. That is to say, he got what he wanted; but whether it gave him the satisfaction he expected is quite another question. We doubt it. He wedded a silly wife who cared little for him, and had all the failings of her race; he became the father of children who worried and took advantage of him, for they inherited their qualities of head and heart from him. Disliked by his wife, by his children, by his tenantry, despised by his brother lairds, he could not be said to lead a merry life. He lived to an old age, though, becoming more hard-hearted every year, and died regretted by none. His successors speculated with the property and lost it, and it has long since passed into other hands.

EVALLA.

BY W. BEILBY BATEMAN.

I.

THE MEETING.

IF the reader will follow us to the secluded hamlet of Eversley, he will discover as pleasant a country spot as earth can show. Not where lofty towers rise, fabled in story—not where Spanish lattices open at midnight to the dreamy touch of the guitar, nor by streams where the flying feet of Italian girls dash through ethereal dances—but amid fertile English lands, where civilised arts have shed their blessing and left no bane, amid villagers as unsophisticated as the soil that they till, and, like that soil, ever plain and primitive. At the highest point of view stands the rustic church, a castellated edifice, and great to look upon, with strange writings on the walls, and stranger figures carved within its niches. On one side a park, a lordly manor; on the other the common, the pond, the donkeys asleep in the sun, the gossips chattering in the shade, the beadle, solemn and portentous, but dropsical withal, sitting at rest upon the stocks, the blacksmith driving fiery sparks into the high road, the village idiot struggling away from teasing boys who drag him to the pump. And then the churchyard, recording none but aged deaths, as the human fruit fell ripe of its own accord from the tree of life; there was the churchyard whose tombstones people sat upon all day, and talked of mundane things, of Chloe's passion for the barber thereanent, or Flora by Lothario-squire undone, but in which churchyard, when night-time came, the villagers passed with fear, and started as the gate clicked after them. Beyond, a semicircular line of trees, fir and beech, shut in the landscape, sparing the eye the continual strain of an extended view, and as their branches yielded to the winter storm they sounded like frothy waves on a troubled shore, while to the breeze of summer-time they bent with a gentler murmur:

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Hummeth a quiet tune.

With its woods and waters, its flowers and fruits, its blue sky breathing with the song of many a bird, it was a country home where the living might "fleet time carelessly as they did in the golden world," where the dying might feel no final pang, but pass unconsciously to the inevitable future!

And here, amid these pastoral scenes, it would seem that the bright-eyed deity, Happiness, might make her errant heart content. For is not she a wanderer, the veriest vagrant on earth's highway, a vagabond bird of passage, a restless jade, "one foot on sea, and one on shore, to one thing constant never;" a vague phantom impelled by some impalpable policeman perpetually to "move on;" without a local habitation or a

name; a dream that all would clasp, but whose coquettish form eludes us ever; a phantasm touching like the bee on every flower only to leave a deeper void in parting? To such pastoral scenes have poets given happiness as an heirloom. We will search for the envied essence in the pretty hamlet of Eversley. We shall often stumble on it, oftenest when we cease to seek it, but never hold it long; and when its pinions seem most firmly bound, and its presence rendered an enduring and immutable thing, then shall its plumes be sleeked for the wildest, and, perhaps, an eternal flight; when forgotten as an imaginary spirit of the past it shall appear like a rainbow smiling through the storm, giving a silver lining to life's cloud, bearing hope and repose in its bosom, and planting them prodigally in human hearts as it passes by.

If unhappiness existed at Eversley, Nature was ever busy to sympathise and to soothe! She at least did her best in shedding her glories round to attune humanity to gentleness, and fill man's heart with beautiful thoughts. Socrates said that we should render ourselves beautiful to approach the beautiful, and here Earth, like a fond mistress, had assumed her sweetest aspect and gayest robes to charm her mortal lord. The spring-time was so crisp and clear, the summer so rich in luxuriant foliage, the autumn so glorious with its purple leaves and golden harvests, even old winter, though he came not without his icy pangs, still turned his churlish chiding into merry laughter by the Christmas fireside, and Eversley passed on unchanged and unchanging from season to season, but little troubled by the great world rolling on beyond.

It was September now, the time of brilliant moonlight and harvest-home, but at mid-day the sun retained all the fiery heat of June, and labourers wiped the sweat from their brows and fell asleep in the shade after their frugal meal. The reapers had been busy, and were collected together silently and indolently under an overhanging oak for the enjoyment of a brief repose, when a retriever and a couple of pointers dashed over the gate of the wheat-field, and the two latter began to search for game in obedience to their instinct. They were soon followed by the sportsmen, a gamekeeper in velveteen, and a youth in shooting habiliments that bore a foreign guise, speaking rather of the French *chasseur* or the German *Jäger* than the tame pursuer of partridges in Suffolk. There was, however, no affectation in the costume, which had been evidently worn from habit, until the bearer was unconscious of its peculiarity, and even the difference that marked its un-English character consisted of details so trifling that they would scarcely permit explanation. His figure was tall and well-knit, his complexion bronzed by exposure, and there was a certain wild freedom in his blue eyes that spoke of an untamed spirit, and a habit of self-reliance in danger not visible in the continual habitant of crowded cities. There is an air peculiar to some men, something indefinable, that has been remarked in the lion-hunter, in the Red Indian, in the old soldier of many campaigns; it was evident in an instant in Alfred Helmet, the youth who now flung himself lazily on the sward beside the reapers—an air of superiority often innate in those of commanding will, who have really little to command.

"Come, Mark," he said, addressing a short, stout man with a dark, keen eye, "what tale has the game-bag to tell?"

Mark, before he replied, glanced round in search of his companion.

"Here he is," he answered at last. "Here, Jack, bring the bag, and show the master what we have done."

Jack was a tall, meagre mortal, wiry but wan, with a military air, and the profoundest obeisance always ready for Alfred Helmet, who was a much more liberal master than he had ever met before. He disengaged the bag from his loins, and proceeded to arrange the spoil in line upon the grass, carefully sleeking the feathers of each bird with the greatest ceremony as he laid it out in state.

"Eleven partridges and a landrail," said Jack, glancing at Mark Margrove, the keeper, to make sure that his arithmetic was correct.

"Yes, Jack," said Mark, "right for once; and not so bad either, with the ground as dry as a tavern-table, and no scent for the dogs. Here, Bessy, poor girl," he added, calling the favourite pointer, "come and have a crust with the master; surely you have done your work this hot day!"

The arrival of a boy with a hamper of provision interrupted the conversation, and various refreshing viands being spread upon a snow-white cloth, Alfred Helmet, the keeper, and the boy in attendance, were speedily engaged in the mid-day meal. The good old ale circulated briskly, and the remains of the repast were on the verge of disappearing in the wallet of Mark Margrove, when another person approached the group.

Listlessly opening the gate instead of passing over it, and shutting it as leisurely—with a vague, abstracted look that seemed to take in everything at a glance, though engaged elsewhere in other dreams, in other thoughts—the new comer, as we have said, approached the party. He was thin even to meagreness, his eyes bright but hollow, his dress careless; but, as he raised his hat to welcome the coolness of the shade, he bared a forehead as white as marble, and of that massive build which bespeaks the seat of no ordinary intelligence. No indifferent garment could quench the dignity of those chiselled features. He was a handsome Diogenes, as cynical, but as true.

Alfred Helmet did not notice him at first, but *he* gazed upon the reclining figure of the sportsman for several instants in mute astonishment, and then broke into a low, subdued laugh.

"Alfred!" he exclaimed, at length, "may I perish for ever if I thought to find *you* here! Have you fallen from the clouds? Have you descended in a balloon? Or what, in the name of all the gods, has brought you from romantic Italy to homely Suffolk?"

"What!" said Alfred, rising to his feet, "do I actually behold Willie Wilders?"

"No less a person," was the reply. And they embraced each other with foreign energy, to the astonishment of the reapers, who looked on open-mouthed.

Alfred filled the glasses again, and made Willie Wilders drink three bumpers in succession—most religiously accompanying him, it must be added—before he allowed another word to be uttered.

"If this had happened in France," said Willie, "among those golden vineyards of Burgundy, where I left you drunk with wine and nature, it would have seemed real—a scene in a vaudeville—"but *here!*——"

"Ah," interrupted Alfred, "our skies are dull, but we learn to love them. *I* am living at a roadside inn,—Blue Boar, fat landlady, sleepy

host, underdone beef on Sundays, and pork the rest of the week—yet I am happy!”

“Yes,” said Willie, “while living in the present you transfer your being to the past. But this is no time for metaphysical subtleties; let us go together, and we will talk as we wander. By the heaven above us, I never thought my quiet life would have been startled by *your* apparition.”

“Tell me your adventures, then, since we parted,” said Alfred.

“I will,” replied Willie, “in a breath. We travelled together; I left you in Burgundy, and wandered home. I found no relation that suited my taste on arriving in England, so I began the life of a vagabond. I travelled everywhere: money was no particular object. By accident I dropped down here upon an old house—château we should have called it in France, for I have forty rooms and a ghost—and the quietude pleased me. Few people can endure repose, *I* love it!”

“The ghost was the attraction,” said Alfred, laughingly. “I know you, Willie, still romantic as of old, and as shy as birds in October.”

“Innocent or guilty,” replied Willie, “you shall not leave me. What!—the Blue Boar!—Diable! I have wines and books as old as the Deluge, a fat butler, and a sea-coal fire, and a housekeeper with any number of chins! Come!”

“Please your honour the reapers want ‘largess,’” said Mark, touching his hat, with an apology for intruding.

Alfred Helmet threw them some money at once. They seemed to look at Willie so hard that he noticed it.

“What!” he said, “must *I* sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Nimrod too, and encourage the slaughter of innocent birds of the air, and four-footed animals that in life are lovely to look upon?” He threw them, however, a coin that they were not disappointed to receive in spite of his words. And then he added: “You know, of course, that your old companion lives near here—Evalla, the playmate of your childhood, whom you used to quarrel with at least three times a day, and who required so much kissing to make it up?”

“Ah, yes,” said Alfred, rather more thoughtfully; “she is married. I have not seen her yet; but the farm is near, is it not?”

“If you can abandon your killing and mutilating of God’s works for one afternoon,” replied Willie, “I will show you the house.”

“Agreed,” said Alfred.

They left the fields, and diverged into the high road. A very short walk brought them to a gateway, whence a quaint old farm-house was visible, surrounded by extensive granaries, valuable stacks of corn and hay, and a good store of lowing kine.

Willie led him into the hall with the uncereemonious disposition that characterises the country gentleman.

A tall female, with large, black, dreamy eyes, with marble features and commanding form, rose upon their entrance.

“Mrs. Castelmaine,” said Willie Wilders, “I have brought back your old friend Alfred Helmet.”

“Alfred!” she exclaimed, hurrying forward, and then stopping suddenly and offering her hand. “Alfred Helmet!”

“Yes, yes, Evalla!”

Aug.—VOL. CXIII. NO. CCCCLII.

II.

AN INTERLUDE.

WHEN Charles Ravenstone died, in the year of our Lord 1822, he left issue a certain only son named Randolph—a young man but lately of age, of a goodly stature, having a bright, clear eye, chesnut hair, and of pleasant aspect withal. He had the spirit and strength of a lion united with the gentleness of the lamb in disposition. His genius was erratic. Oft-times he took a studious mood, and “under the shade of melancholy boughs” would “waste and neglect the creeping hours of Time.” His library must be altered. He would be a student—burn midnight oil—wander in meditation among the galleries of his father’s dwelling—dream poetry, and write verses, forsooth,—after the second bottle of claret. The be-sonneted moon, however, not yielding such inspiration as seemed likely to command immortality, Randolph concluded that writing was not his forte. It was an inactive existence after all. A friend expounded to him the glories of the turf, the jocund life of jockeyism, the chances and the odds. Randolph was “put on” a certainty, believed in it, and lost a cool thousand or two. The irrefragable arguments with which his friend proved that success was certain “next time” failed to convince him, and he escaped from the meshes. “Vanities!” the reader will exclaim. Yes; but a true story all the same, acted hourly on many a stage. Then the much-sounding sea must have its turn, and Randolph built him a yacht, and went therein to see the glad Mediterranean, and the blue skies that spread over Italy. He arrived at Naples; and this was a serious journey, for, by reason of certain letters from England, he became acquainted with the family of the De Ricci, a decayed but once noble race, who possessed now only the ancestral name, and a crumbling palace with half a dozen of its hundred apartments furnished for their habitation. Evalla, the daughter, however, was beautiful as a dream. The first moment Randolph saw her, he fell in love. At the second interview he resolved to learn Italian, so the yacht was laid up. Within a short period she was his wife. Pity that real life, like your theatre-tale, cannot end with a marriage—cannot, like a fairy story, leave the hero and heroine to be happy for ever after!

As if anything had any end! As if humanity were not bound in one eternal chain, whereof no link can break without making the whole frame vibrate, while the earth itself, poised in air, recoils from the weight even of a human footstep. Randolph married her, and while *she* loved him with the undivided affection of one who hazards all upon the die, HE watched her with that less demonstrative, but concentrated attachment that an Englishman alone can lavish upon an object on whom his heart is set. Randolph gave her his *whole* heart without reserve. The manners of his countrywomen had always been too formal and too cold to please his taste. *Her* perfect *abandon* charmed him; her inability to make a secret of her love, her anxiety if he looked sad, her joy if he were gay, her tears if he seemed harsh, her happy look when he kissed those tears away—all made this epoch a millennium for Randolph as well as for

her. So the weeks flew away, and the months, and a year! And then she became a mother—for an hour or two—and lived to clasp her daughter in her arms, and fix her lips on his in one long, long, long parting kiss—a kiss such as the dying give who shall embrace no more in the guise of clay, in the world we know. The millennium of a few months was past.

The life of a motherless girl must always have vicissitudes of some kind, and the child Evalla, named after her mother, whom Randolph worshipped in his memory as a departed saint, was destined to know various changes. Her father Randolph, conscious as he was of his deep affection, had loved Evalla even more than he knew. Her death caused a blank in his existence that nothing could compensate. Her shadow was always near him, her phantom-voice always ringing in his ear, until at last he followed her to the grave as if he were merely entering another chamber, or joining an absent friend.

Evalla, their dark-eyed child, was taken back to the old palace that had seen her mother's infancy, her father's nuptials, and there she lived with her two relations, nearly blind from age, to learn what she could, and amuse herself as best she might. At length, when she was about sixteen, her cousin Alfred Helmet arrived, taking Naples on his way in the continental tour that forms and finishes an English education. An introductory letter brought him to the old palace of the De Ricci, and there he soon became an established inmate. The old people had little society, so Alfred and Evalla became solitary playmates, and vowed vows, and swore eternal hatred and never-dying love in the same breath. They often wandered, too, about the uninhabited apartments of the château of an evening; and when they opened some creaking door or other a bat would flap in their faces, or an owl loom away from the open casement, upon which Evalla must scream and hide her face in her hands, and Alfred felt as proud as a knight-errant while he comforted her, and laughed, and escorted her back to the saloon where her grandmother was poring over her missal. They would have been lovers, but being about his age, she of course felt herself much older than a mere boy like Alfred—she thought she was quite a woman, in fact; and though afraid of bats and owls, and possessed of nervous notions that the old palace was haunted, she was too womanly (she thought) to love a boy, though he *did* protect her; and, at all events, she was too proud to own it in any case. Alfred was called home not long after, and she cried for three weeks after his departure; and the more she gazed upon the scenes they had visited, in or out of the château, the more sad she grew. Her only consolation in his absence was to cherish the little relics he had left, to keep his bow or gun from damp, to feed his pony from her own hands, or kiss—but this was done very slyly—the pillow he had ceased to press. The moment, however, his name was mentioned she assumed the young lady again; hoped he was quite well with the most indifferent air, and took no apparent interest in the answer.

But time flew on, and one autumn the old people passed away with the falling leaves almost simultaneously, leaving Evalla alone in the old château. The relative who took possession of the domain was too poor, like most of the Italian nobility, to support his inheritance. Part of the property, moreover, descended to Evalla; so, after a fruitless endeavour

to immure her in a convent, which would have released them from their charge, and perhaps have enabled them to appropriate a moiety of her wealth—for such it appeared to them—they made overtures to one of Randolph's distant connexions in England, who had the credit of being a rich milord, and the young lady was transferred from the voluptuous Bay of Naples to the misty shores of Albion.

The rich milord to whom Ludovico Valpi had made the transfer of Evalla was no less a person than Mr. Octavius Spankie, stockbroker, of No. 2, Bartholomew-lane, City, also, at that time, of Belgrave-square, and also of Spankie House, Berks. Mr. Octavius Spankie, having begun life by running through a small fortune in a still smaller time, married, became a clerk, and eked out his existence by the aid of his wife, who worked artificial flowers. He was then made partner in the house, and moved to Peckham. A speculation in tallow soon after elevated him to Portland-place. A later hazard, however, in indigo, brought him and his wife back to the flower-making. After this he made and lost two or three more independencies, and at length resolved himself, just about the time of Evalla's arrival, into Belgrave-square. He was a thick-set man with a very red face, always dressed in black, with boots that never seemed, on the most dreary November day, to lose their polish, with the whitest of shirts with the most voluminous of frills, and a white neckcloth tied tightly enough to strangle any criminal whatever. When Mr. Spankie was in the City he walked about with a pen in his mouth, without gloves, and spoke to every one with the utmost affability. If he met Hankie, another man of his own standing, he would give him his little finger (the rest being filled with papers), and say, "How are 'THINGS' now?" And Hankie, equally encumbered with documents, would reply, that "things" were "an eighth to a quarter!" Pankie once inquired after the health of Mrs. Spankie, having a view to an invitation—this was in the Portland-place time, before tallow went down—but Mr. Octavius, still thinking of "things," only answered, "three-eighths—half!" So Pankie didn't ask again, and wasn't at all surprised when Spankie proved a defaulter. But at four of the clock in the afternoon a carriage whirled Evalla's guardian home, and then he was quite a different character. He shrank from the idea of business, as a sensitive plant from the human touch. The loud knock at the door, the powdered footman with "west-end" written in his face, the card of Admiral Goutlimb on the hall table, the languid magnificence of Mrs. Spankie, who wondered why her liege lord could not head some deputation about something, and be made a knight, whereby she would become Lady Spankie,—these were influences that made him quite another man. The talk was then of the opera, of the bishop's horse falling lame at Fulham, of her dowager majesty's health declining—see *Morning Post*. Evalla, however, was ensconced in the midst of all these splendours, which—more reflective than real—she was unable to understand after the society she had left in the palace of the De Ricci. In the fulness of time Master Guzzelridge Spankie (named after the great alderman) returned from school, and fell in love with her, and made her a present of hard-bake. He was then sent to college to make connexions, and when he returned again tried all the fascinations of himself and tailor to lay her heart prostrate at his lordly feet. Evalla would meet his strange, uncouth gallantry with a kind of mild surprise. Her

dark, dreaming eyes would wander away from him silently. Her thoughts were far away among vine-clad hills, and upon the star-lit sea, and her ear was filled with the voices of the fishermen who chanted Tasso's verse along the hushed midnight waters. Guzzelridge Spankie after that! The family, however, was alarmed. The heir of so much splendour must not be sacrificed in a *mésalliance*. When the season was over, and Mrs. Spankie was down at the place in Berks, Mr. Castelmaine, gentleman farmer and justice of the peace, well to do, and a bachelor with fourteen hundred a year, called at Spankie House about some rents. He saw Evalla, and called a good many times after that. It was observed, too, that the farmer's family coach was repainted. Then he furbished up his old housekeeper like an ancient sword, and gave a ball, and Mrs. Octavius Spankie, seeing how matters stood, sent for her knight (that was to be) from town, and imparted to him her discovery. In consequence, a series of entertainments were given and received; the happy couple were continually thrown together alone by some of those singular coincidences that *will* occur under such circumstances, and at last, half led, half driven, Evalla relieved their fears about Guzzelridge Spankie and his lofty destiny by becoming Mrs. Castelmaine.

III.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

THE sunbeams, streaming through the trees and shrubberies that surrounded the farm of Oak-Hollow, lit the small panes of the parlour bow-window right gaily, and showed a larger party assembled than we have yet introduced to the reader. Mr. Castelmaine had just arrived from a visit to a neighbouring town, where he had been to cheapen some cattle, and the stable-boy was leading away his powerful short-built roan. Our gentleman farmer was above the middle height, very athletic in frame, and around his frank English face fell unthinned locks of hair, whose original chesnut was just tinged with the advancing grey of fifty winters. His retired country life had made him somewhat sluggish both in address and speech, and his manner was bashful and reserved, but, in spite of his velveteen coat and drab gaiters, the general expression of his countenance spoke out for him, and stamped him a gentleman. When Evalla stood near him, or leaned upon his arm, they seemed well enough mated in respect to the sexes' characteristics, for hers was beauty, and in him was developed the manly strength that the dependent nature of a woman appears to seek in her protector, but how he ever overcame his constitutional timidity of disposition sufficiently to propose to make her his wife was a marvel to the little world of Eversley. Not far from her, and very close to Willy Wilders, there sat at an embroidery-frame, with which she trifled rather than worked, her orphan relation Lillie Rivers, whom Evalla, having no children, had made a continual resident at the farm, and whom she loved as a sister, for their ages were nearly the same. A more singular contrast could scarcely have been divined than that which existed between the two. Evalla, dark as night, with her Italian blood mantling in her face, and flashing ever and anon from eyes black and dreamy, showed all the warmth of the rich clime from which her mother had

sprung ; while Lillie, light as a fairy, with a waist that two hands could span, had soft blue floating eyes, the whitest neck, the merriest laugh, and such careless, dancing golden curls falling over her regular features in glad confusion, that a sunny spring hour of morning was not more fresh and cheerful. She was like the rosy dawn after the starlight of Evalla.

"Get away, Bessy," cried Lillie to the pointer, which had followed them into the apartment, and insisted upon being caressed. "Mr. Helmet, will you call her?"

"He has fallen in love with you, Miss Rivers, and is jealous of Willie Wilders being so near his choice."

"A respectable foible at all events, though participated with the canine companion of your hunting propensities," replied Willie, who showed no disposition to change his seat, but seemed to think that the embroidery could not get on without him, though not a single stitch had been done since he sat down. "All the energies of Alfred are destructive in their nature," continued Willie to Mr. Castelmaine, "so, as there is good shooting of birds in these parts, I have persuaded him to stay at Eversley."

"I have made no promise yet, Master Willie," said Alfred, laughingly, "though the prospect is almost too pleasant to resist."

"Then promise *me*!" said Evalla.

"And me, too," exclaimed Lillie. "Bessy will break her heart if you don't bring her to see us sometimes."

"The pheasants, too, are coming on," suggested Mr. Castelmaine, laconically; which allusion to his favourite taste made Alfred laugh again.

"The society I find here is inducement enough," said the youth, sweeping the brown curls from his forehead, "so I hang up my hat until further notice!"

"You shall do marvellous well," added Willie, "for Eversley has not yet been discovered by the barbarian town. Brown has not found it out, nor Jones neither, nor has it entered into the heart of Smith to write himself Smyth, or Smythe, and retire here to 'a cottage with a double coach-house, a picture of gentility!'"

"A blessed state," cried Alfred; "and the ladies keep you civilised, and no Cockney robs letter H of its rights!"

"And we can begin, moreover, to initiate you into rustic sports this very day," interposed Lillie, "for the crops are in, and the reapers have their harvest-home supper in an hour or two in the old barn."

"So you see there is no escape," cried Willie.

"None!" added Evalla.

And Alfred acquiesced, and felt as much at home as if he had lived there all his life.

The sunlight had become more subdued and golden while they conversed, and evening began to close in over the farm, but only to make evident the harvest-moon that looked down full and fair upon the earth's wealth. They sat on, talking at intervals, but yielding to the influence of the twilight hour, that softens nature and soothes mortality. One after one the stars came forth, intruding timidly through the blaze of the queen of night, and the trees and shrubs, so green before, grew strange

and mysterious, casting dark shadows and unexpected lights upon the sward. And Nature was still and beautiful as an infant in its slumber.

Farmer Castelmaine, who had left them, alternately musing and chattering in the semicircle of the trellised bow-window, entered about eight o'clock to summon them to the supper. He had changed his dress, and was attired rather ceremoniously; but, when they commented upon it, he alluded laughingly to the duties of landlordism, and reassured them by declaring that he envied their dishabille. He really was a fine English country gentleman, thorough-bred to the backbone, and, as his men-servants, who waited without, ushered him and his guests, with lamp and lantern, to the scene of revelry, Alfred could not help expressing to Evalla, who had taken his arm, the pleasure he felt at finding her so happily placed in her new position. She cast her dark eyes upon him, but, before she could reply, a peal of laughter (for people actually laughed at Eversley) from Willie Wilders and Lillie, who of course were together, altered the tenor of her thoughts, and they entered silently into the barn where the banquet had been prepared.

At first sight the *coup d'œil* was very pretty indeed. The rough walls, and the rougher roof, had been so well concealed with boughs that the result was a greenwood hall of large extent, which no forest oasis could have excelled in aptitude. Immense beams supported the building, and from these depended numerous chandeliers, lighting up a table that smoked and reeked with goodly viands. At their entrance the tenantry and visitors rose simultaneously, and gave a deafening cheer; and when, at a sign of his uplifted hand, they took their seats, and fell to, there was no happier or prouder man on the face of the earth than Farmer Castelmaine.

He said grace, and all was silent; and then covers were removed, and all was bustle. And napkins were tucked under their chins, and knives and forks were sharpened, and there was a mighty steam of hot meats, and a hum of voices, and a clatter of plates, for a good half-hour. Then came the waes-hael cup, full of spiced ale, which Willie and Alfred declared to be a rare compound, and wherein the farmer, rising, drank to the company, and did greet them well. And it was pleasant to see with what innate politeness each humble guest rose, and bowed to the host—some repeating it to Lillie and Evalla—as the draught was taken, and the goblet passed. The wives and daughters too, for they were there, were very proud and pleased, and affected great shyness when their several turns came, which caused more merriment, and the farming fellows grew very gay indeed.

Evalla sat, pensive as was her wont, between her husband and Alfred Helmet, and gazed on vacantly, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; but Lillie was in the wildest spirits, and her silvery voice was heard every instant, talking to her favourites among the farm dependents.

"Now for a dance!" she cried, when the relics of the repast had been removed. "Come, Sammy Sloe, get a partner!"

"There be Mark Margrove hath gotten her," replied Sam, ruefully.

"Nannette!" ejaculated Lillie; "well, never mind; then get another."

"Please, mistress, there be no other like Nannette; and we was sweethearts, ye see, afore Mark eome with his evil face, and she'd a danced

with me, only when he found we were engaged, he took and told the master I was a good 'un at the drum, and so I've got to play that, and he's got Nannette all the evening to be his'n!"

Sam Sloe was short and plump, with light gingery hair, and a very fair face, all honesty and freckles, and he stood now almost bursting with pudding and grief, and pouting like a great schoolboy.

"Never mind, Sam; I'll checkmate Mark before the evening's over," said Lillie, sympathetically; "you see if I don't."

"And meantime," suggested Willie Wilders, "if I were you, Sammy, I'd take out my vengeance on the drum."

"Dang it if I don't!" exclaimed Sammy Sloe; and soon after they saw him standing at the upper end of the barn beside the village violin, doing such execution with the drumsticks as caused the whole building to vibrate. Most of all, when Mark Margrove grew too affectionate in pressing the slim waist of Nannette, did Sam hammer his instrument, and once, when he endeavoured to kiss her, there came from the drum one solitary "bang" that nearly brought the ceiling down, and effectually stopped the furtive endearment.

While the merriment proceeded, Alfred Helmet and Evalla wandered forth into the moonlight, and paced up and down in front of the barn. Suddenly she paused, and, with her hands folded before her, gazed musingly upon the scene before them. The rich moonlight shed on everything a mellow lustre of many tones—of gladness upon the well-reaped fields—of smiles upon the echoing quaint old banquet-hall—of solemnity upon the grey turrets of the hamlet church—of melancholy upon the churchyard's quiet graves.

"Your voice! and this sky!" murmured Evalla, half in reverie, "I feel in Italy again."

"I could fancy," replied Alfred, "that we had never left it—that we were still children there. What a happy, loving, quarrelling couple we were!"

"As fresh and frolicsome as the waves of that sea on whose shore we loved to play."

"And the caves too," said Alfred—"the caves, so cool when the mid-day sun was hottest, where we used to sit and rest, and look upon the waters, and tell stories about the Holy Land and knights in armour of burnished gold; and then of the strange things in the sea—the nymphs, the beds of coral, and the wealth of pearl!"

"Ah, yes!" sighed Evalla, "how bright the skies were! how beautiful was the bay! how pleasant were those haunted caves! I wonder we never met a nymph there at some twilight hour."

"Ah! ah! I saw no nymph but one, and that was Evalla, and *she* scoffed at her would-be boy lover in most magnificent disdain."

Alfred laughed merrily as he spoke, but Evalla remained silent.

"At length you left us—nymphs, and caves, and all," she added, cheerfully.

"Yes," he replied, "and returned home. Death, however, overtook my guardian, and left me free from control. I wandered away again, found Willie Wilders, and we travelled together. With all his prejudices, Willie is the best of companions upon a journey—neither too merry nor too sad, nor censorious, as are all the English, upon customs that differ

from our own. But wherever we went," continued Alfred, "I carried with me the memory of the old château, whether dreaming lazily on the banks of Rhine, or amid the voluptuous fever of Parisian life; whether hunting the wolf among the Alps, or the chamois of the wooded Apennine, I thought of *you*, Evalla!"

She gazed upon him with dilated eyes and lips apart, but no word escaped. He went on:

"At last I determined to see you, and the good old lord and lady—the De Ricci—before they died, and I left Willie, but on the way news came that their eyes were already closed, and that you too had departed, so I turned my footsteps homeward; and here we meet once more so strangely."

"But it is not your nature to rest," said Evalla; "you will soon leave us."

"No, I shall not wander forth again for many a day," replied Alfred, "and perhaps never. My travels have left me much food for meditation, and Willie Wilders is a mine of good fellowship: then, too, Eversley is charming enough to make the most errant butterfly linger. I shall turn countryman, cultivate cabbages, and make every creature on my domain happy——"

"Except a partridge on the wing at thirty yards, or a poacher caught snaring your pheasants," interposed a voice behind them. It was Willie. "Come," he added, "it is written that youth should not disdain the wine-cup or the dance. Let us in, Alfred; give thy lips to the ale, thy legs to the double-shuffle, and thy mind to some milking-maid; then shalt thou taste immortal bliss, and bound to the 'lascivious pleasing' of a fiddle."

He took his arm, and dragged him into the barn. Nannette was standing near the entrance. He was about to carry her off, but Lillie had just fulfilled her promise, by sending Mark Margrove to operate on the drum, and relieving Sammy Sloe, who had been in torture so long. Sam ran up to Nannette, and bore her away, the moment he was released. Mark did not, however, cease to torment him, but turned upon him all his own tactics, bringing the drum down upon him at all sorts of unexpected moments when he had hidden behind a beam or in one of the darker corners. Alfred seized upon a pretty little dark-eyed villager who gave him a sly look of invitation more than once, and plunged with her into the thickest of the revelry. Lillie, after some persuasion, followed with Willie Wilders. Fresh supplies of ale gave new vigour to the violin, and deeper thunder to the drum, and the rafters rang with music and laughter.

Midnight! But they will not pause yet. Willie Wilders and Alfred are in the hottest of the crowd. Lillie is more pleased than she likes to confess. Mark Margrove has grown revengeful, and nearly knocked a hole in the drum. Sammy Sloe has got Nannette outside the barn, and casting his dull, gooseberry eyes upon her with most comical grief, says, "Gie us a kiss, lass, and I'll gie thee a bird's-nest and a nosegay to-morrow—danged if I don't!"

And Evalla stands alone and motionless in the moonlight, still as the grave in the secret shroud of her own thoughts!

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY HEBERDEN MILFORD.

IV.

—Sicut meus est mos
Nescio quid meditans nugarum.—HORACE.

BEFORE separating, it was agreed that the party should assemble to breakfast at my rooms in the morning. My landlady, a widow, who had been obliged to eke out a subsistence for several years by means of letting her apartments to students of the college, was one of the most imperturbable persons in the world. Her experience of the thoughtlessness of young men had rendered her ever obliging, and she heeded no more a little extra trouble than she did the murmurings of the distant Frith.

Mrs. Duncan prepared an impromptu breakfast with good-natured zeal. Though so brief a time had been allowed for the necessary catering, the mutton-cutlets, kippered salmon, fresh eggs, and hot coffee, were placed on the table at precisely half-past eight. With a punctuality unexpected the four gentlemen arrived ere the clock struck nine.

Browning had endued himself in white-corded pantaloons and the never-to-be-discarded velveteen; he had put on those thick-soled, square-toed, pedestrian shoes; and a low-crowned hat, presenting something of a nautical cut, set on his head jauntily. On his stout-loined back rested a goodly-sized pannier, and he bore in his hand a fishing-rod, evidently one of Phin's best manufacture, and which, when put together, was as supple from head to heel as the waving osier by the stream. Roderick was invested in Hibernian green, stood in hob-nailed understandings worthy the consideration of poor Tom Steele, and bore in his hand a staff that might have served as a support to the pious Hooker. Justus had clad himself in a costume which had accompanied him through North Wales, and Sam had ransacked his metropolitan and finer-fashioned wardrobe to discover the stoutest habiliments available in the exigencies of the moment. As to the narrator, he tumbled from a long-unopened press a *cap-à-pie* rig-out in the way of an easy-fitting suit of shepherd's plaid, and took from their pegs a pair of leather-laced high-lows, which were stout and seasoned, and the very things for all sorts of countries. Three out of the number carried knapsacks—those very sensible and independent appendages which render the tourist free and unfettered as the wind that wanders over the prairie. In this might have been found a guide-book, a small telescope, and a wicker flask, in addition to a single change of linen and a few pairs of socks; in that were a book and materials for sketching, a manual on botany for reference in the event of a discovery being made, and worthy of being brought as a contribution to Dr. M'Mallows's *hortus siccus*.

When with smiling faces the party gathered round the table and each made a hearty repast—when no one asked for the eggs to be taken out of sight—and when only two corks of Prestonpans were drawn, it was

pretty evident that the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" on the previous evening had not been accompanied by any indiscretion.

It sometimes occurs that the month of April is clear, warm, and sunshiny, and if the latter part of March has not been dry and dusty, vegetation bursts out into unwonted vigour, making the season at least two or three weeks in advance. I well remember such was the case at the period to which reference is now made. After a long and dreary winter the fine days came all at once, and the contemplative student's heart, like unto the trees and green fields, put on the gladsome glow of new life and joyousness. It was a very delight to bound away with laughing eye and steely step over the clean white roads, and leave the fortress-covered hill, the dark mountain crags, and the smoky city in the rear. It was a change to inspire the pure air, to gaze on the calm serenity of the rural scene, which forcibly and pleasingly contrasted with the din and distraction of urban turmoil. Many a friendly word or jest of pleasantry did one or other of the exhilarated spirits exchange with the diverse-hued wayfarers as they passed, and the first few milestones were neared, swept by, and disregarded, as if each had pulled on the leagued boots remembered in the pages of infantile fiction.

The sun had climbed the meridian ere we reached Mid Calder, and his hot rays fell as bright and powerfully as if it had been July instead of early spring. Having tarried awhile for the double purpose of taking refreshment and allowing Justus to sketch the village kirk, we incidentally became acquainted with one of those touching scenes of domestic suffering which, amongst the lowly, are of too frequent occurrence, and alas! but too seldom find a tongue.

When seated in the roadside inn, the following colloquy could not fail to be heard between the landlady and a person at the threshold.

"An' ye will no buy them the day?"

"I canna, lassie—I canna!"

"Ye sall hae them a' for saxpence."

"I canna—I canna—but here's a baubee for ye!"

"May the Lord bless——"

Browning was seated in the window-sill, and at this conversation turned his head, beheld a little ragged girl, slipshod and half naked, as with tardy step she was leaving the inn. She had in her hand a broken basket, the contents of which could not be discovered, as the child pursued her disconsolate way. He asked the hostess what she had to sell.

"Half a dizen rizzies, puir bairn! I hae bought o' her so mony times when I didna want, but I canna afford to buy o' her every time she ca's; besides, the fesh is amaist broillit in her basket wi' the sun, and no gude."

"Do call her back," said Browning, in a kind but jocose tone, "and half a dozen herrings will grace my pannier."

The child returned with quick and nervous step, and thanked the gentles ere she knew the purport of the summons, and certainly before she had clutched the envied saxpence. A few words expressed in the tone of friendliness made the little inheritor of poverty communicative, and she raised her eye towards those around her with steadfast, almost wondering gaze. Was it that the language of sympathy to her was unfamiliar?—was it that she beheld in the strangers a feeling interest in her

position?—did she, little wanderer, hope that they might be listeners to her story? Children are quick interpreters of others' thoughts, and a word or an accent to them is sufficient. Browning interrogated, and doubted not that her history was correct. It was one of those little annals which, if more frequently made known, would bring many a kindly heart to the aid of desertion and sorrow. But the world passes on, its darker shadowings are by the multitude avoided, while its sunny spots and more pleasing aspects are sought by all. It is in our nature to flee from things which might give us pain, to embrace those which are subservient to fancy, and which can bring pleasure. Browning and Howdie accompanied the child.

A rickety hovel at the extremity of the village was the home of the feckless, and a strange place it was to be dignified by an appellation which, to the majority, is synonymous with comfort and happiness. A few months prior to the time of which we speak, a dejected and diseased woman with two children hired a room in that hovel. The elder of the offspring was a boy of thirteen, the other the little girl already presented to the reader, and scarcely ten. The mother netted nightcaps, and the boy sold fish, which he periodically purchased of a small vendor as he passed through the village. For many weeks, by this scanty and precarious mode of existence, they had contrived to subsist, but a cursory survey of the girl rendered it unquestionable that she was badly nourished. Her thin arms, pinched up features, and pallid lips attested the impoverished bloodlessness of her system—in fine, that she was half starved. The father had once, as a small tradesman, been what is termed well to do in the world, and was a retail tea-dealer in Glasgow. He married in early life, and during the first few years after his establishment in business he attended to it, and annually saved a small sum. On the Sabbath-day the tea-dealer and his wife were regularly at kirk; they dressed neatly, and when they sat down to their Sunday dinner, the ducal halls at neighbouring Hamilton did not present more contented and happier faces than this homely couple. The two children who played at their feet were romping, rosy little urchins, and to watch their gambols and listen to their innocent prattle rendered life doubly worth possessing. Time wore away, and the yearly savings increased.

The tea-dealer had a fine voice, was passionately fond of singing, and, as their means augmented, and his connexions became staid and certain, he came to the conclusion that there was no impropriety in occasionally seeing a few friends. As his musical tastes had made him acquainted with two or three good voices, those individuals were never omitted in these little coteries. At length, one of these vocalists, who was a jovial companion, a witty fellow, and chairman to a glee-club—or to appellate it by its more dignified title, an "Harmonic Society"—persuaded the tradesman to join that free-and-easy set, whose joy it was to meet twice every week at a neighbouring tavern, to be regaled with a moderate imbibition, and hear the concord of song.

Time wore on, and the glee-club became more and more fascinating. When the tea-dealer first became a member his attendance at the meetings was only occasional—ere long he seldom absented himself. During the early time of his membership, he ever left before the society broke up, and repassed his own threshold at a seasonable hour; after a while he was

as reluctant as any of the others to interrupt the harmony and good-fellowship of the associates. The tavern now became attractive on other nights as well as those on which the Harmonic Society assembled—in fine he became a slave to his cups, and the moral as well as the corporeal man underwent a lamentable change. That home, once to him so sacred and so happy, was now disregarded, and another scene was there. The loving wife and rosy children were not dear as their wont, and his Sabbaths were either passed in bed or in brutality and intemperance. The business, by neglect, had well-nigh dwindled away—claimants became pressing—he got deeper and deeper into debt—his effects were sold, and he and his were reduced to utter destitution. Being now unable to procure his customary stimulants, he rapidly fell into ill health, was admitted into the hospital, and within a fortnight after admission, died—the deluded member of the Harmonic Society and the victim to intemperance.

The bereft wife for some time supported herself and children by embroidery and other fancy work, which she sold to the shops at Glasgow. She ultimately fell ill, and the medical man who had long and generously attended her, said, that unless she contrived to escape from her damp cellar abode in Glasgow, and inhaled the fresh air of the country, her days were numbered. Such being the case, she came with scanty means to Mid Calder. Instead of improving, her complaint grew worse: the lungs had become seriously affected—for weeks she had been confined to her bed. When Browning and Sam accompanied the child to this her wretched home, they found the boy delirious, in malignant fever, and the mother—unexpected spectacle—a corpse! The girl, on her departure, not an hour before, had left her parent somewhat more cheerful, and, poor little creature, a shock so sudden, so unexpected, well-nigh prostrated her young form on the earth. Her piercing screams brought thither the neighbours, and for some time she would not be comforted. These neighbours were not without the emotions of compassion. One or other of them had several times looked in during the day since the boy had also taken to his bed, and they, too, were astounded on beholding the widow's corpse.

Browning and Howdie hurried not from this melancholy place, and immediately on leaving called on the minister of that simple but correct specimen of a Gothic church which Justus was still occupied in sketching. The reverend man with alacrity obeyed the summons, first calling on one of the elders, and then upon a parochial functionary who distributed the charities, and who was the only official servant in the place. A small collection was made by our party and deposited in the hands of the minister, who assured us that the forlorn orphans should not suffer. Such was one sad scene in the long catalogue of afflictions which were remotely traceable to the Harmonic Society; nor was this dreary incident of travel forgotten before we had passed that broad and sterile moor which intervenes between Almond Water and the fertile valley of the Clyde.

About a mile before reaching the royal burgh of Lanark is a deep ravine through whose tortuous course the river Mouse (figurative name) creeps along its dark and devious way. We neared that picturesque spot ere the sun had cooled his burning brow in the western wave. To recline on the green turf overhanging this bubbling stream was, after so long a walk, a glorious repose. The smokers of the party extracted their meerschaums, and the wicker-flask passed round with welcome hand.

"I hope the *skellyman* has met with sufficient subscribers to-day," said I, after a pause.

"What the deuce do you mean, Milford?" asked Sam, who had never heard such a barbarian word.

"I mean the bellman."

"Subscribers to what?"

"Mutton."

"Do explain the explanation, Heberden."

"Justus, draw forth the Guide-book and refer. In ancient times this royal burgh, where we hope each to find a supper and a bed, was once so poor that the butcher would not venture on killing a sheep if not previously subscribed for. I think I can repeat the national rhyme:

Bell—ell—ell!
 There's a fat sheep to kill!
 A leg for the provost,
 Another for the priest,
 The bailies and the deacons
 They'll tak the neist;
 And if the fourth leg we cannot sell,
 The sheep it maun leeve and gae back to the hill!

Now, for my own part, I hope those functionaries have each bespoken a joint, and that the remainder is available, as a two-and-thirty miles' walk has improved my appetite!"

The morrow and the Falls of the Clyde! Have thy wanderings ever carried thee thither, courteous reader? If not, a peregrination to those lofty breaks in the course of that romantic river will repay thy journeyings, even from afar! The Clyde! Whose soul is so dull, whether northern or southern, that is not charmed by the glories gone of that classic vale? Bothwell and Bruce, Wallace and Cartland Craggs, are names familiar to even the tyro in history. The deep rocky bed of that brawling river—the overhanging trees—the beautiful vale teeming with fatness—the blue Lammer hills seen at intervals, and bounding the horizon, and the sleepless, loud-toned murmur of the dashing Coira Lynn, are memories which long years have not obliterated.

Behold that roving, perturbed, restless Browning; he has passed up the rocks, and has reached the upper shelf of the falls. Never was there such pannier-carrying, cold boiled egg-devouring wight in Christendom. Could but old Izaak's shade behold thee, and give utterance to such a disciple of the angle, he would burst out into an exordium of hyperbole and praise! The never-dying song of the falls is music sweeter to his ears than that would be of Eurotas or Ilissus. Thou art a picture, my piscatorial friend, in thy white-corded pants, plethorically distended velveteen, and vest rough as centaur's hide, though an April summer, with that low-crowned Obadiah, round which are wound two or three supernumerary fishing-lines, and as preparing to whip the stream with as much exactitude as Sir Vincent Cotton, in the heyday of the Brighton "Age," would have hit a fly on the ear-tip of the off-side leader! Watch him heave the light line, and see how airily the winged deceiver falls, like a gnat descending from its home in the sunbeam to sip, and a moment float on the molten stream; and how nicely the barbed artifice sails between those two blackened stones. A plunge—a splash—a

glorious splash! by all that's mortal, and a thousand circling wavelets issue in quick succession from centre to circumference, beautifully obeying a law in natural philosophy. See the finny victim, now that the "accursed steel" hath pierced his tongue, darting, as poor Christopher North similes it, in that exuberant fertility of diction—in those appropriate metaphors tossed out in extravagant profusion, which would be utter waste to more economical authors—see him darting like a bar of silver bullion beneath the antique roots of that brink-over-bending tree. He has carried gut, and hook, and line, and all away with him, doubtless to seek for sympathy amongst the inhabitants of the cold clear cave. That's right, give him plenty of reel music. 'Tis vain—'tis vain, the cold cave denizens can help him not, the gentle traction coaxes him from the dark recesses of his hiding-place; and now, when he turns up his yellow belly to the surface—By Jove, he is a three-pounder! Gently—gently, piscatorial capturer, or perchance the gut will snap asunder. That's right, exhaust him still more, verily till his branchial organs heave convulsively, and then persuade him into that shallow of shining sand.

After much heart-beating, and alternate swaying of hopes and fears at rod-end and line-end, the spotted, metallic-hued spoil is suffocatively respiring in a rarer element—he is lashing his tail and floundering in mortal agony amongst the star-begemmed daisies and the golden king-cups, with which Nature, as if in mockery to him—beautiful creature—has bedecked his green death-bed! Having rendered him untongued, Browning poises him on his extended palm. Was ever Waltonian more delighted?

Capital success in so short a time! He now sits down to attach another fly. He pulls out a greasy, plethoric pocket-book, which, from its external configuration, might suffice for the custody of as many Scotch one-pound notes as would get him or any one else through all the sessions and classes of the curriculum. He opens it. What a bewilderment of flies and pieces of gut, feathers and lines, hooks, silk, wax, scissors, &c., and with what expertness he adapts, and knots, and ties! He then takes from one of the multitudinous receptacles of the velvetten that wicker flask which has been transferred from the knapsack, and pours a libation to the gods. But, marvellous to say, this first haul has not whetted his appetite with impatience. He always does take things coolly.

But here comes Roderick, with his Stentor lungs and echoing laugh, with Justus and Sam. The observer and observed are startled; the aroused Waltonian knocks the ashes from his meerscham, and once more throws the light line on the glossy water. The fisher fishes; the idlers roll on the grass.

Roderick. A gudgeon or a stickleback the next?

Browning (without turning his head, and bending on one knee). A blowing grampus, large as thyself at least.

The Hibernian had not seen the three-pounder which well-nigh covered the bottom of the pannier, or he might have prated less about gudgeons and sticklebacks.

Sam. I wonder how so much gentleness and humanity can be ascribed to the Homer of anglers. It is a barbarous thing to transfix worms as

Scandinavian savages were wont to do their offspring in deeds of sacrificial homage.

Justus. I don't think the *annelides* are so conscious—I mean, sensitive of pain as we imagine. The garglionic development is——

Roderick. Hush—folly! Don't you remember *the poor beetle that we tread upon*, &c.; and do not these piscatorial innocents attach live minnows to their hooks under the plea that the little wretch's writhings renders him more attractive as the remorseless prey of a lynx-eyed jack? Minnows and worms are as great martyrs to this kind of sport as frogs are, or as you would more learnedly say, the *batrachia* are to science.

Milford. It was more on account of the associations connected with the art of angling that old Walton so lauded it than the pleasure *per se*. That man who can stand on the stream's grassy brink through the live-long day must possess a love of reflection; and he who thinks and finds solace in his own contemplations can neither be a bad man nor willingly go wrong.

Sam. But, my dear Heberden, these knights of the rod make bold to affirm that it is a most exciting amusement—yes, they use superlatives, and describe with enthusiasm; and surely such are conditions of the mind not the most in accordance with deliberate meditation. Every instant they——

Roderick (eyeing the velveteen and white cords in the distance). A nibble—a nibble!

Milford. Though I never could find satisfaction in the angler's joy, yet I do believe it has a beneficial effect on the *morale*. To be through protracted hours a lonely wanderer among the beauties of nature; to hear the bleat of flocks, the song of birds, and the subdued but never-dying murmur of the stream; to see the graceful willow bending over the mirror at its foot; to gaze on the soft valleys or the towering hills; to look from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, and behold but the harmonious, the perfect, and the beautiful, is to educate a purity of thought, to soften the mind by mellowing, ennobling influences! Things inanimate, external objects, *can*, by an infinitude of emotions, insensibly operate upon the mental faculties. In the placid calm of rural seclusion the passions are less easily fanned into flame: vices there make not the progress which they do in cities; where the quiet and lonely are continually before the eyes the spirit of man is with more difficulty won over to conspiracies, aroused to turbulence, less easily debased.

Sam. Look! look! He has hooked one.

Browning (in the distance glancing round with a smile of triumph). He is neither a gudgeon nor a stickleback, this—he pulls like a whale, or a porpoise at least!

Milford. Give him real music—let him dart down to Glasgow if he will!

Justus. Here is the landing-net.

Roderick. Well done, Browning; a supper assisted by a dish of fried trout is no bad thing!

The idlers jumped up from the grass and ran towards Browning, who was now in a state of feverish excitement.

A PEEP AT THE FAR WEST.

BY AN ENGLISHER.

To repeat details of waggon-travelling, which have been before told by passengers over the vast plains of the New World, would be to occupy attention uselessly. Cooking, bullock-yoking, sometimes over-amusing from the restive character of half-broken cattle; a temperature of 96 deg. Fahrenheit, enough to bake the human body already desiccated by clouds of dust; continual watchfulness against Indian marauders; days of great sultriness closed with rattling, crashing, deep-pealing thunders, accompanied with lightning which, scattering the gloom of the moment, wrapped the vast surrounding horizon in sheets of flame, the like of which I never before saw and heard,—these were interludes on our wild way, and were generally followed or accompanied by showers almost tropical in descent though not of long duration. Generally wet to the skin on such occasions, I seldom caught cold, from continued exercise, while the monotony of the waste, and the perpetual recurrence of the same scenery, were beguiled by story-telling and joking. I would not be sure that there did not come back upon the feelings, without a consciousness of it, something of that nature which belonged to man, and cheered him in his primitive state, that enjoyment of simple things and animal exhilaration, from being continually in the open, pure air, which civilisation has almost wholly extinguished at home. When the liquid fire—for such it appeared to be—sheeted over those interminable plains to the blue horizon-line, which it seemed impossible ever to attain, a general conflagration of both the earth and heavens could not have been much more imposing in the reality.

It was on one of those occasions that several of the oxen ran away affrighted, just as the train was going to halt for dining. One of them broke its yoke, and started off across the waste, followed by several others still under yoke. This sudden fright of the animals and running off is called an *estampado*. In a couple of hours they were with difficulty secured. One of the waggons ran over a female, the wife of a passenger, who was walking for the first time after her confinement a few weeks before. She died instantly. This cast a gloom upon the whole train. In two hours after her grave was dug: and she was buried on the vast plain we were crossing. We left her in her uncoffined and lonely rest, and proceeded on our way. I felt a damp on my spirits I could not overcome, for there was something painful in looking back at the loneliness of her place of repose. The mother was gone; her infant, just a month old, unconscious of its loss, was left among strangers, perhaps destined never to see the turf which covered the ashes of her who had given it being. I was gratified to observe the kindness bestowed upon the unconscious innocent by the women, who, many of them mothers with the care of children of their own, did not grudge time and attention to the bereft one. Their solicitude on the occasion was, it is true, only a well-known characteristic of the sex, whose hearts so rarely err, whatever their heads may do. Human nature is not all bad, as some

will have it to be. But I forget that I was to make my essay at buffalo-hunting during an expected halt, which, however, did not occur till a day or two later than I had anticipated.

The "buffalo" of America is a different animal from that of India, and is properly the bison. It is equally fierce when wounded, but else, notwithstanding its bulk and strength, it partakes of the character of all the herbivorous quadrupeds in peacefulness. Those portions of the buffalo most esteemed in India as food—the hump, for example—are here more cartilaginous, and altogether out of the question as a dainty. The Americans misname everything. They have tigers and panthers, so-called, peculiar to the New World. These are really the jaguar and puma, both of the feline species. The bison inhabits the plains of North America, from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, in vast herds. I confess my disappointment on seeing an animal, somewhat of the ox kind, with a shaggy mane, short black horns, and shoulders prodigiously heavy and strong, in place of the true buffalo. I had anticipated the treat of a buffalo-hump at least—that well-known delicacy among East Indian epicureans. The marrow-bones of the American bison are an excellent substitute, notwithstanding. In spring, when the herbage is up, the beef of the bison is not to be despised, and the appetite of the traveller—the carnivorous biped—is sufficient to overcome the apprehension of danger in hunting the herbivorous animal, formidable enough in appearance, his shaggy brows and long mane, his dark eye and appearance, "when he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength," proving him no unworthy antagonist. He runs fast, but his weight forwards and his great bulk there prevent his stopping suddenly or turning short round. Still, it requires dexterity and a horse well under hand to avoid him when wounded and angry.

I had not yet been present at a buffalo hunt, and the only two or three individuals who went out with me were equally novices. An old American, who had had great practice, could not accompany us; others were too much occupied with the waggon and teams. We carefully inspected our rifles, and armed, besides, with a revolver, we could calculate on twenty-one shots between us. We separated, and hunted in a direction opposite to the wind—for the animal has the sense both of hearing and smell in perfection. I was suddenly rounding one of the small elevations which now and then appear on these boundless wastes, when I saw within gun-shot a solitary cow, and a little farther off a herd of at least a hundred. I looked for my companions, but they were not to be seen. I dismounted, cautiously knelt on the ground, took deliberate aim, and fired. The buffalo, or rather bison, followed the herd, which made a rush in an opposite direction to where I stood, loading my rifle as fast as it was possible to perform the operation. I then remounted, wondering that the animal at which I had shot went off after the herd, but made such little way. I expected he would turn on me and my horse, but he soon stood stock-still. I approached my prey, when he bellowed as if in pain, turning round towards me with difficulty, and he then moved a few yards onward, bellowing piteously. I ventured a second shot, convinced I had been fortunate enough, more by hap than cunning, to have struck him in some part of the body that impeded his motion. He then dropped, and, revolver in hand, I approached pretty near him, giving him one or

two shots in the body, which convinced me, inexperienced as I was, that all hazard to myself was past, though how it happened so opportunely I was puzzled to discover. When my friends rejoined me they congratulated me on my good luck, not having had a single shot themselves. The animal was now to be cut up, and carried off in such portions as we could convey. I was curious to discover where the first shot I fired so much at hazard had struck him. We found the ball had partly buried itself in the socket of the left shoulder, completely preventing the movement of the limb without exquisite pain. This accounted for his not following the herd, or attacking me, and for his bellowing so piteously. I was congratulated on my hap-hazard shot. We cut off some of the animal, the flesh yet quivering, and brought to the waggons as much as we could conveniently carry, directing others to the spot to help themselves. The meat was a pleasant change from biscuit, charqui, and bacon, day by day. Although not two hours had elapsed until a second visit was paid to the carcase by our party for more meat, a couple of wolves had already scented their treat, and were driven off, looking as sulky as a City alderman who, coming to the feast, finds the turtle removed. These wolves are of a light colour, and prowling over the prairie make the bodies of dead oxen that drop on the road, and those of men too superficially interred, equally their prey. Their instinct leads them to fear man. I could not learn whether they hunted in packs or only in pairs. On the following morning I killed a large rattlesnake which lay coiled up under my waggon, and acquired the character of a Nimrod with my companions—a character won by luck, without experience. The snake's head I cut off and preserved, together with the rattle.

I had risen at half-past three o'clock with the drivers of the waggons, breakfasting at four, to get all packed and ready for a start by the time the oxen were put to. I counted one morning fifty-three waggons, and perhaps a thousand head of cattle, nearly "hull down" ahead of us, as sailors would phrase it, in the blue distance of that voiceless ocean of land. Then, at night, to watch their distant fires, far, far away, it formed another source of amusement to conjecture who or what they were. Thus, even on the most arid parts of the way, under the open heaven, there were always some sources of amusement, because there was free action. What a contrast to the dungeons of Europe, the sovereigns of which play such fantastic tricks before high heaven! What happiness, to that of their victims, dwells on the wildest prairie—what a heaven on earth to the abode of the captive—the barred chamber of the Austrian victim, poor Pellico, or the cells of the old or new Bastille! The trains that thus preceded us were bound to Oregon, the Salt Lake, or California. They left news on the road, written on paper, put in a cleft stick, or pencillings upon buffalo skulls which time had bleached by the roadside. These were read by persons who would never personally know each other, and whose destinations were perhaps a thousand miles apart. Thus is man everywhere a social animal, and desires to be so ten times more even when he feels strongest his independence of his fellows.

For two hundred and fifty miles we had grass feed for the cattle, fresh herbage here and there, and a few indifferent flowers for a carpet apparently boundless. Water was by no means plentiful. The spot where it occurred was generally marked by the stunted willow or cotton-tree.

The soil was alluvial on the north fork of the Platte river, and monotonous enough, the banks low, and in some places the bluffs on the southern bank looked more like cliffs than chalky steeps. I imagine they were almost wholly sand. Here silence and solitude held undisputed sway.

Some of the people in the waggon train were genuine down-westerners, as the New Englanders call them. Among them, the Ohio denizens in particular, there prevailed a peculiar confusion of language. I never heard the outlandish gibberish equalled even in Lancashire. An uncouth pair, husband and wife, were disputing near my vehicle apparently about their elder daughter. The lady said to her *caro sposo*,

"D'ye think Sal's a fool itself? No, surz, she can tell you he isn't."

"I calculate he is, for all that, maum."

"Then think so, surz. I'll swear he be no sich matter."

"Well, maum, an' I guesses I may say so without your flixtering."

"No, surz, Sal's can tell a thing as well as any gal—don't unbespoken hur."

"I never ded unbespoken un; he be well enough, maum. You let uss alone, and not make he as prixsy as hur cousin."

It was not easy to follow the dialogue further: it was difficult to comprehend some of these people at all. There was but one gender applied to everything. Other native Americans conversed in language as pure as that of the denizen of an English city. It was impossible for a stranger to designate their native localities.

The aspect of a scene on one day's journey, at a spot denominated "Castle Bluffs," if the bathos could be expressed in names, was truly noble as well as new. America possesses the art of sinking in appellations in great perfection; every hill being a bluff with the Yankees, and some I have seen being cliffs like those at Dover, others rounded like the Southdowns, others, again, shaped like molehills; but whether high or low, cliff or convex-shaped, all were bluffs. These Castle Bluffs were eminently picturesque. At twelve miles' distance by the road of approach they took a new aspect every quarter of an hour, and when the spectator imagined himself close to them at last, deep chasms yawned before him, not those trivial hollows which in some parts of the prairie land resemble the ground-swell of the ocean, calm, silent, and frequently repeated, but overwhelmingly grand, rent in all directions, so that it seemed impossible but that travellers and waggons must roll over into one or other of the abysses. This danger avoided, there came an ascent steep and difficult. But all this was nothing to the magnitude of the cliffs themselves. The rents and chasms, deep and fearful, seemed not worthy of notice in comparison with the overhanging shadows of the cliffs above all. They depended over a sort of bottom, towering, high and broken, on what might be fancied the court-yard of some awful castle of the days when there were giants who inhabited the earth. These cliffs consisted of sandstone, and were so elevated that, although they seemed close to the spectator, large timber-trees, which grew out of the interstices to the very summits, and indeed on the tops of the cliffs themselves, appeared mere shrubs to the eye. Here one vast mass frowned like a ruined castle, in which Nature had perforated a window at a great height up in the imaginary wall; another was a huge temple, a parallel for the Pyramids far more vast than a dozen of the temples of

Ammon at Thebes. Piled one upon another, they seemed the work of some genius of the Arabian Nights. Fancy might here have expatiated widely among newly exhumed Herculaneums and Pompeiis, to which those ruins in Italy would be diminutive indeed. These continued, more or less, for full twenty miles. In one elevated part, after mounting to the road, a view of great extent was attained, and the celebrated Chimney Rock rose, like a bold column against the deep blue sky, at a great distance—a rock well known in books of western travel. I should like to have lingered a month on that spot, it was so novel, exciting, and worth all the toil of the journey. Here the monotony of the travelling was broken, to be again resumed when we came once more upon the breathless level beyond. It was a pleasing shift of the scene, but the time necessary to explore those extraordinary rents, the effect of terrene convulsion would be considerable, and “Forward!” is ever the cry upon such journeyings.

I tasted a prairie dog, here certainly not ill-flavoured food, but I could not help thinking of a rat at the same moment, for they are not larger, and something like the rat in form. This somewhat diminished my epicurean propensities. These little animals, though not resembling the dog in configuration, have a species of shrill bark in their cry; the name of dog has seldom been conferred on a more ignoble animal. It seems as if the Americans select names rather from the remoteness of resemblance in one animal to the other than from any marked similitude, provided there be something to justify them in their own view, and thus perpetually call one thing by the name of another. These dogs, which live, like rabbits, in burrow holes, are said to dwell in “towns,” the term city being reserved for the congregated habitations of the men of the New World even when they are not more extensive than an English hamlet. The prairie chickens are excellent eating, so is the antelope, when the traveller has the good fortune to bring one of them down. They are exceedingly shy, and I much doubt their being the real antelope, because the Western Americans call them so, while they scarcely call anything but a dollar by the right name. They are, however, clearly of the deer species. They have some fine Indian names in this country worthy any language upon earth, and they mispronounce them out of pride, because they will not be supposed to copy from a son of nature. Thus the Indian name of *Niāgārā*, which is noble, the Yankee degrades into *Niägärä*.

The roads surprised me to see them so hard-beaten and level. In a few places they were narrow, but in general wide enough for the traffic, which must be great to make and keep them in so good a state only by the passage over them. We occasionally came upon districts of perfect aridity, pictures of desolation; then we journeyed day by day among fresh-stunted herbage and a few wild flowers. In some places I noticed veins of a bluish clay, in others sand prevailed. The bluffs, time-worn and rent, were continued along the banks of the Platte. From among these, composed of the harder portion of one of them abraded, there rises like an obelisk, the Chimney Rock before mentioned, evidently the remnant of a larger mass still wasting before the storm. Around it, prostrate in all sorts of forms, worn by the beatings of tempests for countless ages, appeared attenuated masses of decaying and crumbling sandstone, of which imagination easily shaped out domes, and ruined

spires, and fragments of antique structures, in an infinite variety of shape. Nothing could be more imposing, nothing grander, if the vast circumambient waste did not diminish the magnitude of everything upon its surface.

Our train always halted on Sundays. We were now about six hundred and eighty miles from Independence, the great starting-point in Missouri. Independence is about five miles from the river Missouri, on the right bank descending. I had crossed the Missouri, after travelling to Florence from Iowa, on the opposite or north side of the great river, much more to the westward. I had no means of ascertaining the distance we had come by that route. I was without a chronometer or sextant. There was not anything of the kind among the party with which I was travelling, a subject I constantly regretted. As we halted almost always at noon, an observation could be taken to advantage every day, for clouds too seldom obscured the solar beam.

The restiveness of some of the oxen causing a collision between the waggons, it became needful to stop for the repair of the wheels. This prevented our coming up with a number of the same kind of vehicles, upon which we had gained a little ground continually for some days before. We never lost sight of their snaky configuration trailing along many miles ahead of us, without our knowing their destination. The heat was great, and some of the party began to show symptoms of indisposition. This was to be ascribed to their own imprudence. The heat being intense, there was no sooner a halt made near water than a rush took place towards it, and it was swallowed chilling cold, while those who took it were warm with exercise. Sometimes it was hardly wholesome, having a peculiar twang, but my companions did not stand upon trifles. Several cases of common and bilious fever appeared. There were no medical men in the party. The Latter-Day Saints relied upon prayer and oil-anointing for remedies; when unsuccessful, these did not lose credit, because the failure only proved that the term of life allotted the sufferer had terminated, and it was not intended by Heaven that he should survive longer. I administered an emetic, and recommended keeping the bowels open, and imagine I did some good, exhausting thus nearly all my store of medical knowledge. Taken at an early period, I imagine the disorders occurring in these regions are in general easily removed, but, unfortunately, complaints are seldom made until the sick can no longer sustain themselves.

Idling with the passengers, I observed a female correcting her child. One of the party cried, "Go it!—spare the rod, spoil the child."

The Chinese mothers beat their grown-up offspring. I remarked that I had read of a dutiful Chinese son, of forty years of age, who was observed to shed tears while his mother was beating him, and being asked what it was for, replied it was from sorrow to find, from the lightness of her blows, his poor mother's arm growing so much weaker than it used to be, inferring from that a diminution from age of the maternal tenderness.

"That is an odd way, to my mind, of showing maternal tenderness," said a Latter-Day Saint, who was listening to our conversation. "In our slave states they have as much of that virtue, I dare say, as they have among the Chinamen. Read this," handing me an old newspaper from Boston.

When I had perused it, I thought it was the most edifying picture of maternal love of offspring in a slave land, with the ill-usage of the slave, that I had ever seen. It was highly illustrative, and, true or false, not un instructive either, nor destitute of humour, enhanced by an individual who afterwards read it aloud with the down-east emphasis. The mother hears her child cry.

"Ba-a-a!" It was a dirty brat just turned of eighteen months.

"What's the matter wi' ma's sweet yittle ducky?" taking up the child and caressing it, then pressing it to her bosom, while the brat digs its vengeful little talons into her face.

"An dad, missis, I know what little massa dim want," exclaims the negro girl.

"You black hussy, why don't you tell me, then?" And the passionate mistress took off her shoe, and hit poor Dinah a cruel blow in the face with the heel of it.

"Why, missis, he want to put him foot in dat dere pan of gravy what's on de harf," blubbered the unfortunate slave.

"Well, why don't you bring it to hur, you aggravating nigger you?" exclaims the mother.

Dinah brings the pan of gravy, and little Jem puts his bare feet into the pan, and dashes about the warm grease with its feet, to the delight of its mother, who exclaims, tenderly, "Did mammy's Jemmy want to put its teeny weeny footeys into the gravy. It shall paddle in the pan as long as it chooseys wooseys, and then it shall have its pooty red frock on, and see its pappy."

"Now here are two pictures of maternal affection, which do you prefer?"

"They are both original of the kind, Mr. S——, and about equally instructive; but your country must have the preference over the Chinese in the moral of the tale."

The child is thus early initiated into that reckless abuse of power which is turned to due account in after life in the slave states.

The slowness of travelling by oxen, some of those experienced in the route assured me, was better than by mules, because the latter are so difficult to govern, so mischievous, and at times very vicious. This, I am inclined to think, arises from the want of knowing how to manage them. They must travel much faster than oxen can be made to do; and were I to go the same route again I would start from Independence, and procure Spanish muleteers to take care of the animals, and ride them on the journey. The Saints said that most of their large trains did not make, with oxen, more than ten or twelve miles a day on the average of the journey; and from Council Bluffs to the Salt Lake must be eleven hundred miles, which would occupy ninety-two days. Then thirteen or fourteen days must be added for Sundays, when there is no travelling, and the total would be a hundred and six days, or above three months. The same distance may be made riding a mule in a little more than one-third of the time, but there is much more exposure to the elements, and the earth must be the traveller's bed, sick and well. I must confess that our encampment, when the waggon were drawn up, the cattle unyoked, and the people scattered about the fires, with the children loose and at play, screaming with delight, presented a cheerful and even attractive ap-

pearance, not diminished by the cattle let loose and feeding around. Perhaps the solitary plain and the dreary prairie rendered the sight more pleasing by contrast. The exhilarating air, too, at sun-down, seemed almost intoxicating, for every one was in good humour with himself and others. The Saints were singing psalms and sacred songs, all alike free from that care which is the curse of civilisation. We were in a sort of hollow in the sandy plains, still north of the Platte river, and not far from a spring of deliciously cold water; a few trees directed us through the hollow to the water. There was a forsaken hut near, which was said to have been built by fur traders. Our road then lay over an unproductive barren country for the best part of the way, and not far from the river Platte, crossing a dusty plain, on which the cactus grew profusely. We encamped near the river, become, comparatively, a narrow stream, with a sandy bottom and very little vegetation on its banks. There were several islands in the bed of the river, on which grew stunted willows among the light-coloured sand, forming an agreeable contrast to the arid ground over which we had been before travelling.

A guard was kept at night; the sentries were taken from the unmarried men of the train, and they would not hear of my taking the duty—a Gentile, as they called me. After the fatigue of a burning day's travelling, this night duty was irksome, but absolutely necessary, in order to be secure against attacks or cattle-stealing by the Indians. The sentries were obliged to be very watchful, and though relieved as often as possible, were reconciled to the duty by the conviction alone of its necessity. One night I was awoken by the neighing of an Indian pony, tethered near the waggon in which I was asleep. No less than four shots succeeded. One was the signal for every man to turn out armed at the opening, or head of the corral—the waggons being arranged so as to form a species of enclosure, into which the cattle may be driven, and so called from the Spanish for a cattle-fold. I seized my rifle and revolver, hastily slipped my feet into the shooting-shoes, which I found most convenient to wear upon such an adventure as I had undertaken. The firing continued. I sallied forth to the place appointed for assembling. Forty well-armed men were congregated in a very little time. The sentry stated that he had seen a person in a blanket pass twice across the corral, and that both he and his fellow-sentry, a little distance off, had challenged and got no reply, upon which they fired. The figure had disappeared behind one of the waggons. No solitary Indian would have ventured himself there; but the party who should have answered the challenge was not discovered. It was not more than an hour and a half before daybreak, the time when Indians make their attack. A good many wolves were prowling about, and perhaps one of them was mistaken for an intruder, but they are very shy of approaching man by day or night. However, the echo of the firing from the solitary heights on the south side of the Platte, which was really fine, must have scared them away if they were the intruders. By this time, the women had got up, the camp was alive, further sleep was out of the question; by day-dawn breakfast was got ready, and we started on our way to Fort Laramie much earlier in the day than we had ever done before. The order observed, the cheerfulness and kindness shown by these people, I can never forget. Nor do I wonder at their emigration from the brutes of the state of Missouri. Of all classes of men I have ever seen, those

located there across the Mississippi are the most untutored, savage, debauched, unchristian profligates I ever encountered. Hospitality to the stranger, if he does not oppose their opinions, is their only virtue. Of regard to law—I mean that of the United States on the east, in New England, or on any part of the seaboard, there respected—here they neither know nor care anything. Their will is the law—vile and utterly insensible to justice and truth as it is. There is no vice they do not practise, while no sense of shame belongs to them. The hatred between men of some moral character and principle, and those who have neither, is natural. Nor does the murder of Smith and others, and the robbery of their property, surprise. If his imposture were credited, it was only a matter of creed in those who believed it, for which others had no right to murder them, appropriate their goods, and spoil their land. Not less extraordinary and flagrant was the weakness of the American government at home, which dared not punish the outrage, one ground of its own existence being the protection of those over whom it is selected to rule. No such outrage would have gone unpunished in the most degrading of all the European despotisms.

We continued our route to Fort Laramie—an enclosure of about an acre in extent. The wall which surrounds it is erected of unburnt brick, and on the top are displayed a couple of brass cannon of small calibre. The buildings in the interior are reared against the walls, except on one side of the square, which is raised to a second story. The fort is sufficiently strong to resist an Indian attack, but these people are very peaceably inclined wherever there is an appearance of power, and they have made the fort a trading post. The country around was dreary; not a tree met the eye in any direction, and the soil was not at all fruitful in the vicinity—the efforts to make vegetables of any kind succeed had been unsuccessful. We did not stop at the fort, because there was no provender for the cattle. The continual visits there by Indians and strangers had caused all the green food to be consumed for several miles round. There were several traders resident, who were exceedingly civil; cut off from the great world, they did not appear unhappy, and proffered me their hospitality, which I found, on the score of luxury, did not exceed the contents of my waggon, and they were quite destitute of bread, or rather of flour. We only remained here during a noonday halt. They had an ample supply of fresh and excellent meat; they had milk, and could vary their repasts with salt and fresh. They paid a dollar per pound for their coffee, which was running short.

We were attacked by mosquitoes at our next halting-place, which happened to be near water. I had never suffered so much before from the virulence of their poisonous stings, and retained the marks for days. We noticed here certain black insects, like grasshoppers in form, which were so numerous that we crushed them under our feet. Our animals as well as ourselves suffered greatly again for several days from the flies and mosquitoes, especially in the early morning. As we proceeded the herbage changed, and not for the better. We were evidently on the ascent. The ground soon became covered with wormwood. At length we approached what is called the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, which means only a gap in a ridge by no means picturesque, but still on the ascent. The mountain summits were rounded and barren, and their

forms such as those who are accustomed to other mountain ranges would regard with disappointment. They were said to be from seven to nine thousand feet high. That they were a great height above the ocean we were well aware, the cold having continually increased at night for a week and more. The fact is, that these mountains rise from the summit of an inclined plane, the height of which without instruments could not be detected, but we every day perceived symptoms of frost upon the ground before sunrise.

Still tormented by mosquitoes and sand-flies, or some of the breed of the latter, of which I am ignorant as to the species, we proceeded in a temperature not equal in height to that we had before encountered, but much more distressing to sustain, owing to the changes being in such a fearful extreme. We had the dancing water, the *mirage* at noonday, and hoar-frost at night. The vapour assumed the most tormenting aspect at times, but that of refreshing waters in the distance while we were on an arid desert was most tantalising. On all sides we were mocked with the appearance of cooling lakes and rivulets. A party of Indians passed us looking miserable enough, but we did not delay our march to exchange civilities. They were wretchedly clad, and meagre of limb. Desolation, solitude, melancholy, all that might be supposed to affect the minds of travellers forced to fall back upon themselves, overtook us in each day's travel here. Nature appeared to have made war upon nature. Cliff originally piled upon cliff, seemed to have fallen one over the other. Huge rocks projected from clay; beds of sand intermingled. We wound our way among rifts and rents without number, and gullies worn deep by raging torrents that formed impending heights shattered by tornadoes. The surface far and near was in a state of anarchy, scantily clothed in certain spots with straggling tufts of sage peering from the gravel,—such were the only objects on either side of a tortuous road, from which, at certain turns, we caught a sight of the Utah mountains, capped with snow in the hot summer month of July.

The road undulated, or, at least, was not on a level even in the gullies. Ridge followed ridge, and once or twice at night we could not find wood nor weed sufficient to cook our suppers, and so retired to rest with empty stomachs, after a draught of water from a very pure cold stream which crossed the way. Not long before we halted for the night, we saw smoke ascending in the direction of the road some way ahead of us, and continued our march in the hope of falling in with some other party, but in vain. The country on each side consisted of sandstone, with here and there veins of clay, the consolidation of the sand appearing to be continually going on, as well as the opposite work of abrasion. Bluff elevations, in many places almost perpendicular, came down to the streams that ran through the valleys from the higher grounds. When much worn near the summits they exhibited the most fantastic forms. Some looked like gigantic temples—others seemed dome-crowned—others were pyramid-shaped, more vast than those of the Nile. Here were obelisks, and there ruined columns, mocking in size those of Baalbec, or Girgenti. We passed an uncomfortable time amidst all this natural grandeur. Hunger kept the children awake, and they talked or cried the whole night long. The waggons were divided into two compartments; one occupied by the females of the family. The light sleepers of the male sex

became disturbed, and, though fatigued, got up and went into the open air, cold as it was. Their conversation and the noise of the children kept me from sleeping, and I too arose feverish and uncomfortable. We set out again without any other breakfast than a slice of raw ham and a hard biscuit. Our next day's journey was not in a much better country, but seeing a little stunted wood, or rather bushes of some kind of willow, we halted, and contrived to kindle a fire and make a hearty meal. The hot coffee we thus obtained was exceedingly welcome, infusing spirits into the whole party. To die of hunger in a frigid climate must, from my experience, be ten times worse than the same fate in a warm latitude. A cold shower of rain fell just after our meal, but we bore it manfully, thanks to our repast, and soon went on our way rejoicing. The effect of a full and an empty stomach upon the animal spirits was never more strongly exemplified. The poor children crying with hunger before—their little fingers still empurpled with the cold of the early morning—now fairly shouted with delight, and joy sat upon every visage where nature was a desert.

With little variation in the scenery or atmosphere, we arrived at Fort Bridger, about one hundred miles from the city of the Latter-Day Saints. Its situation is by no means unpleasant, but the Fort, as it is called, is a miserable establishment of log huts. It was originally a trading post, for the daring trader is always at the advanced post of civilisation; his negotiations are far better conducted with foreigners than those of diplomatists, and much more Christian, as peace is his interest as well as the interest of all Christian men. Here, at Fort Bridger, good water and excellent grass abound, and the streams are full of fish of a kind peculiar to mountain lands. This fort is reckoned eleven hundred and sixteen miles from Independence, in Missouri, and about one hundred from the Salt Lake itself.

There was a considerable traffic going forward at Fort Bridger when we reached it. The Indians were numerous, and evidently busy in making their bargains, in which they showed as little inclination to yield a point as the whites. All stratagems to enhance a profit seemed to be considered fair. If they had no other virtue, they certainly exhibited that of hospitality; and if they possessed the means, would, I believe, have feasted us all as long as we chose to remain. The traders are a singular race of men. Sunburnt, thin for the most part, hardy, separated from civilisation, courageous, reflective, full of presence of mind, kind to the stranger, and rarely quarrelsome, for they feel their dependence upon each other, they are as superior to the squatters or frontier raff in the western states as men can well be. The latter repel, the former attach, the wanderer. Both are hospitable, but the man of the wilderness regards not state quarrels. He boasts of his government as better than any other in the world, but he cares as little about the local squabbles of the people in the different states as those in Cornwall care about a squabble in a Durham corporation.

The changes of temperature here were very sudden; 30 deg. in a morning was very common. The blasts from the snow-capped mountains were evidently the cause. I hurried on additional clothing, for I could scarcely sustain the change. There seemed even here to be a set of idlers, who lived probably upon the hunters' charity, and mingled with

the Indians. The Indian taciturnity astonished me. Their affected indifference pervading all was like a species of pride which fears to display ignorance, if anything, by showing surprise or admiration. One or two of the Utah Indians were pointed out to us; miserable specimens compared to the Sioux or Snake tribes.

We set out in a cold shower towards the Salt Lake city. Our elevation was perceptible in the hoar-frosts continually seen in the mornings, in this the hottest time of the year. We had not quite a hundred miles to travel through a country which bore no resemblance to the prairie-land which we had crossed. Sterile, rocky, barren, or bearing only the miserable sage in place of trees, we began to descend very gradually on the Pacific slope of the mountains. The road became difficult; streams, sometimes rather deep, to ford; hollows in the mountains, in which trees grew as if for shelter, called—why, I know not—"canons;" mountain summits snow-capped, at a great distance, part of the grand chain called the Utahs; no sign of animal existence, except of a bird called the sage-hen, one or two of which were shot, and found too strongly flavoured with the taste of the shrub to be agreeable; all around a stillness almost distressing,—these were the accompaniments of our route, which, after all, had become one of desolate sublimity, for the distant mountain summits, now and then seen in their "diadem of snow," led the dullest into admiration, and the more reflective to a consideration of their grandeur. "They be the works of God, sure enough!" said one of the men driving a waggon close to mine, and never was I more struck with the truth of any words. In one place, where the plain or valley of the Salt Lake displayed the mountains beyond it—a scene of beauty and grandeur nowhere surpassed—I thought of that question of the prophet, "Who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Afar off lay the great Salt Lake, or rather Lake of Silver, in full sunny refulgence, its shores snowy white, and, as if to afford beauty by contrast, a range of lofty mountains of an umbered hue bordered it on the west side. There was something peculiar in its aspect, although nothing could be more brilliant. There it lay, waveless, tideless, dead, smooth as a mirror. It was, no doubt, a basin of the sea left when the heaved-up land and mountains around rose above the ocean level, and the water in countless ages had evaporated and left its saline sediment, for this lake is now fed only by the waters from the small lake of Utah, which is fresh and clear, and originates in the torrents from the melting of the mountain snows. It is truly a grand but a desolate object, pleasing from the sunshine alone, for without that it is no better than the Dead Sea in Palestine, and equally nauseous from muriate of soda and other salts.

The train soon afterwards came in sight of the Lake Valley, bounded in the distance by a high mountain range. It is broad and level: not a tree nor shrub visible throughout. A little time after catching a glimpse of the valley I descried the city, the foundations of which were laid by the singular religionists from the East, driven by persecution to the desert out of a land that boasts both of political and religious freedom,

and the rulers of which affect to protect both, and perhaps would, if they were not powerless to do so. The truth is, that the different states set the supreme power at defiance, and the chief governor is sometimes utterly destitute of the means of redressing wrong or vindicating the laws. Upon this rock the present system will one day be wrecked by some refractory state making an open resistance.

It was a map-like view we first had of the city as we gradually descended into the valley. The mountains on the opposite side were lofty, serrated, and truly picturesque. The place itself seemed little worthy the name of a city, but as it was approached it put on a better appearance. The inhabitants had plenty of breathing room, the streets were well laid out as to width. The houses, of all sizes and kinds, were composed of unburned brick, and the streets branched off from the centre of the place, the houses being few compared to the plan plainly marked out. In the centre was a building unfinished, designed as a temple or church. This was of considerable magnitude.

Thus much it was easy to perceive at a distance from elevated ground. We had scarcely gained the bottom of the slope and got into the valley, when we perceived several persons approaching our party, and when they came up saluting with an "all hail" the conductors or "elders," as they called them, who were in authority over our train, papers from the east were exchanged, and many congratulations. Presently we were met by a number of persons of both sexes on foot, some of them leading children as rosy-faced as could be seen in England, a gratifying contrast to those in the states through which I had come more to the east. The women, too, had a freshness of complexion not observable among the eastern sisters. This must be ascribed to the dry, pure air of the lofty region they inhabited, said in the valley to be not less than four thousand feet above the sea, while the mountains round some of them at least rise as high again.

I inquired for an inn, but the elder, Mr. S——, with whom I made the most intimate acquaintance, and who had, in fact, induced me to come so far by his representations, of which I found none as yet belied, recommended that I should keep to my waggon for a short time, and even pass another night in it if required, until quarters could be obtained not only for myself but for many of my fellow-travellers, assuring me that no time should be lost in providing accommodation, and that the necessary requisites for sustaining the inner man should be speedily provided.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

V.

NEW SCENES.

IN January, 1796, I alighted before the welcome door of the Hôtel zum Geist in Strasburg, and throwing my cloak to a waiter, entered the house and ordered some refreshment. The weather was very cold, and I had been alternately frozen and suffocated in the diligence. My host recommended some lodgings to me, and being an utter stranger in Strasburg I was glad to avail myself of his advice, and secured them on the morning after my arrival. I had not been settled in them a week, however, when I found that my landlady cheated me in every possible manner; so packing up my wardrobe (which was not very extensive), I sought and found another abode in the Krämergasse.

My first visit to the cathedral made a great impression on me. The sun was setting as I entered, and its last rays poured through the dark stained-glass windows upon the stone pavement. Afternoon service was being concluded, and I took my place silently amongst the kneelers, struck with the solemn poetry of the scene. I fear I offered no prayer as I stood there, an alien from the creed of those with whom I now mingled, but it was a pleasure to be quiet; to think of the genius that had planned the noble arch against whose base I then leaned; to picture all the hopes and fears of the man, his pride in the great work he had undertaken, and his death long before stone had immortalised the image of his dreams. Poor Erwin of Steinbach, your reward was not to hear the praises of men, to see the upturned expression of many an admiring face, may it have been a far higher, more enduring one!

The choir sounded forth a chant, and the notes trembled in tender echoes above me, as if angels were repeating the theme, rendering it more pure, more ethereal, till it reached the ears of God. The faint sunlight died away from the pavement where I knelt, and long grey shadows fell on all around, whilst here and there the flicker of a candle by some altar shone as a star from the gloom. I thought they resembled the faint spark of my belief, and with an involuntary shudder I started up, pained by my own thought, and followed the worshippers out into the street.

I began life with no settled religious principles, no rock on which to take my firm stand, so that when once I wavered the very core of my faith was shaken: I had nothing to lean on, no church, no creed, except the one feeling had dictated in my early youth. My father was a Roman Catholic, my mother a Protestant, but I had been brought up as neither. True, as a child, I accompanied my mother to church, but my father forbade me to be taught either doctrine; he said, when I

grew older I might take my choice; little did he know through what danger of disbelief, through what sorrow and unrest my wavering opinions were destined to wander ere I formed that choice. The grass grows over his grave now, and he rests in peace. I have long since learned to forgive him from my heart this great error in my education. Perhaps I was very wrong to attribute blame to him at all; had he pursued a different plan the result might have been the same—who knows? But to return to Strasburg.

I joined a table d'hôte, but save the few friends I met there day after day I formed no intimacies at first, and shut myself up to study unmolested. On Sundays I would now and then join a friend and visit the public gardens, and would sometimes, too, take my place in the throng of waltzers, but this was not often, and I generally preferred a solitary walk in the corn-fields.

In May I received a long letter from Ida, which cheered me, though the news it contained was painful, as she recorded the death of her mother from a kind of nervous fever.

"I am so lonely," she wrote, "and the hours pass like long years, although I have now the whole management of the house. Franz is here constantly, and my father encourages him, but he has never addressed himself personally to me, so I leave all to chance, and must hope for the best. My dear mother was buried three days ago; I placed a bunch of flowers in her coffin, a keepsake for the grave. Death is a terrible visitor; till it comes we know not what it is, but when once the sentence is passed upon a loved one, we look round tearfully at the rest still granted to us, as if we feared it would strike again we dared not think how soon. Oh, Hans! may you, at least, be spared to me, but if not, may I die too."

My heart ached in sympathy with her sorrow, and I immediately wrote to her, enclosing the letter in one I was writing to Veronica. I was reading when Ida's letter reached me, but I could not return to my employment; my thoughts had strayed far away, and refused to be concentrated on the subject that lay before me on the table embodied in six folio volumes; I turned in disgust from my books and papers, and strode away to the fields beyond the town. Here, however, though I was in the free, open air, painful thoughts still haunted me. "Was I worthy of Ida's love? Had she not once said, 'I must love you now, it has become a necessity; but I should try not to do so were you to become an Atheist?' What was I fast becoming?" I could not answer this self-accusing query; I felt what my reply ought to be, and yet dared not confess it even to myself—my conscience pricked me—it would not let the fresh air calm me, but kept up the fire within. "Ought you to deceive her as to your real state of mind?" it asked; "ought you not to tell her the whole truth, and offer her freedom from her promise to you?" This question waylaid me at every turn. I tried to think of something else, but ere five minutes had elapsed there it was again, like a barrier that must be climbed before it can be got rid of. "She prays that I may be spared to her, as if I were her chief comfort now," I reasoned; "it would be cruelty to cast her off—cruelty to us both; and besides, what harm would there be in her marrying me? I would never try, by thought or deed, to disturb her faith—these scruples are ridiculous." And I tried to laugh them away, which I succeeded in doing for a time; but that

evening, as I re-entered my room with the intention of working hard, back came the same teasing scruples, depriving me of the power of thinking on any other subject, and to rid myself of my vexatious enemy I took up my pen, spread a sheet of paper before me, and wrote a long letter, telling Ida of my wavering faith, of my unworthiness of her, and of the painful necessity I felt that I should offer to free her from her engagement to me. I was relieved when it was over, and with a sigh began to peruse what I had written. How cold it sounded; I could not send such an epistle, it would be cruel! I did not tear it up, however; I folded it carefully, and placed it in a drawer, saying to myself that I would despatch it by-and-by, and that there was no hurry; besides, reflection might make me change my mind. And thus I soothed my conscience, and began my studies again, but this time with an undivided attention.

Sultry summer days came and found me still deeper in the mazes of speculative philosophy. I could not sleep at night, and would sit crouching over my books all day. I thought and thought till my very brain seemed to become a pulse, and beat against my temples as wildly as my heart ever beat against my body. I studied Kant, the great idealist, then rector of the University of Königsberg. I read his "Critical Inquiry into the Nature of Pure Reason;" I puzzled myself with Hamann's obscure writings; Engel, Fichte, Hegel, and sometimes, too, Schelling occupied much of my attention. I confused myself with a variety of opinions; I flew from one theory to another, till I lost the thread of each, and left my room with an aching head, and a mind narrowed instead of broadened by philosophy. Theology had likewise its charm for me. I tried to prove by science that revelation is indeed a reality, and when I failed to do this I doubted, and went away with a longing after something I could not reach. At such times as these the thought of my injustice towards Ida came forcibly before me, and I would open the drawer where the letter lay that I had written in a moment of repentance, but it required more resolution than I then possessed to send it, so I merely looked at the direction, and shut it up again. One day I happened to go to that drawer in search of a pamphlet I had lost, and I suppose by accident I took out the letter to Ida amongst some other papers, and left it on the table when I went out to attend a lecture on anatomy. I was perfectly unconscious of having done this, and therefore I was much surprised when, a few days afterwards, I missed the ill-fated letter from its accustomed place, and, on making inquiries of the woman of the house, heard to my dismay that she, chancing to see a directed letter lying on the table, supposed I wished it to be sent, and, in her anxiety to please, had despatched it, knowing that if she waited till my return home the post-day would be lost. I did not scold her, for I was too much appalled at the thought of the consequences this letter might bring on me. I was astonished to find that though I had myself penned those lines, how little I had intended to send them, and half ashamed of my own weakness, half angry with myself and with the woman, I went back to my room, and tried to look at the matter in the best light I could. Days went slowly on, and my anxiety to receive Ida's reply increased every hour. I pictured to myself her feelings whilst reading my letter, and the more I thought over the whole thing, the more I hoped that my fears were utterly groundless, and that she would only love me the better for

having been thus open with her. Nevertheless, I was very anxious, and when, one morning, two letters (both from Ida) were placed in my hand, my heart beat as fast as a young girl's—I dared not open either of them. "Why should there be two? Had she written one before receiving my letter, and the other after?" I doubted which I ought to open first, and turned them over and over; then suddenly coming to the conclusion that the inside could tell me better than the outside, I broke the seals and looked at the dates of each. One was three weeks old, the other of a more recent date, and by some chance accident they had arrived together. I took up the oldest, and drawing a chair to me, I sat down and read:

"Presentiments are the forerunners of evil, and calamities have indeed been showered on my head. Oh, Hans! what I am about to say will pain you, but it cannot do so more than it has done me. I have grieved so much that I think my heart is well-nigh dissolved away. My eyes are red, but I can cry no more, though rivers might flow if tears could vent all that my heart feels.

"My father is on his death-bed; but, alas! it is not this that makes me grieve, love for you has swallowed up all other feelings, and I am never to have the inexpressible joy of hearing that you love me again. No; soon that pure love which I now feel will be a sin; I must cast it from me, and try to think of you as a friend, for—how can I write the words?—my heart is breaking—I am to marry Franz Rosenthal——"

I started up wildly—I breathed hard. This communication was too much for me, and my first impulse was to fly and save her. I forgot the letter I had written her, I forgot my anxiety for a reply to it, and thought only of the overwhelming certainty that she was no longer mine. In spite of the tumult of thoughts within my brain, I stood rooted to the spot whither I had sprung; a cold perspiration trickled down my face, my eyes were dimmed, not with moisture, but with a hot, burning sensation, and I at length sank back into my chair, straining my sight to read the terrible lines again. There were no finishing words to the letter; it must have been sent away in great haste; and, turning from it, I seized the other with a kind of gasping curiosity. It was written in a very different style, explicit in the most minute details, and to me it conveyed the death-warrant of all my dreams of happiness, leaving me bitter against the world, against myself, and inexpressibly lonely. The letter ran thus:

"At nine o'clock yesterday morning my father breathed his last. I had been with him all night, but he did not know me; he had lost all consciousness of life, and lay in a trance so calm that it resembled death. He had arranged his earthly business, had consigned me to the care of a husband, and then, content with what he had done, he was able to turn his thoughts to the world he was about to enter without fear of distraction. Hans, his spirit rests; let us learn so to live that we, too, may one day rest. The word rest seems inapplicable now; I can scarcely comprehend it. Misery, sorrow, bitter tears, are the words that sound best in my ears at this moment, and yet I am a bride! It was the day before my father died; he had been very ill, suffering acute pain from cramp; the doctor said he could not live long. I was sent for, and when I stood by the bed, my father ordered the others to depart. We

were alone together, and I saw by the expression of his face that he was bent on disclosing something to me. I could not meet his gaze openly, for I felt what he was going to say, and I wavered between obedience and love. 'Ida,' said my father, coldly, and his tone made me start, it was so hollow and sepulchral, 'I am going to leave you.' He paused. 'I have hitherto been very indulgent to you, and have always been willing to accede to your wishes, but now there is one thing I must see completed before I go. You have had time enough to consider of your marriage; you asked for time, and you have had it; now, however, the moment has arrived for you to fulfil your engagement. I wish to place you under the protection of a husband before I die. This announcement is sudden, and will, perhaps, surprise you, but remember it is my dying wish, my last command, beware how you disobey me and call down a father's curse upon your head. Everything is ready; go and tell them you are so likewise.' I stood motionless, as if turned to stone. This haste paralysed me; it was so strange, so incomprehensible, I could not understand what I was asked to do. 'Beware of my curse,' said my father, in a tone that terrified me. 'Go and call them; your husband is waiting for you.'

"I could not speak, but I fell on my knees and stretched out my hands towards him imploringly. He turned his head away and repeated the word, 'Go!' I rose and went as he desired. May Heaven forgive me for mistaking my duty in this terrible hour of trial!

"Rosenthal greeted me cheerfully, imagining my coldness to be grief at my father's illness, for I did not even look at him; I was as one walking in a dream; but I felt him give a slight start when he touched my icy hand; it was as if he were wedding a corpse! I have wronged him, Hans; I must learn to repair the wrong; I must learn to give him that love which is now his due, and our secret, which has been kept so long, must be more than ever guarded now—he must never know it. Think that your Ida died: it is even so, she died on this terrible day; for all but my body died. Love, hope, joy died then, and what is the spirit but these three? Ida Hannemann is dead; do not reproach her too bitterly, but forget her, and try to receive Ida Rosenthal as a new friend, who has some strange interest in your welfare.

"Your letter was placed in my hands the day after my father died: it added another coal to the furnace which consumes me; but do not suppose anything but absolute necessity would ever have made me abandon you."

"Mockery!" I cried, passionately. "Is that all she cared for me?" And without reading more, I tore the letter into atoms with a hoarse, hissing laugh. Then I became fearfully calm; I had lost all, but told myself bitterly that I did not care, and, strange to say, my heart at the moment responded to the feeling the mind (shall I rather say pride?) dictated.

My hat lay on the table: I took it up and went out. In the street I encountered a friend—a wild, dissipated young man—with whom I had occasionally associated. I hailed him joyfully this day, and went where he led me. The hours flew by, and the night was spent in revelry. I did not return to my lodgings till the twilight of dawn spread over the earth, and I was weary and very sick at heart when I did enter. Over

the small iron stove, on the wall opposite the door, hung a slight sketch of Ida, which had been taken when she was quite a girl: my eyes rested on it as I entered, for they had been accustomed to do so. The innocent, calm expression of her face was more than I could bear, and a pang of remorse and regret shot through me. I went up to the picture and turned it round that I might not see it, but if by this step I intended to forget that the picture was there, I did not gain my object, for my eyes wandered to the spot against my will, and the blank was worse than the sight of the portrait had been. The scattered fragments of Ida's letter lay on the floor; I pushed them together with my foot. "What are they to me? She can never be mine now. My ever having cared for her is all a mistake; this sorrow is but wounded pride." And then I laughed at my own attempts to deceive myself; my heart knew better what was the matter with me than my head; the latter might mislead others, it could not, however, cajole myself.

The link that held me a believer in the beautiful was broken; my heart bled, but still it was more from bitterness than actual sorrow. I tried to forget Ida; I buried my thoughts in study, and strove to chase the memory of the past away. Vain, indeed, was the attempt at times, for thoughts are well-nigh beyond our control. A figure would rise up in the mist of imagination, whilst my head was bent over a book of philosophy or a treatise on medicine; its smile seemed to mock me, and I would start up a disbeliever in everything. Everything, did I say?—yes, alas! everything. This world was a dreary plain, the hereafter a doubt. I was indeed falling deeper into the abyss that had so long yawned upon me, but it was not without a desperate struggle that I fell. I grasped at all which might lead to belief with a longing and desperation that makes me shudder to look back upon. I was not a scoffer at religion from wantonness, but from the conviction of a troubled, overwrought reason. I had thought too deeply; I had trespassed on ground beyond the reach of man, and, deserted by faith, I found myself surrounded by an ocean of perplexities, without that sure and only anchor. Need I say that I was shipwrecked on the shores of unbelief? For a while I was lost, but, thank Heaven, it was but for a time. Often, when wearied beyond measure with my fruitless endeavours to find truth, I would turn, as I had been used, to the love which I had once felt for a pure being, but its place was no longer in my breast, disappointment, mistrust, and anger, had blotted it out. Ida was worse than nought to me now, for when I turned to her, it was but to increase the doubts that trembled at my heart. I doubted in the goodness of God, in His existence, and yet when I wandered into the cathedral and heard the organ peal, there was a swelling of awe in my inmost soul, and I envied the worshippers kneeling round me, for they believed—at least, I liked to think they did.

At sunset I would wend my way up to the summit of the cathedral tower. I enjoyed the prospect of vast space which there met my view; it was like the eternity of which I doubted, and seemed for a brief moment to fill a blank within my breast. I liked to watch the far-off distance melt into the golden glory of heaven; it was mysterious to know land was there and yet not see it, to feel that it was shrouded from the gaze of the naked eye as the distant eternity is shrouded by mystery from

reason. My lonely walks into the country were not discontinued; though afraid of my own thoughts, I still courted them, and the cool air was refreshing after a long day of toil.

One Sunday evening I wandered through a rich corn-field, the sky stretched above me, its deep blue contrasting beautifully with the yellow sea of corn below, myriads of flies danced in the air, and peasants, dressed in the gay costumes of the country, flocked towards the town to join in the Sunday festivities. I sauntered on, gazing at the flowers which peered from between the yellow stems; there was the climbing snake-weed, the blue corn-flower, the common vetch, and a thousand others. A cheerful "Bonjour, monsieur," from the passers-by roused me to return their greeting, but at length they all disappeared, and I was left alone. Stretching myself leisurely on the ground, I began to pluck the flowers nearest to me. A little tuft of forget-me-not was growing by the damp drain which ran through the field, and I put out my hand to gather the modest flowers. They reminded me of one whom I had lost, and their soft blue petals seemed to smile on me, whilst the pure, golden star in the centre was to my eyes as a star of hope. I gazed at it long and earnestly; then, curious to examine its marvellous structure, I pulled it to pieces by little and little. The mechanism of this tiny flower arrested my attention, and I found myself thinking with something akin to awe of its Creator. For the moment my doubts were gone—I was as a child, wondering and content to believe without that craving question, "Why?"

Suchst du das Höchste, das Grösste? Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren.
Was sie willenlos ist, sey du es wollend—das ist's!*

Alas! with the soft twilight, with the calm, deep repose of evening, this simple train of thought passed from me, but its visit had not been fruitless, for it had left a trace of sweetness behind never to be forgotten. Alone! Have you, my readers, ever felt the full meaning of this word? I pray that you may not have done so, though few escape its blighting influence. I do not mean solitude when I use that word,—solitude is often peace,—but I mean the heart-sickening consciousness of isolation which creeps over us amid the crowd and busy haunts of men, which checks the careless laugh, and whispers to us, through each fibre of our frame, "Alone! alone!" It is then the yearning after the unattainable, after the lost, breaks forth afresh, and those who believe seek comfort in the promises of religion, whilst those who do not, bend before their overwhelming sorrow and despair. I well-nigh lost my senses that terrible year; the mind cannot long resist the tortures of anxiety; it needs repose, and none seemed likely to offer its balm to soothe my aching head.

I had a small piano in my room, and, far into the night, I would pour out my thoughts upon it in impromptu dirges, making the wild notes echo through the room; sometimes, too, I gained permission to perform on the large organ in the cathedral, which afforded me much pleasure. I would go there towards evening, for I liked the dim, obscure light, and could play from memory. People gathered near to listen, but I did not

heed them; and once, when I had started up rather suddenly, I found myself unexpectedly amid a group of listeners.

"Who is the organist?" asked one.

"A wild student, I am told, who shuts himself up for weeks, and then suddenly appears in the town running riot."

"Hist! that is he," said a third.

I could not restrain a smile as I passed quickly on and disappeared in the narrow doorway leading by a winding staircase to the tower. I stood upon the summit with one foot half over the dizzy height; I was not afraid of falling, for I had accustomed myself to the sensation such a position naturally produces. My eye wandered away from the town to the blue outlines of the Vosges mountains, the rich district of the Rhine, and the undulating hills of the Black Forest. The soft breeze ruffled my hair, blowing it back from my temples. I was lost in thought, and did not perceive the approach of a stranger till a deep-toned musical voice pronounced these words close to me:

"You seem to admire yonder prospect, young man?"

I turned sharply round, and confronted a tall, benevolent-looking old man with silvery hair. His features seemed familiar to me, but I could not call to mind where I had seen him before.

"Yes, I admire it more for its vastness than its beauty," I replied.

"That is natural," rejoined the stranger; "youth is grasping, and admires all that is vast."

I looked at him inquiringly, but he did not speak for some minutes; he seemed to be scrutinising my features.

"We have met before," he said.

"I think so, but I am at a loss to know where," I replied.

"Here, and in the fields beyond the town. I listened to you this evening with pleasure; you have excited the deepest interest in a stranger, will you accept my friendship?"

I extended my hand to him, and he pressed it warmly.

"You have great talent—genius, I may say," continued my companion. "Tell me if you feel a congenial influence steal over you from the contemplation of this scene?"

There was something encouraging in his manner. I was drawn to him by some strange bond of union, and, lowering my voice to a whisper, I said,

"I wander up here to refresh myself after a hard day's study, and besides this, the vast prospect resembles something I have lost."

"Your tone is full of bitterness, young man. What is it that you have lost?"

"Eternity," I replied, mournfully.

He fixed his penetrating eyes on me with an expression of benevolent pity I can never forget, whilst he uttered Von Haller's words:

"Unendlichkeit! wer misset dich?

Bei dir sind Welten Tag', und Menschen Augenblicke.

Vollkommenheit der Grösze!

Was ist der Mensch, der gegen dich sich hält!

Er ist ein Wurm, ein Sandkorn in der Welt,

Die Welt ist selbst ein Punct, wann ich an dir sie messe.

Eternity is lost through our own fault," he continued. "It can be regained, thanks to the Mediator of mankind."

"But for the disbeliever, the Atheist, there is no eternity; he holds that man ceases to be when he quits this world, that he returns to that nothing from which he was formed, and that he will henceforth exist only in the memory of those who will soon follow him into oblivion."

"God grant that His all-pervading light may shine into the darkened eyes of such men, and may illumine their inner life with His blessed truths."

"I have tried to believe; I did not cast away the beautiful chimera of a future that would repay us for our suffering here without a struggle; it was a much too precious goal to be cast away so long as one satisfactory clue to its probability remained within my heart," I said, bitterly.

"Disbelief poisons the intellect; you have pursued a wrong path; strive to find out your error, and when you have discovered it, be assured that belief in eternity will return. The fault lies in yourself, not in religion."

I looked at him incredulously, but his words had some weight, though at the time I strove to disprove them.

"We are ever loath to think ourselves in fault," he continued, after a pause. "It is easy to lay the blame on the shoulders of our neighbours, and still easier, as in your case, to think religion at fault rather than yourself. How few of us have strength of will sufficient to say, 'It is I who am in error.' Pause, young man; do not reject the counsel of one whose hair is grey because he is a stranger to you. I have watched and studied human nature till I have grown old in the pursuit of this engrossing subject, but I was a youth once such as you are, full of self-conceit and pride. I thought myself better and cleverer than those with whom I associated, and it was only through the bitter experience of years that I learned to know myself, my weaknesses, and my incapacities. Believe me, the highest and deepest study is to learn the intricacy of your own heart, and the further you advance in the mastery over this the more you will feel your own insufficiency and the greatness of God. The soul is a ray from the divine, and without it we could not comprehend God. See how Tauler quotes St. Bernard.* 'Why does my eye perceive the heavens and not my feet? Because my eye is more like the heavens than my feet. Thus, if my soul is to perceive God, it must be heavenly.' And again he says, 'The heavens are everywhere alike far from the earth: thus shall the soul be alike far from all earthly things, that she be not nearer to one than to another, but keep herself alike far from all, in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, for she must be utterly dead to all that is of the earth, earthly, and altogether raised above it. Nothing hinders the soul so much in its knowledge of God as time and place. Time and place are parts, and God is one; therefore, if our soul is to know God, it must know Him above time and place, for God is neither this nor that, like these complex things around us, for God is one.' You have not learned to recognise your soul, young man," he said, mournfully, and I felt as though his gaze penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. "It is arrogance, and self-esteem, and ignorance that lead men into the fearful paths of doubt——"

* Susannah Winkworth's translation.

"Pardon me, but conviction," I interposed; but he would not suffer me to continue, and exclaimed vehemently:

"What is man's conviction?—what is his reason compared to that of the Supreme Being, the Creator? Nothing; it is paltry, mean, insignificant; the wonders daily before our eyes are beyond our comprehension, how much more, then, are the invisible mysteries removed from out our reach. God has said to our powers of mind, as to the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' We cannot outstep these bounds, and because we cannot, we doubt. Why is this? I will tell you: pride whispers in our ears that we are capable of comprehending all; we believe but too willingly such flattering untruths, and when our reason is not satisfied we turn away to paths of our own choosing, and are lost."

"Lost!" I repeated, dreamily, for, strange to say, the old man's speech had raised no angry feelings in my breast.

"Yes, if not checked in time," my companion said, approaching one step nearer to me. "I have spoken abruptly to you, and for this liberty I crave your pardon, but I feel as if I were not wholly unacquainted with you. These many weeks I have watched you at a distance with interest, and a fellow-feeling with those that suffer prompted me to seek the first opportunity of speaking to you. Grant me your friendship; it may one day be in my power to serve you."

I thanked him for his good wishes, and asked somewhat curiously why it was he had thought I was suffering.

"Do you never look even at the reflection of your own person?" he asked. "There are deep lines on your brow which are traced by sorrow; my life has been one of pain, and my chief pleasure now is a weak endeavour to lighten the heavy burdens I see others dragging with them to the grave."

I looked at the old man with gratitude, and though his words had not convinced me, I could admire the simple trust which seemed to actuate his life.

After a short interval, in which we were both occupied by our own thoughts, he again addressed me.

"As you have accepted the offer of friendship I made, may I ask what your name is?"

"Mitterkamp," I replied. "I am a native of Weimar, and a medical student."

"Weimar?" said my companion; "I am glad to hear it, for I take great interest in that little capital. The grand duke has made it the centre of learning. You were born in a good atmosphere."

"It is some time since I was a resident in my native town; I came here from Jena, where I was educated."

"Ah, better still; tell me something of Schiller. Is he liked by the students?"

"In general, yes," I replied, "but every one has enemies. A certain set adore him, and one young man in particular is, or perhaps I should rather say was, a great deal with him—his name is Hardenberg—and though I did not know him personally, I can vouch for his having rare talents. Schiller doubtless takes an interest in him on this account."

"How does Schiller stand with the *litterati*?"

"Very well. Schütz and Hufeland are his friends, and he is extremely

intimate with Reinhold. Then Goethe spends a great deal of time in his company; they are very closely allied."

"Are you acquainted with the latter?"

"No, we are not of his set in Weimar; but great men are, as it were, public property—at least, we like to talk of them as if they were. Goethe is freely criticised."

"It is strange how much we enjoy finding out the vulnerable parts of great men; we are so unwilling to let them stand unassailed upon the pinnacle they raise for themselves."

"If they were not attacked," I said, "they would very probably never rise so high. Criticism, even when it is bitter, does more to stimulate genius than the admiring voice of friends."

"That is true, provided criticism be not carried too far. Some of Goethe's works will be better appreciated a century hence. He has outstripped the age, and cannot expect to be followed by the ordinary crowd, who require to have their tastes formed by time, and fail to comprehend a stamp of excellence above that to which they are used. I cannot help attributing Kotzebue's immense popularity to this cause. He writes for these times, and, in consequence, receives the homage of the present race, who flock to the theatre whenever a play of his is to be performed. Goethe's works are written for no period in particular, and they will always preserve their originality, for they are not thoughts produced by present circumstances, nor does he write so much on passing events, which will soon be forgotten. The thoughts and passions he expresses may be felt by all who are capable of appreciating their truth, though the million is not ready to do so yet."

"You appear to be fond of literature," I said.

"Yes, I am very fond of it, for without entering into literature we cannot fully understand human nature. A book opens out many secrets to us that would otherwise be veiled. I have no ties of kindred; I am alone in the world; and thus bereft by nature, I seek amongst strangers those similarly situated. I am drawn towards them by sympathy, and feel a more than brotherly affection for them, seeking in their sorrows and misfortunes a similarity to my own. Isolation is what I have always dreaded, and this dread makes me try to shield others from the possibility of suffering from it."

I looked on this strange old man as a wild enthusiast, but I respected his zeal, and could not help admiring the excess of benevolence which almost bordered on insanity. He extended his hand to me; I took it, and, having promised to meet him on the same spot the following day, we parted. Something, however, prevented my keeping my appointment, and ere another interview took place between us a little incident, of which I was a chance witness, was destined to give me a further insight into his character.

I was looking in at a shop window in ——— street at a print, and there was a poor workman standing beside me, eyeing some ornamented pipes with an expression that plainly denoted he would very willingly be the possessor of one of them. I thought nothing of this, for the sight of want, gazing with longing into a well-filled shop, is, alas! a very common spectacle in a town, and I continued my examination of the beautiful print. Presently my attention was again directed to the pipes by one of

them being removed from its position in the window by a hand, and I saw the poor man's eyes follow it with a sort of curiosity, as if he wished to know who was going to be the fortunate possessor of the envied article. He had not long to wait, for a minute had scarcely elapsed before an old gentleman appeared in the doorway with the pipe in his hand, and, instead of walking away with it, he approached the spot where we stood, and I immediately recognised my friend of the tower. Without noticing me, he stretched out the pipe to the workman, saying, as he did so, "Take it as a stranger's gift, and do not thank me. I saw by your expression that you wanted a new pipe: you are pleased at the thought of really possessing one; that is my reward. Now go to your work, and in future never regard anything as impossible."

Before the workman had time to express his gratitude, or I to wish him a "Good day," the old man was gone; and although I could not help thinking of this occurrence with a degree of amusement, my heart bounded at the thought of such universal benevolence, and I was more and more curious to know the history of a man whose mania for doing kind actions I regarded with a sort of professional interest.

It was not long before I met him again, but I did not tell him I had been present when he gave away a pipe to a poor man. I thought he might not like to have the circumstance recalled.

Strange to relate, that often as I saw him, and much as he sought my confidence, he refused to tell me his name. No one in Strasburg knew it; and when anybody had occasion to mention him, it was always as "The kind gentleman," "The good Christian." And I like to think of him under this last epithet, for it suited him well.

THE IMPROVVISATRICE.*

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE Italian tourist of the earlier part of this century doubtless still preserves a vivid recollection of the predatory habits familiar to some portion of the inhabitants of classic Italy, and of the time when it was an act of heroism, if not of insane foolhardiness, to travel without a strong escort through many of its loveliest scenes.

Not alone in Southern Italy, in the ill-governed States of the Church,

* "We should convey an exceedingly imperfect idea of the poetry of Italy, did we omit to say a few words of the *Improvisatori*. Their talent, their inspiration, and the enthusiasm which they excite, are all most illustrative of the national character. In them we perceive how truly poetry is the immediate language of the soul and the imagination. . . . The talent of an improvisatore is the gift of nature, and a talent which has frequently no relation to the other faculties. The improvisatore generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. After having been informed of this subject, he remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its different lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem he is about to compose. His eyes wander around, his features glow, and he struggles with the spirit which seems to animate him."—*Literature of the South of Europe*. By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.

and among the lawless semi-barbarians of Calabria; not alone amidst the deep solitudes of the Apennines, but even where civilisation was more dominant, and where security should have been better established, had rapine fixed its strongholds. In the Venetian territories, at no very great distance from the beautiful and picturesque Lago di Garda, a troop of brigands had established their head-quarters, having found a safe retreat amidst that chain of the Alps which terminates near Chiusa. By these bandits many an unsuspecting traveller was adroitly eased of his luggage; and in some cases, especially if the robbers met with ineffectual resistance, scenes of violence were enacted. Yet a kind of wild generosity, a degree of courteous bearing, not unfrequently characterised these daring outlaws; and rumour said, that this shadow of chivalric conduct was attributable to one of their chiefs, who was infinitely less ferocious than the desperate gang over whom he had found the means of acquiring influence.

Leonardo, or Il Leone—the Lion, as he was generally called—had not always followed such degrading courses. He was the younger son of an Italian nobleman; he had received a good education, and he had, at one time, mixed in good society. But his mind not having been imbued with those religious principles which alone can give strength to withstand the allurements of vice, he fell into evil habits, gambled away his small inheritance, and, having wound up his reckless career by entering into a political conspiracy against the government, was obliged to fly from the neighbourhood of his paternal home, and to seek elsewhere the means of subsistence. It was at this juncture that, in a measure compelled by necessity, he sought concealment and shelter among the robber-band, who eventually elected him as one of their leaders; for even in that wild community talents and education commanded respect.

Time rolled on, and it may be that Il Leone would have pined to return to civilised society, and to exchange his almost savage freedom for the unforbidden advantages and pleasures which he had once enjoyed, had not a softer tie than that of fealty to his adventurous companions thrown its charm around his heart. He had seen, admired, and, with her own consent, carried off and married a beautiful peasant girl: and to embellish her mountain dwelling, to protect her from danger, and to cheer her solitude, now became the principal objects of his existence, although he did not relinquish the wretched profession which circumstances, or, as *he* said, “fate,” had driven him to follow.

But, as if Providence had determined to punish him for his evil deeds, the one ewe-lamb, the being whom he loved so much, was snatched from him by death, and Leonardo was left with one motherless child, a lovely little girl of about three years of age. The innocent Ninetta was a favourite with the whole rude community; the rough men, the coarse-minded women, the hardy sunburnt children, all loved *her*; and she looked among them like a little cherub who had strayed from her home in the skies, or had been sent on a mission of celestial love to mollify the iron hearts around her.

Il Leone devoted his spare time to the education of his daughter, who proved to be an extremely clever, intelligent child. He taught her to read and write, and to play on a guitar, of which one of the bandits had robbed an unwary traveller as a present for the little favourite. He re-

cited to her passages from the best poets of Italy : from Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarca, and Metastasio; he related to her anecdotes and incidents from the histories of Greece and Rome, and from the scarcely less stirring annals of the early republics and petty sovereignties of her own romantic country; but that far more essential knowledge which is to be learned from the Holy Scriptures he did *not* impart to her, probably because he was ignorant of it himself. Did the opening floweret then grow up into a noxious weed? No; happily it was not so ordained.

One day, when Ninetta was about nine years of age, she had followed a pet goat, and with this companion had rambled to a great distance beyond her accustomed haunts; up hill and down dale, from crag to crag, the little mountaineer pursued her roving guide, till at last a tract of country burst on her view which she had never before beheld, and almost at the same moment she perceived, by the length of her own shadow, that day was on the decline. The goat was still skipping onwards, now browsing on the short grass which grew in patches here and there, now sniffing the mountain breeze, and bounding in joyous liberty from one projecting ledge of rock to another, regardless of the silver voice of its young mistress, whose clear, bell-like tones, repeated by the echo of the hills, in vain called it to return.

"What shall I do?" said the little girl to herself; "it will soon become dark, and how am I to find my way home? Ah, naughty goat to lead me so far! And what if there should be wolves prowling about!"

Fear and fatigue overcame poor Ninetta, and she sank down in hopeless lassitude on a mossy stone. At length a thought struck her. "I will sing—sing very loud—and perhaps some traveller by these mountain paths may hear me, and come to my aid."

She sang accordingly, and her liquid notes, floating on the evening breeze, *did* reach the ear of a kind-hearted being, who hastened in the direction of the voice. The person who heard her was Father Anselmo, a pious hermit, who had taken up his abode amidst the solitude of these lonely hills. Ninetta was looking round wistfully to see if she could discern any human creature approaching, when her eye fell on the figure of the hermit, just as he emerged from a projecting rock near her. His pale countenance and emaciated features, his thin, almost transparent hand, and the dark grey cloak floating around him, almost the hue of the rock from which he seemed to her fancy to have issued, gave him quite an unearthly appearance, and, with a cry of terror, Ninetta hid her face in her lap.

The child had often heard, among the bandits' wives, tales of ghosts, and hobgoblins, and evil spirits who haunted lonely spots, and one of these immaterial beings she imagined the form at her side to be. But Father Anselmo, gently placing his hand on her head, and with kind words quieting her fears, led her to his hermitage, and giving her some bread and fruit, promised to show her the way towards her home.

"Rest here awhile, however," he said, "until the moon rises, and then you will pass more safely across the shorter sheep track by which I will take you."

The hermit lighted a lamp, for it was almost dark in the sort of cave or recess in the rocks which formed his cell, and, after gazing for a few moments on the interesting countenance of the little girl, he began to

question her respecting her religious knowledge. Alas ! on this subject, crude and vague indeed were the child's ideas. She knew that there was a God who had made the hills and lakes, the trees and flowers she loved so much ; she had heard of the Virgin Mary, and of three or four saints who were patronised by the banditti and their wives ; and she entertained for a little ebony cross, which was suspended by a ribbon round her neck, a sort of innate reverence, because her mother had kissed it when dying, and because she had been told it was a symbol of something very holy ; but all else was chaos in her young mind. Father Anselmo showed her a picture in which the infant Jesus was represented, spoke to her of his mission to this world, his career on earth, and his ascension to heaven ; and told her of the resurrection of the dead, and of the life to come. Ninetta listened with wonder and delight ; she drank in eagerly the hermit's words, and when, at length, she parted from her venerable guide, who had accompanied her to within a short distance of her home, she gladly accepted his invitation to visit him again. Often and often afterwards did she trip over the now familiar path to the solitary abode of her kind instructor, nor did Leonardo forbid these visits, for the retreat of the aged hermit was well known to the bandits, who never thought of molesting him.

But if Anselmo's lessons made Ninetta wiser, they also caused her much anxiety, for the truth was now apparent to her that her father and his companions were leading lives opposed to the laws of God and man. She grieved deeply for this, and as she grew older she became more intensely solicitous to withdraw her parent from his guilty associates and his own evil courses. Many were the consultations she held with the benevolent hermit on this subject ; but her plans and wishes were alike vain, until a higher power was graciously pleased to interpose on her behalf.

One day a terrible storm broke out, the thunder rolled, and the lightning glared. It happened that Il Leone was returning from a predatory expedition with some of his band, when a fearful flash of lightning struck himself and one of his followers to the ground. For a few moments he lay, as it were, stunned, and when at length he slowly arose, all was dark around him. He had been struck blind by the same flash which had instantaneously deprived his companion of life.

Of what use could their blind chief be to the reckless banditti ? His vigour of mind seemed to have fled with his sight. He was no longer the boldest in planning enterprises, the most daring in executing them ; and at length, having become a burden to his companions, he lent a willing ear to his daughter's entreaties that they should go to some place where, by her industry, she might maintain him and herself. The youthful and inexperienced Ninetta little dreamed of the difficulties she might have to encounter ; but, even had she known them, her sense of duty, and the energy of her mind, would have induced her to try to overcome them. At this period Father Anselmo was of much use to Leonardo and his daughter. He advised them to go to Verona, where there was but little chance of Leonardo's being recognised, especially as his hair, since the lightning-stroke which had deprived him of sight, had gradually, but rapidly, become grey ; and premature old age seemed to have crept alike over his body and his mind. For Ninetta's sake, the hermit gave them

a letter to a respectable elderly female who resided in the suburbs of Verona, and who had been at one time a confidential servant in his sister's family; and as the bandits had not been so ungenerous as to let their former chief go from them in a state of destitution, Leonardo was able to pay for their humble lodgings in her quiet cottage on the banks of the Adige.

From the good old dame with whom she now resided, Ninetta speedily acquired some knowledge of those little feminine arts so useful in domestic life. But it was necessary to adopt some means of gaining a livelihood when their store should be exhausted. Ninetta bethought her of weaving baskets, in which occupation she could teach her father to assist her, and of selling them, together with flowers, in the streets of Verona. She succeeded beyond her utmost expectations. Few persons passed the beautiful flower-girl, leading her blind father carefully along, without purchasing a nosegay from her; and if at times the flower trade became dull, Ninetta found that to strike a few chords on her guitar, and to sing some of her wild mountain airs, never failed to attract a crowd around her, and to fill her father's hat with small coins. As she grew older her genius ripened, and she became noticed also as an *improvisatrice*. She never, however, forgot the lessons which she had received from her friend the hermit Anselmo; and it was her custom, as soon as she had gathered her flowers at early morn, to repair to the church of San Giorgio, generally accompanied by her father, who never seemed to be happy away from her, and there to spend some time in devotion before commencing the business of the day.

One morning, while she was kneeling in her accustomed place, and deeply engaged in prayer, a young man, tall in stature, and with a noble countenance, entered the church. While looking around for the picture of the martyrdom of Saint George, by Paul Veronese, which adorns that edifice, his eye fell upon the flower-girl and her father. What picture could be finer? The grey-headed old man stood leaning on his staff, his sightless eyeballs being raised to heaven; while at his feet knelt the beautiful and graceful girl, her dark ringlets escaping from beneath her simple head-dress, her hands clasped together, and her coral lips moving in earnest prayer. For a few moments the young man stood gazing upon them; then, seizing his pencil and tablets, he began to make a rapid sketch of the group. He had just caught the attitudes and outlines of the figures when Ninetta arose from her knees, and, turning to take up her basket of flowers from the marble floor, perceived the young artist, and encountered his earnest gaze. She started, and the stranger, approaching her, apologised in a low tone for the liberty he had taken, and at the same time begged a single rosebud from her basket. In some confusion, Ninetta selected for him the finest rose and a sprig of myrtle; and then, taking her father's hand, she led him out of the church.

The stranger's first impulse was to follow her; his next thought was to ask the old sacristan, who was loitering about the aisles, if he knew anything of her.

"Only," said the old man, "that she goes by the name of Ninetta, the Flower-girl and Improvisatrice. She lives somewhere in the suburbs, on the banks of the Adige. She sings charmingly, but no one can find out her history, or that of the blind man whom she calls her father."

"Where shall I be most likely to meet with her?" asked Ernesto.

"Well, when she has sold her flowers, or her baskets, she occasionally sings of an evening, and her favourite stations are near the old amphitheatre,* or by the Porta dei Borsari."†

"At what hour?"

"Why, generally about sunset."

Long before the sun had set Ernesto had paced at least a dozen times between the arch and the amphitheatre; then, hoping to meet on the way the fair subject of his morning's sketch, he started off towards the Adige. At length, being disappointed, he returned towards the Porta dei Borsari, and perceiving that a crowd had gathered near it, he hastened onwards. Presently he heard the sound of a guitar, and a melodious voice humming, rather than singing, an air to it. Advancing a few steps farther, he beheld her he sought standing on a slight elevation, her father reclining near her. Ninetta saw him, and coloured, she knew not why, while he bowed respectfully to her.

"A subject—who will give a subject?" cried some one in the crowd.

"La Ninetta seems inspired this evening."

"I will," said Ernesto. "I give—LOVE!"

Ninetta's cheek grew pale, but her eyes sparkled like the diamond dew-drop on the flower at early morn, as, striking a few chords on her guitar, she half sung, half recited, the following lines:

"Love's like the desert-fountain, playing
'Midst wastes—where the lone pilgrim's straying—
Refreshing all, where'er 'tis found,
Till Eden seems to bloom around.
Love's like the faithful Polar star,
Guiding the wanderer from afar.
Ask ye—where is the home of Love?
The minstrel bids ye look—above!"

And the improvisatrice raised her slender finger, and smiling, pointed to the bright skies, now rich in the brilliant tints of an Italian sunset. "The lightning of that angel-smile," much more than the impromptu lines she had just chanted, gained a tumult of applause from the bystanders, one of whom, however, as if in derision or jest, asked her to sing something about *inconstant love*, that being more common than the sentiment she had just portrayed. Preluding for one moment on her guitar, Ninetta exclaimed, in a kind of recitative:

"'Tis like the rainbow's vivid hue—
Bright—beautiful—but quickly past;
Or, like the calm sea's sparkling blue,
By every fleeting cloud o'ercast!"

"Brava! Brava!" exclaimed several voices; but a prosaic-looking stout burgher cried, "Let us have something better worth hearing than nonsense about love and rainbows; give us a stave about our own good town, Verona!"

"Ah! that is a dull theme; but you cannot puzzle La Ninetta," said

* Supposed to have been erected during the reign of Trajan. It is almost perfect, and is composed of large blocks of marble without cement.

† A triumphal arch, erected in the reign of Gallienus.

one of her admirers, as Ninetta, gazing for a moment on the triumphal arch near, and casting a rapid glance over the old city, sang:

“Amidst the richest of Italia’s plains,
In beauty clad, our old Verona stands;
The halo of antiquity that reigns
Around its walls—still deep respect commands.
’Twas here that Pliny saw the light of day;
’Twas here Catullus sung—here Romeo died,
The victim of his love——”

“At love again!” exclaimed the fat burgher, interrupting the improvisatrice; “I did not bargain for that, but girls’ heads are always running on love and folly.”

“Nay, amico mio,” cried an old man, who was standing near him, “you should not chide La Ninetta thus, because you have forgotten your own youthful days. *Bella cantatrice*,” he added, turning towards the fair musician, “try THE MORN OF LIFE; *that* subject will please everybody.”

“The morn of life?” said Ninetta; “ah! how can I do justice to that theme? But I will try it.

Where shall we seek the softest bloom?—
On childhood’s rosy dimpled cheek;
That cheek which brightest smiles illumine,
The smiles which innocence bespeak.
And where, on earth, dwell hope and truth?—
In childhood’s uncorrupted heart;
Alas! too soon to guileless youth
The world doth its dark code impart!
Ah! then, before the opening mind
Become the prey of human strife,
While yet to earthly evil blind,
Blessed be the happy *Morn of Life*!

And now good night! felicissima notte!” cried Ninetta, drawing the string of her guitar tighter over her shoulder, and holding out her hand to raise her blind father. The crowd, on this, began to disperse; and in a few minutes more Ninetta was leading Leonardo towards their humble home. But the father and daughter were not, as usual, alone: Ernesto had joined them, and had begged leave to follow them, in order to finish his sketch. Ninetta felt a strong desire to have a likeness of her father, and as Ernesto promised to paint one for her, she obtained the old man’s permission that he should accompany them to their cottage.

Need we say that his first visit was not also his last? Again and again he went to the cottage on the Adige. At dawn of day he was waiting to assist Ninetta in gathering her flowers for sale; he taught her to paint; he read to Leonardo; in short, he became as one of themselves. In process of time, Ninetta, the bandit’s daughter, became the wife of the rising young artist, and fulfilled all the duties of her new position as faithfully and affectionately as she had fulfilled those which had devolved upon her as a daughter.

Her father died peacefully—a penitent man; and though her rich voice was no more heard near the Porta dei Borsari, nor her light figure seen tripping along with her basket of roses on her arm, it was long before the citizens of Verona forgot Ninetta, the Flower-girl and Improvisatrice.

RENDERINGS IN LATIN.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

EPITAPH BY FLEMING.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
 I oft have read on other stones;
 And others soon shall read of thee,
 What thou art reading now of me.

Latinè redditum.

Advena! quod legis ossa super mea, sæpe legebam;
 Mox alius de te quod legis ipse leget.

EPITAPHIUM.

Ab Raleigho.

Eheu! quam brevis est rebus fiducia nostris!
 Nemo potest hodiè dicere cras quid eret.
 Cuncta rapit Tempus, rugas pro flore juventæ
 Pro famâ jactum pulveris accipio.
 Unum una introeunt cursum pauperque locuplesque,
 Et lapis egugulo limite finit iter.
 Sed Deus ex tumulto quom vitæ meta peracta est,
 Credo equidem et fido, suscitet has cineres.

IN JULIUM HARUM.

Ab Anglico Landoris.

Juli! quam lætas unâ transivimus horas,
 O! Graium studiis associate mihi!
 Te tamen in Veteres fuit haud sapientior unquam,
 Te Veri superans nullus amore pio.
 Adstantes circa lectum suspiria amici
 Ultima senserunt nomine mista meo.
 Munere Fortunæ, popularis munere honoris,
 Gratius hoc nostræ pignus amicitiae.

LIKE TO LIKE.

From the German of Goethe.

A Bee, a Bluebell—Bluebell loved a Bee:
 How well the insect and the flower agree!

PAR PARI.

Ab Goethio.

Flosculus ante alios se complet odoribus, ambit
 Aliger hunc mellis captus amore rotans.
 Carpe diem, brevis est, O carpe volatilis horam!
 Arabo conveniunt quam bene flos et apis.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTATIUS GRUN.

I have an aunt old and hoary,
 A little old book hath she,
 A withered and wrinkled leaflet
 In the little book you may see.

The hands that in spring once plucked it
As withered and wrinkled lie :
Why weeps my old aunt so sadly
Whenever it meets her eye ?

MARCIDA FRONS.

Est Germana patris, cano veneranda capillo,
Quæ veteres tabulas mense dieque premit.
Pagina versatur. Foliis hic pressa libelli
Marcida frons omni nuda colore jacet.
Heu ! jam sicca manus læto quæ flore juventæ
Carpserat unque rosam, marcidiorque rosâ,
Hic Vetulæ ! frondem quom contempletur, abortis
Cur semper lacrymis irrigat illa librum ?

AB BARRY CORNWALL.

Ad Puellulam.

Hæc precor, ut carpes placidissima somnia, euntem
Gratia te motet, spiret in ora decus.
Te comitetur Honos quo ducat semita recti
Sit tua vox suaves apta ciere modos.
Te Pudor et Pietas, te longum ditet et ævum,
Detur amicitia, detur amore frui.
Læta animi ridi ! dum functo munere vitæ
Ornaret Divis texta corona caput.

AB HEINIO.

Possidet Oceanus stellas, sua sidera Cælum,
Attamen humano pectore stella latet
Purior Oceani gemmis, lucentior astris,
Igne suo penetrans cor animamque meam,
Cara puella, veni ! tu florens vere juventæ
Irradia pictus, luce, colore novo ;
Nam cor et maria et terras cœlumque profundum
Interfusa simul cuncta resolvit amor.

TO DIAN.

After the manner of Waller.

If I a trout, and thou shouldst be
A little artificial fly,
Caught by thy hook how willingly
I dying would consent to die.

IN DIANAM.

Et lino tenui et muscis armata puella
Piscibus illecebras insidiosa parat ;
Lumina quam flagrant ! qualis nova gratia formam
Vestit, ut in rivum linea tensa cadit.

Fallitur arte, tamen non fictam carpere muscam,
Sed te spectatum victima multa venit ;
Oh ! si trutta forem, atque hamo suspensus adunco,
Ipse tuo vellem captus amore mori.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.*

IF we are to believe M. Victor Fournel, one of the most "spirituels" of Parisian feuilletonnistes ever since art has been studied in its external manifestations, it has been deemed that great concessions have been made to the spirit of literary democracy when the writer has ventured into the streets at the risk of dirtying his feet. Literature is a great lady, who does not like sullyng her dress on plebeian soil, and criticism gives herself still more aristocratic airs, rarely condescending to notice anything that lives or moves beyond its own exclusive circle, preferring much "to throne herself, fan in hand, with the airs of a duchess, judging, like Célimène, its good friends at court, the viscounts and marquises of literature."

Yet there exists a whole class of artists, a vagabond race whom we meet with in our walks in squares, at the corners of streets, and in popular restaurants and cafés, who surely merit a moment's study. Why should we despise these poor birds of passage of the Bohemia of arts? They live as much as we do by thoughts and words, by music and poetry. They view these matters, no doubt, after their own fashion, yet none know better than they do how to place themselves in community of ideas, sentiments, and language with the crowd; like us, they make the public at once the judges and the paymasters of their labours. It is true that they operate in open daylight, and that they summon their audience by sound of a great drum; yet has not the proceeding, perhaps, less inconveniences than dancing attendance for an honorarium upon some publishing autocrat. Clowns! why who has not been more or less a clown himself? who has not paraded himself at a public dinner? who has not adorned his language with hyperboles? who has not made superhuman efforts to arrest for a moment the attention of a capricious and *blasé* public? Some modern artists and writers seem, indeed, to have no other object in view. It is questionable if street artists have not, in some respects, an advantage over the viscounts of art and literature. Their indigence is less pretentious, their inspiration more original, and carries greater conviction with it, and while their ambition is less, their independence is greater.

There are in France, we are told, men of genius and enthusiasm carried away by a passionate love of the ass's skin, fanatic drummers, who beat their sonorous instrument with inimitable skill, inexhaustible perseverance, and almost frantic enthusiasm. These people, when once the drum is suspended to their waists, have no longer any control over themselves; they go on till they get intoxicated by their own music, and when they are obliged to cease from pure exhaustion, fingers and feet go on moving or drumming, by night as well as by day. These are your true artists; it is impossible to attain perfection in these modern days of competition save by giving up mind and body to the task—perfection even

* Ce qu'on voit dans les Rues de Paris. Par M. Victor Fournel.

in drumming is only to be obtained by becoming part and parcel of a drum, enveloped, as it were, in the ass's skin.

Such a drummer, M. Victor Fournel tells us, once filled his boyish imagination with love and wonder :

I watched every one of his motions with a curious and serious eye ; and from that time forth, whenever he beat the retreat, I went to attach myself to his dorsal spine, and followed him, keeping time all through the town, without speaking a word, amazed, radiant, and triumphant. He was the first artist that I knew, and I have ever since preserved a profound respect for the drum, but I have never seen it moved, even to its entrails, with such power !

I have since had an opportunity of admiring many musical marvels : I have heard Liszt and Godefroid, Allard and Vieuxtemps ; I have met on the borders of the Château d'Eau and on the Pont des Arts passionate artists who impart a soul even to the organ of Barbary ; I have seen on the Place de la Bastille men mounted on a chair, with a red coat and a wig of shavings, whose vibrating voices rendered even the *voyou* respectful and attentive ; but nothing has ever made me forget the masterly play of that artist ; he has remained fixed in my memory like the fantastic drummer of the German legend.

But what, the reader will ask, is a *voyou* ? Has he read Eugène Sue's "Mystères de Paris ?" If so, he will remember that promising scion of a new generation—that abominable imp, Tortillard. A precocious, insolent, screeching, cunning child, "ce type alarmant," to use Sue's own words, "de la dépravation précoce, véritable *graine de bagne*, ainsi qu'on le dit dans le terrible langage des prisons."

How many such types as that of the fanatic drummer might be met with if one only knew where to seek for them ! How many have only wanted, perchance, to become renowned artists, the means of obtaining for themselves a pair of boots, like the Marcas of M. de Balzac, sketched, no doubt, from personal experience. Our destiny often hangs upon such trifles ! Only the other day the sad effects of competition were to be seen in the streets of Paris—a discomfited street artist. Two were singing in the same by-street. The small group of auditors left the one to listen to the other. Indignant at such manifestations of preference, the vanquished artist again drew his crowd by twirling his cane, then throwing it up in the air and catching it on his nose—a nose that was brutally and insolently pimpled. Then he took off his hat, squeezed it between his knees, kneaded it with his fingers, and as suddenly restoring it to its original fair proportions, he banged it on the head of a little boy with such force as to make him cry, which amused the audience exceedingly. He had had his revenge ! Oh, Athenians ! two thousand years have elapsed, and you are just the same.

Parisians are essentially melomaniacs. Every *portière*, no matter how sour and peevish she may be, has an accordion preserved as the palladium of her box, every *concierge de bonne maison* has a piano for his daughter, and numbers of workmen seek relief from their daily fatigue by playing for hours together on the clarionet or flageolet.

It is surprising to see what a prodigious circle will grow up around the smallest singer—a variegated crowd, in which the grey blouse elbows the chesnut-coloured frock-coat, and where the military uniform closely presses the white apron of cooks and nurses. There are there musical gourmets, expert and

enthusiastic dilettanti, among whom the soldiers occupy the first rank. These, with ballads in their hands, keep close to the artist, like a sacred battalion, and accompany him in an under tone, while they beat the time with their feet. They constitute the "loge infernale" of this open-air opera. They are the favourites of the singer, who, with an urbanity that is infinitely envied by the gamin, sometimes addresses a word or two to them between the acts, and treats them with the greatest respect. Sometimes he even announces that, at the request of an amateur, he is about to begin again with "Les Oiseaux du Prisonnier," "La Rose des Champs," or "La Blanche Marguerite;" for it is to be remarked that sentimental romances succeed better with the people than comic songs, which latter are most sought after by students and commercial travellers, a jovial, bantering set, who like to laugh and drink; they are the "parties" who take most delight in "Le Sire de Framboisy" and "Le Docteur Isambard."

Such is the enthusiasm of the military, that M. Victor Fournel assures us that he has seen a young soldier run off to a neighbouring wine-shop between two stanzas and bring back a tumbler of wine, which he presented, without either ostentation or embarrassment, to the artist. The latter drank it off with the air of a man conscious of his merit, and who feels himself worthy of the devotion that he inspires. This is the kind of man who declaims in florid academic style :

I beg connoisseurs to pay particular attention to this piece; they will tell me if they have often heard anything like it. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of M. Nadaud, one of our good authors, gentlemen, and not one of those ragamuffin songs of which thirteen are sold to the dozen. I do not sell you the musical refuse of low public-houses, as unfortunately is the case with too many others, who thus dishonour the profession in the eyes of enlightened amateurs. Either one is an artist or one is not—I only know that. I, gentlemen—I have sung at our theatres on the Boulevards and in our leading cafés-concerts; and if I condescend to make my appearance in the public streets, it is solely because I wish to make every one acquainted with the songs that I sell.

The people, however, have their favourites; it requires a vigorous voice and powerful lungs to captivate their affections: a poor woman, tall and thin, with a weak, plaintive voice, has no chance. She will not have a single listener. "Gin and grief," the London boy will say; "La Morgue!" crows the Parisian gamin. And both pass on with a sneer.

A more varied or interesting sight does not exist in the streets of Paris than what is presented by the "petits restaurants." It is not the fashion for literary men to be supposed to frequent such places; to believe them, their life is a continuous banquet; they pass from "dîners de Paris" to "soupers fins;" drink nothing but Chablis and Chambertin; their very pens are dipped in Clos-Vougeot of the year of the comet. M. V. Fournel repudiates being classed among these Luculluses, who write epigrams against restaurants at thirty-two sous, and then go and dine for ninety centimes; he acknowledges to having been for a long period of time an "habitué de petits restaurants." So have most others, if they had the candour to avow it. These are the places wherein to hear and study the strange class of itinerant artists. "What can there be that is more curious than these wandering artists—singers, fiddlers, players on the harp or guitar, chanters of romances and of ballads, Rubinis in paletots, Jenny Linds in tartan shawls—who come to show their hungry faces at the hour of dinner? a strange people, picturesque in their rags, issuing forth no one knows whence, fantastical family,

which seems as if composed of personages resuscitated from the Roman Comique!"

Among them are very young girls, dressed in a picturesque and original manner, charming with their red bodies and short skirts, just such as were worn by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné when first seen by Scarron, and their thick braids of black hair. Their countenance is bronzed, their eyes large and somewhat bold, and they carry suspended to their necks the mandoline of gipsies. They sing, poor girls, before all those ardent eyes that look at them covetously. What do they sing? How do they sing? What does it matter, so long as they are pretty? the collection is then always a good one, and the student has always some gallant remark to put in with his offering. They bow to the money, smile at the compliment, and pass on to the next. They would have too much to do if they had to blush for every daring look or every venturesome insinuation. They have not even a fan.

Then there are old men like mountains, rugged and snow-clad, from whence still flow living waters—albeit turbid and rough. These trembling old men fiddle away as if with rough walking-sticks, the sounds they produce are so unharmonious, and they sing with a deep, bass, broken voice. There are also little deformed musicians, worthy of figuring side by side with the Councillor Kreisler and Master Keppelius.

All the time that these concerts are going on the crowd keeps going and coming; people come in and go out; they are elbowed, and they make way by making themselves small, *les braves artistes!* The waiter passes by, a pyramid of plates in his hands, a step must be taken to the right; then it is an *habitué* who is going to pay at the counter; two steps must be taken to the left, for place is most valuable here, the tables are as much squeezed as the guests. They begin in the midst of a frightful uproar, in which the sound of the rising tide would be lost. People laugh or speak to one another in a loud voice, for every one knows his neighbour in the little restaurants. The waiter is called, and he replies from the depths of the kitchen below; there is a sustained cross-fire, in major and minor, of bass voices, of tenors and barytones, mingling with the clashing of glasses and plates.

"Waiter, partridge and turnips!"—"Tripe à la mode de Caen!"—"A gruyère!"

"Whom is the duck and cabbage for?—Who asked for a calf's-foot en poulette?"

"This way."

"Here it is."

And, nevertheless, the itinerant musician is obliged to continue his song, without disconcerting himself, with a firm voice and a serene brow, although, perhaps, his heart is bleeding; and when, as happens from time to time in the moments of lull between the "proclamation" of a potage or of a pork chop, a syllable is heard, then the artist seems ashamed of the noise that he makes, too happy when, like the just man of whom Virgil speaks, he succeeds in allaying the storm and commanding attention.

The most distinguished artists of the cohort of blind musicians in Paris frequent the Pont des Arts. They seem to affect proximity to the Académie Française. The place once occupied by a morose clarionet-player with blue spectacles is now filled up by a blind youth, who plays on the accordion with exquisite skill. Even the stationary blind musician is mortal, as well as the itinerant phthisical singer—a circumstance which some have felt inclined to doubt with regard to the former. The latter, on the contrary, it may be observed, hover round hospitals, nar-

rowing their circle gradually, till they go in, never to come out alive again. "Kind auditors, why are your hands not as generous as your ears? Listen, if you find it so meritorious, but pay afterwards, as a matter of justice." At least so says M. V. Fournel.

The Champs Elysées are, during the fine season, the centre of a deluge of harmony. It is impossible to take a step from the Rond-Point to the Place de la Concorde without receiving a whole discharge of romances, ballads, and opera airs full in the face. One entire family play on the Carré Marigny. The father was once well-to-do in the world, but failing, instead of making a display of his poverty, like the well-known *habitué* of the Palais Royal, Chodruc Duclos, he is re-establishing his fortune sou by sou, and he is said to meet with considerable success. One singer, who also succeeds in attracting a crowd, is little, thin, and frowns like a myope, yet he has a splendid voice, which will soon go where the *uts* of so many tenors have gone. He further attracts attention by his melodramatic aspect, his head fiercely raised from his shoulders, and his gestures at once haughty and presuming. Another successful artist has a full, red, smiling face, with the manners of an "extinguished" gentleman, sings academic songs, and talks of his intimacy with Béranger.

No one should leave the Champs Elysées without taking a seat at a table of the Café Morel, or the Café des Ambassadeurs. Ask for no matter what, for form's sake, and look at the tableaux vivants grouped in the pavilion in front; poor dolls dressed out in lace, velvet, and silk, propped up on boards for three francs a night. "*Malheur a la chanteuse maigre et grêlée,*" says M. V. Fournel; "had she the voice of a Malibran she would not meet with favour." The gentlemen at the cafés-concerts wear irreproachable white waistcoats and yellow kids. "*Ils font beaucoup rire les consommateurs.*" Cafés-concerts are now met with at Sceaux, Asnières, Vincennes, and even at Nanterre, the classic soil of virtue crowned with roses, where young ladies sing songs, which drunken dragoons listen to as delicious, and joyous Parisians are not ashamed to laugh at.

But the Eldorado of the amateur of cafés-concerts is the Café des Aveugles. There may be seen little vaudevilles enacted that will raise a blush on the cheek of the student newly arrived from the provinces—a blush that soon wears off—and music may be heard that will astonish the uninitiated. A cup of execrable coffee may also be obtained at a price little less astonishing than the music. The Café des Aveugles is the subterranean paradise of clerks, shop-boys, and valets. They club to pay for a bowl of flambent punch, which they discuss in presence of the savage who belabours four or five drums at the same time, while he shakes the feathers on his head with a terrible effect. He is the Olympic Jupiter of the place.

Germany furnishes as large a contingent to street music in France as with us; the persevering wanderers are not, however, if we are to believe M. V. Fournel, so welcome, for he tells us that "the peasant views them with a repugnance which he takes no pains to conceal; to him these men and boys, whose brown and seedy paletots are a disgrace to his blue blouse, are idlers whom he despises; and he only rarely condescends to

bestow a liard or a bit of bread upon them, reserving to himself at the same time the right of saying something rude to them." This is not *aimable* of civilised France!

But we too have our bane. The numerous tribe of organists are viewed by many with as fierce an enmity as that which any Frenchman can bestow on the Teutonic trombone. M. V. Fournel divides the "barbarian organs," as he calls them, into three classes: the first are those who send the public to sleep by the softness of their sounds and the vulgarity of their melodies; the second class are those which cause an involuntary irritation by their false and screeching notes; the third class are those which arouse attention by the novelty of their melodies and the perfection of their music. M. V. Fournel has been lucky; he has met with three such in his life.

Street orators are more common on the Continent than with us. The power of declaiming in public is with them a gift, but conviction and misery often impart to that power all the attributes of true eloquence. Marked types and most original and expressive figures are to be met with among these "*comédiens des places publiques, gais chevaliers errants de la misère, grimaciers de génie.*" These men have struggled and fought to live. They have, as it were, conquered every bit of bread at the point of the sword, as a beggar disputes a bone with a dog; they have seen life in its most devious and its most rugged aspects, and it is this perpetual struggle which has made them so strong in their popular eloquence. The charlatans, or itinerant quacks, are at the head of the class. In this country they flourish far too aristocratically to have to descend into the streets. Nay, various attempts have been made by giving to them sonorous distinctions, as "the organised body of medical botanists," to get them recognised as orthodox practitioners. But in France the charlatan is a distinguished public character. He travels in a splendid chariot, or in a grotesque waggon, or on a way-worn Rosinante. He assumes a garb which for once places the East and the West in unmistakable alliance; his belief, however, is, that the costume is perfectly Oriental—just as much so as the patriarchs of the old masters. His presence is announced by the beating of great drums and the blowing of trumpets, and, surrounded by an admiring audience, the great man rises with a solemn aspect to make his address, dominating the crowd at once by his grandeur and majesty. He is the Ossian of the modern Gauls, and he never fails to perorate by an appeal to that one great passion which never even sleeps, still less dies away, from the breast of the said modern Gaul—the passion for military glory. It is impossible to dispose of a lead-pencil, to obtain a market for invaluable pills and unguents, nay, to sell a real elixir or draw a tooth, in a French country town, without an appeal to national glory. Every public address must begin with rounded periods sacred to conquest, devastation, and sanguinary sacrifices, and conclude with saddening episodes of warriors fallen on the field of honour whilst reaping the laurels of victory!

There are, however, charlatans who risk at times being lively, and who diversify the eternal glory of the field of carnage with playful witticisms, puns, and humorous observations. They are the Roger Bontemps of

charlatanism. They seldom fail to please if not to convince, but they never obtain the same credit as the more imposing, serious, and patriarchal-looking charlatan.

"Gentlemen," says the latter, with unction, "look at my white hairs. Would an old man like me deceive you? Is it likely that, for the sake of a few miserable sous, I should go and sully the end of a long and honourable career—that I should go and lie in the face of Heaven at the moment when I have already one foot in the tomb, and am about to appear before my Maker?"

It will not do when apostrophising the public to mince matters. The language must be clear and to the point, the figures of speech bold and vigorously designed, the expressions conclusive and unhesitating. The congregation of a country church were one Sunday coming out, when they found awaiting them in the public square a man standing upright in a chariot drawn by two horses, and blowing a horn like a marine deity, while two others, one on each side, assisted the harmony with a great drum and a pair of cymbals. He had chosen a propitious moment, and every one was there except the vicar and the attendant in the presbytery, and even they were looking out of the leaded panes of the sacristy.

When the man saw the twelve hundred natives of the place—little and great—at his feet, he made signs to the music to cease, and as a shudder of expectation ran through the crowd, the orator blew his nose, and then, amidst the deepest silence,

"My friends," he said—in Paris he would have said "*Messieurs*"—"you come from worshipping God in his temple; it is well, very well, and I praise you for it from the bottom of my soul. Christians (he did not add brethren, for reasons of his own), you have done your duty, and the man who does his duty is a great man."

"Well," thought the public, "what has this to do with unguent?"

"Well!" he continued, in the midst of the attention powerfully aroused by this pompous exordium, "in the presence of this holy temple—before this auditory purified by the august sacrifice at which it has been *assisting*—before the God of truth who hears me, I can raise my hand without fear, and declare, on my honour and my conscience as a Christian, that my unguent——"

Itinerant dentists do not go to such impious extremes. Their style is of a more mild and seductive character; they earnestly and anxiously solicit their audience to be careful of the *toilette de leurs dents*—a pretty expression—and they say:

"*Messieurs, d'autres vous arrachent les dents; moi je ne les arrache pas, je les cueille.*" A charming idea, which would lose by translation.

Some of these men, as "*le grand Duchesne, premier dentiste de France et de Navarre,*" have attained wondrous notoriety.

The pedicures follow closely upon the footsteps of the dentists. At their head is Lartaud, "*chirurgien-pédicure de l'Empereur du Maroc.*" His breast is covered with orders in tin, and after displaying no end of bones, toe-joints, and even whole legs, he draws from his seat box dirty parchment certificates from the Archbishop of Lyons, our Holy Father the

Pope, sundry marshals of France, and the Emperor of Morocco. The gradation of the importance of these certificates in the eyes of the public is not ours—it is M. V. Fournel's. He then commences his oration, always with the same inevitable appeal to the military instinct of the nation.

“Le champ d'honneur—mon beau soleil d'Afrique! Il n'y a qu'un Dieu et qu'un soleil, mes braves amis, comme il n'y a qu'un précieux baume!—mon précieux remède, couvert de gloire dans les bivouacs au milieu des montagnes!”

The confusion of sense in the last sentence, hazarded at the expense of certain words that so sweetly tingle in the ears of a susceptible people, “gloire,” bivouacs,” “montagnes!” is the triumph of charlatanic eloquence.

Mengin, the vendor of lead-pencils, is at the tip-top of his profession. “Qui n'a pas vu, qui n'a pas entendu Mengin, n'a rien vu, ni rien entendu.” His loquacity is marvellous: he talks by the hour together; his topics, as usual, the military glory of his auditors, the explanations of his being dressed as a Turk and yet being a true Frenchman, and the virtues of his pencils. Mengin is a kind of itinerant Rochefoucauld; he prides himself on being a charlatan, and defends the position which he has assumed.

“Who,” he asks, “is not a little bit of a quack here below? It is just those who deny the soft impeachment the most who are the greatest. The bigot, who believes herself to be virtuous because she scandalises her neighbours—quack! The grisette who talks about her love—quack! The notary who boasts of his disinterestedness—quack! The solicitor who talks of his discretion—quack! The tradesman who swears on his conscience—quack! The doctor, who wishes people to believe in his cures—quack! quacks all! The world is one great assemblage of quacks, who try to make more noise the one than the other.” Mengin takes care, however, not to enumerate the national aspirations for military glory, and its maimed emblems who constitute a portion of the crowd, among the various phases of quackery.

Dramatic performances in the open air are no longer so frequent as they were in olden times, when the comedians of the Porte St. Jacques, and the theatres of Brioche, of Bruscambille, and Tabarin were there to attract the flâneur. Near the iron rail which separates the garden of the Luxembourg from the alley of the Observatory—a place little frequented save by English and provincials in search of the monument of Ney—is the open-air theatre of Rigolo, rival of Guignol and Gringalet. Theatres of a still more humble description are also to be met with at the Barrière Mont-Parnasse. The patriarchal representations of the Passion, Joseph sold by his brethren, and the legends of Geneviève de Brabant, and of St. Hubert of the Ardennes, are in the present day almost solely confined to country towns, where nomadic artists pitch their tents at regular periods of the year, but at the Barrière Mont-Parnasse the temptation of St. Antony—one of the most curious things, whether in an artistic or an æsthetic point of view, to be seen on the Continent—may yet be witnessed by the side of a panorama devoted to the glorious achievements of the French arms in the Crimea and at Canton. There are also nomadic

stages—wooden barracks—to be met with now at one spot, now at another. These, though movable, keep their particular designations, as Rigolo, Gringalet, Bambochet, Guignolet, and Guignol. Polichinelle, who, with Guignol, have been immortalised by Charles Nodier, had for a long time disappeared, but he has lately come to life again, to the infinite joy of the new generation of infantile badauds near the Palais de l'Industrie. Open-air dramatic art is, also, it is well known, countenanced in France by the authorities; and the capture of Canton by our gallant friends, neighbours, and allies is, we see, announced for representation upon the approaching imperial fête.

When we say “*flâneur*,” we do not use the word in a contemptuous sense; on the contrary, we regard the true *flâneur* with feelings of sincere respect and cordial sympathy. Any one can walk, rove, drive, lounge, idle along the streets of a great city; it is not every one that can “*flâner*,” that is, do all that is above enumerated, and think, feel, philosophise, commune within himself, and draw conclusions beneficial to his own mind, to literature, or to humanity at large, from what he sees. This is “*flâner*”—to rove about in a purely æsthetic sense. “*Muse de la flânerie*,” M. V. Fournel exclaims, “*vierge rêveuse aux bras ballants, à la chevelure flottante, à la ceinture dénouée, aimable et facile compagne de Sterne et de Topffer, d’Hoffman et de Xavier de Maistre, c’est toi que j’invoque aujourd’hui.*”

A word so beloved of poets and humorists has not been admitted by the Academicians in their dictionary. M. V. Fournel tells us it cannot be defined. “*La flânerie*,” he says, is “*an amiable science that reveals itself by instinct to the initiated, and lives upon the unforeseen, and freedom of will and action!*” Yet is there a distinction, as we have just observed, between a “*flâneur*” and a “*badaud*.” The former observes and reflects, the “*badaud*” simply observes. The *flâneur* looks at the crowd, the *badaud* is one of them; he is candid, enthusiastic, and credulous. He is a part of the public, and hence is the true *badaud*—the Parisian Cockney—worthy of the admiration of all sincere and true hearts. It was for his express delectation that the cannon of the Palais Royal was invented, and that gold fish were placed in the basins of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries. Wherever there is anything to see there he runs, and he makes his way through the crowd with the pertinacity of a man who considers a street sight as his own peculiar and unquestionable privilege. If an accident happens he is there to obtain the details, and repeat them to new comers, to whom he offers at the same time a pinch of snuff. When there is neither an itinerant dealer or musician to look at, or an accident to discuss, he sits in the sun with his cotton kerchief on his knees, gazing at the clouds—not in vacuity; he knows that if they keep diminishing in size it will be fine, if they keep on increasing in size it will rain. The *badaud* is not changed from what he was in the time of Rabelais. “*Il est tant sot*,” says the Benedictine, speaking of the *badaud* of Paris in Badaudois, “*tant inepte, qu’ung basteleur, ung porteur de rogatons, ung mulet avec ses cymbales, ung vieilleux au milieu d’un carrefour rassemblent grand monde autour d’eux.*” And what harm in it? Are there not *badauds* in every great city? Can a man stop to inspect a work of art, a stereoscopic slide, a painting,

or an engraving, to read an announcement, or to decide upon a purchase, without two or three Cockneys looking over his shoulder, or even jostling him from the object of his attention, in our own great metropolis? Why should not the Parisian find happiness in being able to amuse himself so cheaply, notwithstanding the indignation of Gargantua and Pantagruel? There will always be some one to spill his milk or beer, always some driver to run over cats and dogs and human beings, always some fireworks to go off extemporaneously. (How is it, by-the-by, when such a scene so invaluable to the badaud is enacted, that there are nearly as many people run over as there are hurt by rockets, wheels, and other strange missiles? Is it that the street-driver is himself a badaud, and that in his enthusiasm to be in at the sight he drives over all and every one, great and little?) There is always some one to go up in a balloon, to rob or fight, to get up a crowd or a row. Nothing is more unfashionable than to admire; the badaud is, therefore, the most unfashionable of human beings; nay, it has been said that there is nothing so stupid and so ridiculous as the admiration of your true Parisian. But it is questionable if they are not, in their ever-wakeful, excitable sympathy with the life of the streets in which they dwell, happier than the hypochondriac *blasé*, with whom it would be an effort to raise up a smile at a Cabrion or a Figaro. No one so happy as the observer. There is no *ennui* for him—nothing dead in his eyes: he gives animation to everything that he sees. A ferocious murderer went the other day, after cutting up a watchmaker into pieces and packing him in a trunk, to spend the afternoon in the Closerie des Lilas. What an opportunity for a *flâneur*! Just to see that man dancing, drinking, enjoying himself! He would have detected Satan smiling at the end of the chain, as in the “danse macabre!”

The *flâneur* has a great resource in signs. These, with “la nation la plus spirituelle du monde,” ought to be essentially racy and amusing. We might, with M. V. Fournel, quote, as an example, the charcutier on whose shutters are depicted four pigs’ feet; then, in hieroglyphs, “Everything here is good, from” (the feet) “up to”—and a superb boar’s head is designed with a lemon in its intelligent-looking mouth. The signs of Paris represent, like everything else, the triumphs of the nation. It is impossible to wander far without stumbling on a “magasin,” as a shop is pompously designated, “Au Pont d’Arcole,”—“A la Bataille d’Austerlitz,”—“A la Tour Malakoff.” Literature and art, however, come in also for a share of popularity. Some well-known magasins are “Au Prophète,”—“Au Prince Eugène,”—“Aux Trois Mousquetaires,”—“Au Colosse de Rhodes,”—“A la Tour de Nesle,”—“Au Sonneur de St. Paul,” and “A la Dame Blanche.” There is not, we fear, much that is “spirituel” in these designations. Vanity and pretension flare out of all the signs of modern times; either the vanity of the consumer is assailed by such signs as “A la Coquette,”—“Au Gourmand,”—“A la Sultane,”—“Au Philosophe,” by which either sex who patronises draper or restaurant is flattered, or the vanity of the landlord is gratified by being able to designate his dark, dirty little café or estaminet as the “Café de Paris,”—“de France,”—“des Quatre Nations,”—“des Cinq Parties du Monde,”—“de l’Univers!” They can go no further. There

is no small amount of pretension consigned in a single name, as Béraud, Dumont, Durand, &c., in capital letters. Why not acknowledge that Béraud is a hatter, Dumont a shoemaker, and Durand a tailor? No, the individuals who honour those names by bearing them, consider representing their important persons instead of their business as more than enough for the pitiable world. Art, as exhibited on shutters, is, we regret to say, almost at as low an ebb as is street literature in the metropolis of civilisation. The "*Noces de Vulcain*," on the Quai aux Fleurs, is well known to all flâneurs who have been in search of the Rue aux Fèves, immortalised in the "*Mystères de Paris*." This is a great painting. It looks, at a distance, like a "*grand prix de Rome*," but on approaching it great is the disillusion!

Portraituomania, as M. V. Fournel calls it, has, since the introduction of photography, attained the same ridiculous development in Paris that it has in London. M. Fournel remarks upon this point that which is very true, that photographs are really good for nothing except as "*souvenirs de famille*."

"*Sat prata biberunt*." Our rovings as a flâneur in the streets of Paris with the lively feuilletonniste must have a resting-point. Their resources are inexhaustible—the coachman, street-crier, "*petites industries*"—notoriously the water-carrier, the sweep, and the chiffonnier—the gamin, the mendiant, the rôdeur, and the central spot to which so many tend, the bull's-eye of the target of Parisian vice—*La Morgue*—have not been depicted. Yet are they, to those who visit Paris in the true spirit of æsthetic and philosophical observation, types well worthy of study.

END OF VOL. CXIII.

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